

Forward by Dino Stamatopolous

YOU'LL BE PERFECT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.

THE COMPLETE ONLINE WRITINGS OF DAN HARMON

We know
foreward
is spelled
wrong.



PRAISE FOR YOU'LL BE PERFECT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

“Even when he’s phoning it in, Dan’s still the funniest person in the world.”
- *Rob Schrab, Longtime friend, co-collaborator, and designer of this book cover*

“Dan Harmon’s blog is a national treasury of Law & Order cold opens, God to Coca-Cola comparisons, pantyhose erotica and good old fashioned poop jokes.”
- *Kelly Kubik, friend, producer, level 56 khajiit*

“After viewing the director’s cut of *Alien*, I am reminded of Dan Harmon’s writing: it invades my system and plants there very strange yet wondrous and inspired ideas, incubating so quickly they burst out of my stomach in the form of pilot ideas that some would call a terrifying baby monster. To me, it’s the Dan Harmon Inspiration Effect.”
- *Abed Gheith, professional television character*

“Reading Dan’s blog is like watching a hero enter a hall of mirrors: There’s endless self-reflection, an unavoidable obsession with body image, and a trail of carnage from smashing everything around him to pieces. Pretty good blog.”
- *JD Ryznar, Creator of Yacht Rock*

“There is a reason why people in the entertainment industry regularly use the term “Dan Harmon-ish” when referring to a great piece of scripted material. It’s no coincidence. The name Dan Harmon is synonymous with great writing. I can’t tell you how many times I’ve been in meetings with some big heavy hitter executive type and bore witness to them angrily throwing a script and shrieking “When am I going to get a Dan Harmon-ish script in my lap?!” Let me be clear and say again that when people say “Dan Harmon-ish” they are referring to a good quality item. I’ve seen some Chinese people use it to refer to a good bowl of Chinese soup, so it seems to be spreading outside its original intended use.”
- *Justin Roiland, Inventor, humanitarian, regular relatable guy*

“Harmon’s insides pour out of him in his blog. His transparent, brutal honesty is unwavering.”
- *Sona Panos*

“Dan’s uncanny ability to accurately diagnose his own shortcomings is matched only by his ability to do nothing about them. Bravo!”
- *Matt Gourley, Harper’s Normal*

“Dan refuses to discriminate between private and public information on the Internet, especially if the subject is controversial. The growing audiences that have stalked his large body of online rambles are treated to raw emotion and life lessons as he learns them.”

- *Sevan Nejarian*

“I can say with full confidence that Dan Harmon has helped me find the courage I need when writing. I can also say that this is the most important quote on this book. I can say a lot of things with full confidence. Because I learned that from Dan.”

- *Myke Chilian, best friend, not really*

“Dan’s blog entries are always brilliant, insightful, and hilarious. One of these days I’ll finish reading one.”

- *Ryan Ridley*

“I found Harmon on MySpace in 2005, this validates my entire online existence.”

- *Kelly Oxford*

“Dan is an inspiration because he is not afraid to portray himself in a negative or ugly manner to prove a point. It’s with this unflinching honesty that makes his writing beautiful and worth reading.”

- *Kate Freund aka “Faggot”*

“Dan’s fictional and nonfictional writings combine intellect, wit, self-deprecation, beat-box, Campbell and throwing knives with a chewy childhood trauma center. He once helped me disown a horrible friend by crafting an email so powerful it scarred the recipient deeply and freed me from her permanently. His real doll friend and I (we shared him for a few years) agree that if it were not for his brilliant mind, we’d have fled minutes into the relationship. I realize this has turned into a mini-roast, but Dan’s whole life is a self-timed, self inflicted roast as well, isn’t it? Anyway, the world (especially prime time TV) is a smarter, weirder, sassier place because of Dan’s perfect structure and brilliantly bizarre characters and their journeys.”

- *Robyn Roth, ex-girlfriend, actor, singer, extended middle finger*

“It’s too much DANformation!”

- *Jeff B. Davis*

“Dan has stolen comedy fire from the Gods and has given it so us to keep our hearts warm with laughter.”

- *Derek Mears*

“Dan Harmon’s blog always made me cry. And I mean that. Not just when it was about something beautiful/sad. Just someone so good at communicating. I love it.

I’m so bad about that stuff. Communicating. Could you tell?”

- *Kelsy Abbott, friend; girl who sleeps with Dan’s friends*

“I’m constantly amazed at the sheer volume of words that pour out of Dan. The fact that those words fill his Blog with wisdom, wit, and pieces of his heart and soul amazes me even more.”

- *Fay Harmon, Mother*

YOU'LL BE PERFECT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.

THE COMPLETE ONLINE WRITINGS OF DAN HARMON



BY DAN HARMON

YOU'LL BE PERFECT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

Cover Design: Rob Schrab

Editor: Erin McGathy

Assistant Editor/Captain of Copy: Andy Heriaud

Assistants to the Editor: Marissa Cattel, Kimber "Scoops" Hall, Kaitlin Kelly

Graphic Artist: Jenny Fine

Title Page Art: Jenny Fine

Cat: Fiv

Shirker: Subterranean Wastoid

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What kind of rice?

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of Dan Harmon / Dan Harmon*

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FOREWORD

When I was first asked by Erin to write this thing, my internal reaction to her was, “Fuck you, cunt. You just want me to humiliate myself.” Writing a forward for Dan Harmon’s book of blogs and other writings is like Jerry Springer opening up for Jesus Christ at the Mount. Or a dime store magician opening up for the first moon landing. Or... ah, you get it.

Now, have I read ALL of Dan Harmon’s blogs? Ha ha. No. I haven’t even read MANY. I’ve certainly read a FEW. To read ALL or MANY would mean that I was not as good of a friend to Dan as I really am. I love Dan. A lot. I would do anything for him, even read all of his blogs. But, thankfully, he loves me too, and won’t ask me to do this. You see, good (even BEST) friends of Dan are far too

jealous of his writing to submit themselves to this misery. Sound harsh? Maybe. But I know I wouldn't ever want a friend that I was never jealous of. Blech. I don't even want to know what that looks like.

Plus, I dare to call myself a writer, folks. What kind of a masochist would I have to be in order to exhaust the Harmon electronic library? A bigger masochist than I am already, and I've paid to have people pee on me.

Anyway, I toyed with the idea of writing this forward for several minutes after getting Erin's email. And then I thought, you know what? Erin's not a cunt. That was harsh. And I'll do it! I'll write this forward. Because I'm a good pal and proud of my dear friend? Because I feel I can better express more than anyone else why this book should be treasured for generations upon generations? Because I'm highly honored to even be asked to do this? Ha ha. No. Not by a long shot (although I do feel all these things). The REASON I'm writing this is so that my measly contribution will be forever linked to this work. So when I see "The Dan Harmon Blogs" (or whatever it's going to be called) proliferate the popular culture fast and hard, I'll know that my squirmy, twisted little talent will be clutching this book's underbelly like the miserable belly-leach that it is.

Why, you ask, would Dan Harmon even be friends with such an envious, self-serving creature? I guess it's because I'm honest. And so is Dan. Brutally

honest, as you'll find out when you voraciously devour these next several pages.

And the person he's most brutally honest with is himself.

And so, the job of absorbing Dan Harmon's complete web literature is relegated to you, Dan's fans and acquaintances. Happy devouring!

Without question you have a multitude of musings and self doubt and extreme narcissism and beautiful observations and ugly occurrences and toilets and testicles and mind-blowing dissections of the human psyche ahead of you. And, by god, you're lucky for that. Luckier than me, anyway. You get to actually read it all.

- Dino Stamatopolous



EDITOR'S NOTE

This book was conceived, curated, edited and published without Dan Harmon's knowledge. Surprise, Dan!

I first fell in love with Dan while reading his blogs. Sitting on the floor of my tiny apartment, I opened his MySpace blog the morning after Dan stormed out of a bar because he couldn't handle us "just being friends" (*my friend was working for him and I thought us dating would be inappropriate..blah blah blah*). I started reading the blog and I couldn't stop for hours. Dan's humanity grabbed me by the heart and didn't let go until I was at his mercy, praying he would still have me or at least write about how he jerked off to the thought of me blowing his High School bully. Since that day, we haven't spent more than 30 hours apart.

Every hour I spend with him, I spend as my truest, most flawed self, and I could not be happier or more in love. Take that, everyone else!

If you let it, this book has the potential to make you a more honest friend, writer, lover and human being. It's heartbreaking, hilarious, disgusting, beautiful, infuriating, inspiring, instructional, upsetting and the most beautiful collection of contemporary writing I've ever had the pleasure of poring through.

I love this book. I love Dan.

- *Erin McGathy (Girlfriend 2011 - 2014, Wife 2014 - 2015)*

**A Correspondence Between Erin McGathy and Io Perry
December 12, 2012**

To: Io Perry
From: Erin McGathy
Subject: Passages

Hey Io
Attached are the passages about you for review. I went ahead and changed your name to "Luna". I can keep it that way or change your name back to Io. I can also change it to "Europa" or "Calisto"...
Thank you for looking at these!
-Erin

To: Erin McGathy
From: Io Perry
Subject: RE: Passages

Hi Erin,
Thanks for checking with me and sending these. It all seems like a million lifetimes ago! I'm fine with you using my name. I also like the name Luna!
Whatever you guys want is fine with me!
good luck and I hope to see you soon.
Xi

To: Io Perry
From: Erin McGathy
Subject: RE: RE: Passages

Ok! I'll use your beautiful name then! Do you mind if I include this email exchange in the book?

To: Erin McGathy
From: Io Perry
Subject: RE: RE: RE: Passages

Thanks! Sure go ahead!
talk soon.
Xi



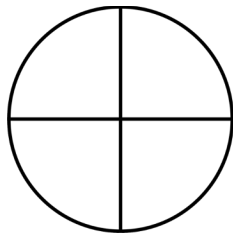
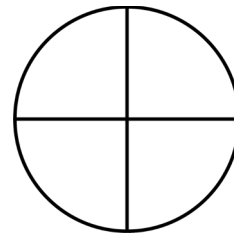


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“Nothing you do matters as much as you think. Your greatest achievements aren’t yours at all, they’re accidents and jokes. You’re a puppet, the universe does the work, and it gets the most done when you’re moving the least. Surrender, flow, relax. Don’t be hard on yourself, don’t put pressure on yourself, life is just a chain of experiments and results, and **you’ll be perfect when you’re dead.**”

- Dan Harmon

Chapter One



THE BLOG

DAN HARMON

- November 25th, 2003 -

I think I may be falling in love with myself

I was so wonderful last night. I lit up the room. Every time I walked by people, they talked about how beautiful I looked. I was friendly and helpful and funny. I made everyone around me have a great time. I think I'm falling for myself. And this time, it's for keeps. I am not going to screw this up.

THE BLOG

- January 3rd, 2004 -

Untitled

It's my birthday today, and my first day back from Vegas. Donna got a boot put on her car while we had breakfast. Our sink is leaking. Our toilet is broken. The Channel 101 server will be expiring soon.

Everyone in this office is tired and miserable, nobody knows what kind of show the network, which must remain nameless, wants. One of the executives just told us that the current version of our show, which must remain nameless, was too political, too left wing and too topical. She said "I'm sick of hearing about Iraq." If we add these new rules to the current list, this is the pizza that's been ordered:

comedy news show
30 minutes long
shot weekly in front of live audience
comedians as anchors and field reporters
NOT DAILY SHOW
NOT WEEKEND UPDATE
based on real headlines
no fiction
no sketches
no characters
everything real
everything funny
skew young
young people should get their news from our show
no topicality
not political
no Iraq
must be real
no Iraq
must be based on real news
everything must be real
no politics
no Iraq

DAN HARMON

must be silly
no characters
must not be silly
must be dry
must contain visual puns
must be real
must be funny, dry, and topical
hold the topicality
not Daily Show
not Weekend Update
must be real
less Dennis Millery
more Conany

Nobody in this room has any idea what is happening. We're working on our other TV projects while we wait for our next paycheck.

THE BLOG

- August 3rd, 2005 -

I think I'll stay at work all night

Current mood: 🤬 frustrated

Question: How do you make a panda bear's kung fu training funny?

Answer: Stop trying to be funny, you're writing a movie for Dreamworks.

I'm not letting the sun come up on another day when this script isn't done.

It's been 3 days since the pitch, that's 2 days and 3 hours longer than an 80 page story about talking animals would take a non-hack. What's the hold up, here? Once again, I'm trying to write the citizen kane of animated features. It didn't work last time.

Oh, I get it. That's what I'm doing. I'm trying to undo the ego damage I suffered when I couldn't break the third act on Monster House. Got it.

What a worthwhile goal. Hey, everybody: In July of 2006, you're going to think I'm a bad writer, but just wait until 2008! I'm going to blow your ass out of your holographic hover pants.

Holographic hover pants will be invented in September 2007.

DAN HARMON

- August 9th, 2005 -

thank god for hollow

As part of my 2005 investigation into whatever the fuck is wrong with my brain and heart, I have been paying particular attention to my interactions with the weaker sex. No, not men, silly! Women!

I'm coming off the most recent iteration of what I have finally figured out, after 32 years, is a cycle. What can I say, it's ironically difficult to see the Eiffel tower when you're locked in its lobby. You have to like, visit the gift shop and ask around, put shit together. Everyone in Paris is going "holy shit, look at that giant piece of iron" and I'm like, "soooo...I'm getting a really strong France vibe right now."

Anyways, what have I learned. One thing that occurred to me today was this: I think it's a lot easier to be likeable to the rest of the world when you have a woman imprisoned beneath you. You can just kind of torture her and resent her and fear her inevitable escape, focus all your darkness and rebelling-against-mommy on her. You're that guy with the girlfriend. The old ball and chain is back at home, so let's all be really happy. Then, when you finally pull the trigger on the dump (why am I saying "you" like you do this all the time), you're entering the zone of individuality again. You don't have the constant warm glow of a deprived yet devoted sun to keep you warm while you navigate the tundra looking for blubber. Everything gets really cold. You get cranky. You get needy, you get ashamed of your need, and you do with your shame what men do with all their feelings: You project them onto the people around you so you can deal with them. So, lately, I have found myself doing two things I haven't done since my most recent relationship began: I have been actively seeking out enemies and allies. I have been hunting down shitty people where they hide and clubbing them (verbally), even when they're not so shitty. And I have been hunting down cool people where they hide and doing the opposite... even when they're not so cool. Meanwhile, you know who's really not so cool?

Me. You know what I have just become reminded of, having become a real human being? Nobody likes me.

THE BLOG

Why should they? I'm a social retard. I've spent half my life in relationships and another 45% as a child, which means that when it comes to being out there and really interacting with people, especially women, I'm about 2 months old. "Hi. I couldn't help but notice you have at least one tit.

If I suck on it, will you wash the shit out of my underwear?" Well, that's what's on the table, ladies. It's worked before and it'll work again.

It really will work again, if I let it. So my goal is to really remove myself from this marketplace. I'm intent on spending at least 2 years single. If I can do that, then I will have managed to be single longer than I've ever been in a relationship, and then I'll know that I'm BETTER at being single. Plus, instead of being 2 months old when I talk to women, I'll be almost 3.

It's like quitting smoking. It's harder. I have been falling in love with strangers every day for 2 months. "Hey, who's that?" "That's a sixty year old Mexican woman vacuuming my car." "Yeah? Yeah? What's going on with her, I mean, what's the deal, does she think I'm good looking?" And I'll catch myself doing that and just kind of marvel at it. What the fuck am I doing?

Focus on the work, that's what we do in situations like these. We focus on our work. So, listen, there's this panda. And he's doing karate chops. Karate chops with heart and an edge.

I have this office at Dreamworks. I keep falling asleep sitting upright. And I'll wake up, and there will be something written. I'm not kidding around, here. God is writing through me. There are holes in my palms.

Oh, by the way, if anyone can think of any fake Chinese names for talking animals, leave a comment here, all I've got so far is Bling Bong- he's kind of a rapper stoner- and Ching Chong- he's Asian.

DAN HARMON

- August 10th, 2005 -

My all time favorite thing

I love things that are genuinely confusing. I like bad movies and bad comedy and bad writing and bad editing and really, really confusing jokes on tee shirts and coffee mugs and shit. Sometimes, I come across something that will never, ever, ever make sense to me, and it's my favorite thing, to just turn this object over in my brain's hands and feel the smoothness, the impenetrability.

Let me get to the point. I have a magnet on my refrigerator that I found in a gift shop in Chinatown: It's a little black plastic suitcase. This is what it says on the front, quotes and all:

"SHOW ME" THE MONEY!

When you open it, it's filled with little stacks of money.

ONE of the stacks of money says PRESS HERE on it. When you press it, a gameshow announcer type voice shouts: "Show meeee the Money!! Show meee the Money!!"

The man saying it is not doing an impression of Cuba Gooding, jr. He's not trying. He just sounds like Don Pardo, very proud, very presentational. He doesn't sound like someone that wants to be shown money at all. Not inquisitive, not demanding, just announcing. Twice.

WAIT. There's more. Remember how I said one of the stacks of money is a button? Well, TWO of the stacks of money- the button one and the one directly above it- do not have pictures of Ben Franklin on the bills. The pictures on those two money stacks are just of some guy, some middle aged white man, a little bit old school Carl Reiner, but with hair. And it's a tiny little image, but from what I can tell, he looks pretty pleased with himself.

Now, we could go on about this forever. You come over to my apartment, let's go in my kitchen, let's have a glass of scotch, let's press that button and let's just talk about this magnet for at least a half an hour. If that sounds like an enjoyable time

THE BLOG

to you, you are allowed to be my friend. I don't care if you're a total stranger. Ring my doorbell and say "I'm here to see the briefcase magnet." I will put on a pair of pants and start brewing some coffee.

I want to tell you my all time favorite "explanation" of this magnet. It's my favorite because, even though it can't possibly be true, it tracks, it's the Grand Unified Theory of this briefcase magnet, the theory that answers *almost every single question I have about this magnet*. I have 8 questions about this magnet, but here's a theory that speaks to 6 of them. Credit for this theory goes to, I believe, Jeff Davis:

The picture on the two stacks of bills is of a politician from Missouri, who was involved in some kind of embezzlement scandal.

That's fucking genius. I know it's not true, but it connects so many dots. My favorite thing about that theory is that it bothers to explain why "Show Me" is in quotes. Missouri. Awesome.

DAN HARMON

- August 11th, 2005 -

I'm feeling very 25 year old Milwaukee comic book writer today

I want to go put my name on the list at a shitty poetry slam. I'm downloading .mp3s again. I'm paying careful attention to the lyrics and I'm noticing how they apply to my emotional situation. Well put, Bjork, I, too, am taking a kind of aeroplane. Yes, Echo, I agree with your Bunnymen, lips are *exactly* like sugar.

Every once in a while, when I'm talking, I'll itch the bottom of my eye like Michael Madsen, or I'll throw a little Bruce Willis flint on the last word.

I've been doing a lot more dry-humping of my male friends and a lot more holding of cylindrical objects near my crotch, saying, "hey, look, it's my dick." I'm starting to question the value of self-loathing. I kind of almost want to take a shower right now, and I don't even have anywhere to go. I want to impress my mother again. Should I write a novel?

I guess, in general, I'm feeling a little younger, I guess because I have shit to do. This too shall pass. I can ride anything out.

In the mean time, though, I'm going to put a poster on my wall. A woman washing a ferrari with her boobs, and it'll say "study beer" or something on the bottom.

Sleepy.

I also find myself editing my blog entries. That's got to stop, I think.

THE BLOG

- August 13th, 2005 -

Nicole McCue

1978, Henry David Thoreau Elementary School, first day of Miss Herbert's kindergarten class.

I'm sitting cross legged on a tile floor. The tile is speckled with these black holes that remind me of ants. My back is to the door. I can see the playground through the windows ahead of me. There's thirty or so of us, arranged in a semi circle around some old woman. She's got a list. She's going to call our names and we're going to say "here," even though we're each wearing Kool Whip lids around our necks that have our names written on them in marker.

I miss being at home in my "cubby hole." I want to be sitting on my big grey pillow behind my Dad's recliner, reading my books with my cat. I'm such a fag. I miss my Mommy. Who are these people? I'm not scared of them because we all seem scared, I just don't understand what I'm supposed to do around all these people.

Holy fuck. Holy shit. Who the fuck is that. Great Jesus Almighty, what is this I'm looking at?

It's a girl. She's on the other side of the old woman's chair. I've seen girls before. But I've never seen anything like this. She's the most beautiful person, the most beautiful thing, I've ever seen in the entire five years I have been on this planet. She's prettier than my babysitter. Her hair is the color of Batgirl's. She's like a giant piece of candy. I'm staring. I don't know you're not supposed to stare. She sees me looking at her. Miss Herbert says "Daniel?" I say "here." The redhead giggles at me.

I can't remember if I ever talked to her. I just remember that later, I learned her name. I was the only one that knew how to read, I knew that her name was Nicole McCue, and I knew that mine was Daniel Harmon, and I knew that meant Miss Herbert would always say my name before hers, and every day, we played some game where we'd giggle across the room at each other when our names were called.

DAN HARMON

Nicole McCue, could you think of a sexier name? I'm telling you, she looked like Batgirl.

I'm pretty sure I never talked to her. The teachers found out I could read and started taking me away every day. After that, when I was in general population, I was a monster. No. A ghost.

But I'm telling you, I swear to God, for those first couple weeks of kindergarten, when everyone was scared, before there was any such thing as football or knowing how to use scissors, and all other things were equal...Nicole McCue, the most beautiful girl in the world, liked me. Dan Harmon. I know she did.

THE BLOG

- August 14th, 2005 -

Professor Drunky Pants on Jealousy

What is jealousy? Why does it exist. Ow, fuck, I'm so drunk, I just got up to adjust my chair, and when I tried to sit down, I smashed my head on the rim of a drinking cup. I know that doesn't make any sense, but that's what happened. Isn't this how Brian Braun died in "Cocktail?" Good thing the cup was plastic. Jesus, that smarts.

Anyways, what is jealousy? What's the fucking deal? Why can't we understand on a primal level that everybody should just do whatever they want to do? In your most jealous moment, what are you really trying to do? Kick down a door and say "ah, HA! The two of you don't care about me and are making each other happy!"

Listen, I am not a good person, and nobody that is reading this is. We have all been with one person and been simultaneously attracted to others. So you would think we could be more forgiving when the exact same thing happens to someone we're with. And yet, it never works that way. Not for me. If I'm attracted to you, you're not allowed to be attracted to other people. It makes me want to hit the other people with a gazelle's femur.

Why is that? What biological function does that serve? I guess if I'm dragging my woman to my cave, and another guy says, "hey, let me have that," we have to *want* to fight, because if the girl doesn't end up with the fittest- as opposed to the guy who met her first- natural selection is impeded, the species is weakened. So jealousy is "I want her but she's not mine, yet" or "I have her but she's still not mine."

Then you throw the woman's selection into the mix. And it gets really complicated. Because among her 8,000 possible turn-ons and turn-offs is her view on jealousy. I've talked to women who say they "need" a man to be jealous because they need the constant affirmation of their value. They literally want to be dragged around by a guy that fights other guys over them. I've talked to women who say they "need" a man to be completely disinterested in them before he

DAN HARMON

becomes attractive because, well, who the fuck wants to go home with some guy that feels like he's winning a lottery?

Those are the extremes, and of course reality falls somewhere between them on a case-by-case basis.

I don't even remember what the fuck my point is. Oh. I guess I'm trying to intellectually take ownership of jealousy, because it's one of the worst things with which I have to deal in these phases, when I'm passing between the railroad cars of my 18 month relationships. If I could learn to tolerate the howling wind of jealousy, I would be less tempted to leap into the next railroad car. If I could just like someone and enjoy liking them and be happy for them if they like someone else or be happy for someone else that likes them, I could be a perfect Lone Wolf for all eternity. I'm going to work on that.

Also, I am going to work on turning invisible, because then I will be able to rob banks.

THE BLOG

- August 14th, 2005 -

I'm so fucking hot

Dude. I'm so fucking hot and awesome. Whenever I walk into a bar, everyone sees me in slow motion. All the women want to stick their hands down my shirt and run their fingers through my ursine coat, and I have to grab their wrist and say, "take it easy, sugar. We've got all night for that stuff," and then I just blow their minds with my knowledge of story structure until an appropriate song comes on the juke box, at which point I leap to my feet and start shaking my ass, and I shake my ass so hard that quarters start flying out of it, and everyone starts cheering and picking them up, but I shout out, "take it easy, sugars! There's no such thing as property!"

And they're all like "holy fuck, he's so hot and smart and socialist," and they drop the quarters and we all start dancing together like in that "love is a battlefield" video, looking at the camera and shaking our shoulders, and I lead everyone outside into the street and we're all dancing, and cars are screeching to a stop and people are honking, but then my followers pull them out and they start dancing, too, and everyone in the city starts dancing, and old ladies are throwing away their walkers and black teenagers are dropping their handguns and doing the robot like black teenagers should, and the entire city of Los Angeles follows me across America, and everybody in every city we go through starts following us, snapping and dancing, and when we get to the Mississippi River, the people form a human bridge by drowning themselves and letting the others walk across their backs, and the government realizes we're headed for D.C. so they deploy tanks but our bodies just gum up their treads and the soldiers get pulled out and they start dance-marching with us toward the White House, and the Secret Service tries to shoot us all but they can't and we just dance into the oval office and everyone locks hands in a tunnel and I come dancing in and the president is like what is the meaning of this and I'm like what is the meaning of piss, and I just start peeing all over the president, and he's like agh, agh, you're peeing on me, and I'm going yeah, because you're human, and you're accountable to humanity, and this is what the insides of a human being feels like, it's hot liquid, it's visceral, it's life, it's God, and you've forgotten all that, so now you get peed on, and then I say, get him up, and two of the black teenagers that were previously redeemed lift the president to his feet and I say this is for not protecting the people that pay your salary, this is for hurting the people stupid enough to trust you, this is for taking advantage just

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because you can, this is for telling people they should sit in a cubicle in a black tower, letting them think that doing that would eventually pay off, and then just letting some fucking assholes that you pissed off fly airplanes through their families, through their dilbert cartoons and bobble heads and "wake me for the weekend" coffee cups while you sit in a bulletproof bubble paid for with their unpaid labor. This is for lying, to yourself, to them, to everyone, this is what happens to liars, and I fake like I'm going to punch him, and he cringes, but then I just kiss him on his piss soaked cheek and walk away, back through the tunnel of humanity and it closes behind me and absorbs me and the president just falls to his knees and starts crying, and he says I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I've done such a horrible thing, I've been so bad, it's the power, it changes you before you even get it, it demands things of you, there's no such thing as doing a little bad to get into a position where you can do a lot of good, if you have to do bad to get into a position, then it's a bad position, and when you get into it, the devil is going to be on your call sheet, and he's going to have a list of things for you to do, and it never stops, you just get more and more evil, and I'm so sorry that I was born rich, I'm so sorry, someone forgive me.

And all the laws and all the money just turn to dust because humanity has advanced, we don't live in that world anymore, everyone just acquires this innate and universal sense of priority, everyone understands that people should just be good to each other and the next five thousand years are spent in peace and they put my face on a stamp. That's how fucking hot and awesome I am.

THE BLOG

- August 14th, 2005 -

Tell me if this is like cheating:

Deriving all the creative benefits of loneliness, getting to experience all the delicious moodiness, listening to all the really fantastically depressing music, getting all "woe is me" and dramatic at night while you look off your balcony, even though you're the one that pulled the trigger on the breakup.

It seems a little unfair, right? Like the 80th time I caught myself listening to The Police's *So Lonely*, I was like, "hey, what do you mean 'so lonely,' jerkoff, you just kicked a woman out of your bed. Where do you get off?

She gets to listen to The Police, you should be doing the Risky Business in your underwear."

It's like seeing a guy crucified, but then you get closer and you notice that there's no nails involved, he's actually just hanging onto the cross with his own hands. What an asshole.

In my defense: I can see my house from here. It's fun to die, you get to come back. I like the stillness, I want to taste the hole in the doughnut.

Man, I am blogging my fucking ass off lately. It's the Kung Fu Panda gig.

I'll do anything to not write when someone is paying me. I'll even write about not writing to avoid writing. If you want me to really hunker down and write about Kung Fu Pandas, you have to pay me to write a movie about a guy that writes in his blog about not writing about Kung Fu Pandas.

Then I'd be a Kung Fu Panda writing mother fucker, it would be the only way to do it wrong.

Oh, neat, I like the little music choosy thingie.

DAN HARMON

- August 14th, 2005 -

I GOT A CAR.

My friend, Chris Tallman, hunky star of Channel 101's Timebelt, got a new car and is giving me his old Timebelt car. What an amazing friend. I'm going to drive to the fucking moon. I'm going to drive all over the universe.

Does anyone want a ride somewhere? I'll pick you up. Let's go to a meeting for people who talk about what it's like to have a car. I'll fit in perfectly, because I have one.

I'm free. Shrivens. Actualized. Effectual. Dynamic. I'm fucking mobile.

I've been bumming rides off my 25 year old friends for the last 18 months.

I have felt like such a douchebag hobo. Special thanks to Dawn for letting Tallman know about my need; Dawn you are now forgiven for driving my car off the edge of the Earth and into a dragon's mouth. And thanks to Rob for driving me everywhere, and thanks to everyone else that ever had to pick me up- Hunter, Justin, Wade, I won't forget you guys, man, I'm going to drive this car straight up your asses and keep driving it back and forth over your prostate so you have a more intense orgasm.

Holy shit, I have a crrrrrrrrrr.

THE BLOG

- August 14th, 2005 -

Sonnet 001: Super Homos Only Beyond This Point

You know you really don't want to write a movie when you start doing shit like this...You guys, let's start a sonnet club. We'll make jackets for it, and when we go out, people will think we're a gang.

I think I'm feeling things best left unfelt

But feel my thoughts are something to ignore

My heart and brain, safe where they've always dwelt

Have targeted each other in a war

My mind, if so equipped, would split my skin

And push this poisoned gible from its nest

a muscle which, meanwhile, conspires within

to smash my skull and rule me from the chest

With soldiers fixed at their respective posts

The battle has no victory to take

And speaking as the weary, hollow host

I'd like a truce declared for someone's sake

But reason and emotion cannot cease

And I am not alive when they're at peace

DAN HARMON

- August 15th, 2005 -

How to vaporize people

If you think about it, other people only actually exist in your mind. And the interactions you're having with them are not actual interactions between you and another person, they're interactions you're having between yourself and your perception of some other person. Some person who is probably just symbolic of something for you, through no fault of their own. They're not real, I mean, there is a real person out there with that name, but you don't really know them, you're just using some paper doll likeness of them that you generated, to torture yourself. Like the guy that picked on you in high school, or the guy in the back of the room that wasn't laughing during your act, or your parents, or the girl that doesn't like you as much as you like her, or the people on the phone that want to know when you're going to pay them, or the storyboard artist that was the "funny guy" before you got hired.

These people would be just as happy as you would be if you would just vaporize their paper doll- in other words, vaporize the "them" that you know. Here's how:

Sit in a chair. Close your eyes. Breathe in through your nose, out through your mouth. As you exhale, let go of every muscle in your body, starting with your feet and moving upward, until you can't even feel your own body.

If this is one of those extreme cases, one of those people that's making your stomach feel uneasy, you probably can still feel the stomach thing. Here's the trick: pretend it's good. Just pretend, for a second. Imagine a world where that uneasy feeling in your stomach was some kind of highly sought thing. Once you commit to that scenario, you will automatically endow the feeling as a fleeting one, because all good things go away. Each time you exhale, a little more dizzy stomach goes out into the world, like the C.G. flies in (spoilers) *The Green Mile* (end spoilers). Take as much time as you need to take until all the dizzy stomach stuff is gone, and your whole body is equalized, and your identity is no longer localized to your head or body, you're now just a vague, tingly location on some very vague map of the cosmos.

Now, imagine a photograph of the person that is making your stomach hurt. Now vaporize the photo. Turn it into a zillion little particles, and exhale those. Take a couple more breaths until you've exhaled all of them. They're gone forever.

THE BLOG

Open your eyes. You're fine. No more stomach. Everything back to normal. You don't even remember their name. Next time you see them, you'll be meeting them for the first time.

DAN HARMON

- August 16th, 2005 -

preferred list

Don't worry about being on my preferred list, it's nothing juicy and it's not about you. I just worry about talking about my jobs and employers on the internet, ever since my friend was threatened with a lawsuit for posting about drinking Courtney Cox's titty milk. By the way, is it a violation of confidentiality if I "reveal" to everyone that Courtney Cox is a monster, and isn't very funny, but talks down to writers like she's Lucille Ball? That's public knowledge, right?

Anyways, if I ever mention anything about writing this Dreamworks movie, I'm going to mark it "preferred list," out of respect to the people paying my rent. And I'll eventually add most of my friends to the preferred list, but I just wanted to say, it's not like you're missing anything, those are going to be the most boring entries.

Suck my dick,

Hugh J. Hole <--- to my knowledge, I just created that

THE BLOG

- August 16th, 2005 -

how old aren't you

How far are women willing to take this age-lying thing? If you're saying you're 26 when you're 37, at some point, do you formally announce that you've aged an extra 11 years? Which birthday are you going to do that on?

I guess you could knock a year off the lie with each passing year, and very few people would notice (because nobody caaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaares) so you're 26/37 this year, and next year you're 28/38...then, on your "42nd" birthday, before you make a wish, you give everybody a sly wink and take an additional candle from your pocket. And as you put it in place, everyone says, "you mother fucker, you've been 43 this whole time?!" And you say, "well, no, I was 37 a while back and you niggers thought I was waaaaaay younger!" And you do a little dance and everyone applauds your *charade*, <-- with the french pronunciation.

DAN HARMON

- August 16th, 2005 -

who let the balls out?

Unless I'm happily mistaken, I may have done one of the stupidest things I've ever done in my life last night. What a fucking idiot. Oh well, I guess it actually works perfectly, if you're stupid enough, you do stupid shit that prevents you from getting close enough to smart people to hurt them.

Speaking of stupid shit, here's some stupid shit I just wrote for Jeff Davis. Jeff goes to this acting class where you utilize your "essences." One of Jeff's essences is "charming the birds out of the trees," and he needed a monologue so I wrote this. I wrote it in ten minutes so don't get on my shit, and if you don't know Jeff, it's probably not really funny at all.

Hey, how you doing? Mind if I sit here? It's a beautiful night, isn't it? You know what makes it really beautiful? My balls.

You seem nervous. Is this your first time at a clothing optional resort? I love it here. Just people, men and women, all as God made them, all their balls and titties carressed by the fresh air. It's a crime that the so-called "normal" society is so uptight about the natural human form, it's like, you know, they're just tits, they're just balls, let your balls out.

(singing)

"Who let the balls out,"

(chuckle)

You've got a beautiful body, by the way. I love your titties. They're very...big, very ...juicy looking. May I?

(reaches, recoils)

THE BLOG

I'm sorry. No, no, I understand. We don't have to go there. I always tell people, it's not a sex resort, it's not about sex, it's about optional clothing, it's about the natural human form, there's no hangups here, there's no tension, it's the opposite of tension, it's the most relaxed place in the world.

Just people being people, and yes, part of being people is having titties or balls and that's the way it is. I wasn't comfortable with the lie, the big lie, the mandatory clothing lie. I come here to be free, with free people. Can I tell you something? You're very exciting to me.

(gestures at crotch)

Well, I guess I don't have to tell you that. It's okay, it's natural. This is just what happens, this is what happens when a perfectly healthy man and a perfectly healthy woman get together in an environment free of sexual hangups and sexual politics. The man's dick gets hard. It's a human dick, a natural dick, every inch of it. Or should I say every yard, as you can see, it's, very big. My friends make fun of me, they call me the Concord. I imagine your friends tease you, too, about your big titties. We're quite the pair, er, quite the threesome, ha ha!

(pause)

You want to, uh, put...your titties, onnnn my dick?

(recoils)

Okay, never mind.

(stands up)

I got it, I got it. No, it's cool, I can find someone else to talk to, there's lots of people here, lots of open-minded people. People without sexual issues. Good luck with your issues.

DAN HARMON

- August 17th, 2005 -

this blog is really shaking some pillars

Okay, you guys, I went to a party last night and everyone was talking about my blog. Now, granted, it was a party of all my friends, and I kept initiating conversations about my blog, by, for instance, saying, "dude, high five my awesome blog" or "hey, have you been reading my blog, it's pretty cool."

But still, I really think my blog is starting to turn some heads. There has been a palpable change in the atmosphere out there. There's something in the air. You can feel people reading my blog.

Now. What do we do about that? The crisis sets in, right? Wrong. There is no crisis. You're worried that my blog entries are going to become too "self aware," like the second Eminem album or the episode where Mork met Robin Williams, or Tommy Smothers ranting about Tommy Smothers ranting about Viet Nam. You think I'm just going to start writing blog entries about my blog. You think I'm going to be like, "Today was cool."

Talked to someone about my blog yesterday, and they were like, 'your blog rules,' and I was like, 'eh.'" You're really, really wrong about that. That's the one thing that's not going to happen.

Here's the thing that is going to happen: Anything. Everything. *Blogrything*.

Last night was really important for me. I had drinks with Myke Chilian, the "Martiros" asshole you see commenting on my shit all the time, and he gave me a bit of a finger wagging about some of my recent behavior. Well, not behavior, I haven't really done anything. He gave me a bit of a finger wagging about some of my recent thoughts and feelings. Well, Myke's not really a finger wagger. He's more of a wild gesticulator, a kind of Woody Allen "I don't understand what you're doing" type. He dispenses mental rabbit punches. It's mental *shiatsu*, He's a *mental masseuse*, he's an unlicensed *mental physical therapist*. This is what I found out last night:

1. I'm nuts
2. Knowing that doesn't change it. For real.
3. I have to change it.

THE BLOG

4. Changing it is a good thing, an opportunity to become a better person, not a sentence for some crime.
5. I'm not going to change over night. It's going to be really, really hard, like quitting smoking. But it starts now. It starts with not smoking, today, right now.

Then we went to a party where all my Channel 101 friends were showing their "early" work, which, for most of them, was made in 2002. I love these guys so much. Every single one of them. They're the coolest people in the world. Even when they were dicking around in college, they were bright and funny and special. They all came to Los Angeles to make things, and they all met each other through MY (and Rob's) venue, and now they're all friends and they all make each other so happy. Maybe we all died at the age of 20 and Los Angeles is heaven.

Of course the police had to come because we were having fun. And by fun I mean we had invented a new party game where everyone at the party is "breaking up a fight" between two other people at the party. You have to choose your repetitive breaking-up-a-fight sound. Examples:

Whoa. Whoa whoa whoa.
No no no no no no!
Guys! Guys! Guys!
Easy, easy, easy

I can't remember all of them. It was really fucking funny. There was just like 50 people making all these competing noises, and the sounds kept shifting and evolving, like sometimes the whole room would be overtaken by "whoas" but then there'd be an incursion of "guys!" that would have to be headed off by "no no nos." So, it was really loud, and the police came, and we all turned 16.

Cops are such gross dicks. And now you're thinking, oh no, what if there's this really cool guy and he's a cop and he's reading your blog, you're just going to perpetuate a cycle. There's no cycle. Have you ever met a cool cop? What cool person becomes a cop? Let me tell you something you might not know: they give you an IQ test when you try to become a cop and if you score too high they reject you. I'm serious. There's been lawsuits. And in one of the lawsuits, a chief of police testified that yes, indeed, they tend to discriminate against applicants of a certain intelligence level because they tend to quit after a short time and it's a

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waste of academy training and tax dollars. So, next time you're talking to someone, and they're wearing a badge, know that they had to be a big fucking dummy to earn it.

THE BLOG

- August 17th, 2005 -

thank you for forcing me to like you less.

I needed that. That was very helpful. And a very noble sacrifice on your part. I guess people that hate themselves seek you out because they like to smash their heads on anything hard.

I am no longer my second favorite person in the world. You and I are switching seats. I am now my hero.

Yes, I am talking to you, George Lucas.

DAN HARMON

- August 17th, 2005 -

experiment phase 1

Okay, watch this. I'm going to go get drunk and come back. When I do, I'm going to write a blog entry that won't have to be deleted in the morning. The reason is because my brain is so sorted out now that even while intoxicated, my thoughts will be healthy.

THE BLOG

- August 17th, 2005 -

experiment phase 2

Okay, well, that didn't quite work. I just came home and passed out. But look what I found in my cell phone's memo pad:

Ahhhhhhh the threshold. There is a world where you are high and there is a world where you are not. And there is a point between the two. There is a threshold. And when you cross it...everybody is...a friend instead of an enemy. The music is great. The president is doing the best he can. We're all doing the best we can. No more hostility no more hatred no more. See..you guys talk about drinking problems. You're so wrong. It's not a problem. It's a solution. You want me to quit drinking, I want you to be smarter. We both just want to be like each other.

You know what I just realized? These little pieces of orange food they bring to your table are actually little pieces of dead creatures. there is a tiny mexican man at the bar with a white wife who is a minimum of 800 pounds. It's a cartoon. Come on, mexican guy. Please tell me he's super into fat chicks, please don't tell me he's just into white women and that's the best he could do. Please let this be a world where everyone is getting what they want. Jesus she is a hundred feet wide. I know you think im being a dick but she is one of the top five fattest people I've ever seen and I watch maury povich. She's "remarkably" overweight, in the original sense of the word remarkable, as in, it bears remarking.

The guy next to me is soooooooooo gross I hate him so much, he's one of these "regulars" that's always going for a merit badge in being a regular instead of being properly ashamed of it like me and dino. You don't walk into the fucking rustic inn like you're coming to a wedding, you don't HAVE to say the bartender's name that many times per second. You don't have to call your usual order "my usual." please stop SLAMMING the bar with your palms to EVERY SONG. It fails to send the message "I'm fun." it succeeds only in sending the message, "i want to be fun." you are making me sad. I hate having to bear the weight of your misdirected shame. I hate you so much. Please be a proper drunk. Please be quiet. Please stop shouting, stop drumming. Please stop playing The Doors on the jukebox, their songs are 17 minutes long, are you trying to save money?

DAN HARMON

Don't shout. Stop shouting. Hate you. You are moments from saying "yeah baby." you are moments from looking over at me and saying, "HEY WHAT'S GOING ON OVER HERE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WHAT ARE YOU TYPING IN YOUR PHONE?" I'm typing that I hate you. I'm typing that you are a lightweight. You're 40 and you still can't hold your liquor. If you drum on the bar one more time I am going to fucking punch you, I am going to make you taste your blood and teeth. You're going to wake up in a fucking hospital. I dare you to do it. I will fucking murder you tonight.

I'm going to make you a deal. You keep knocking the fucking bar with your knuckles and i'll keep experiencing hatred of you.

The guy next to you is OKAY. He's trying to explain to you that bill maher lost his job for questioning the mandated description of terrorists as cowards. Boy, what I wouldn't give to be talking about that for a while. Okay, now wait, there is nothing on the jukebox and you just rapped your knuckles on the bar to some imagined beat. I hate you. I hate you so much i'm close to loving you. I want to break this glass on your head. I want your flesh to break under my hand. I want to take a tiny piece of the glass and draw it across your throat. I want to shove your head onto the bar and put all my pressure on it and use the other hand to slit your throat with a tiny piece of glass. I want to hear your shrieks of "no, baby!" become gurgles. I want you to shut the fuck up. I want you to never have been born. I want to kill you. You are poison. Stop interrupting your semi-smart friend because you thought of something to say. I am going to murder you tonight. I am seriously going to murder you.

Okay, that's kind of funny in a tragic way. I like how it starts with me talking about how happy booze makes me and then I immediately turn into a Kevin Smith werewolf (half man, half bad writer). I can't believe I thought bad things about some innocent fat woman's tiny Mexican husband.

I'll tell you one thing, though, that fucking dude next to me bleeeeeeeew. He was the worst. He was like 45, wearing some kind of ...novelty Farfalla tee shirt- farfalla is a restaurant across the street. His shirt said "FARFALLA" in huge letters on the front and on the back there was a paragraph of comedy or recipes or god knows what. And he would just alternate between SHOUTING his half of the conversation at the guy next to him and swiveling in his bar stool, BANGING on

THE BLOG

the bar with his palms to whatever was playing. Going back to Cali. He loved Going back to Cali.

He mimed the record scratching. He told me he always sits at this place on the bar so he can look at the bartenders' legs (blech barf blech blech, go home and look at legs on the internet you grossout). I told him (actually, I told my glass, I couldn't look at him) that I was only sitting there because the tables were full. And by "there" I meant near him.

Oh, and also, his "usual" order was a chicken caesar salad with extra dressing, for which he had brought a ziploc bag of red onions and black olives. Okay, actually, I thought that was kind of cool. The ziploc bag of special ingredients was cool. Too cool for him, he must have seen someone else doing that. He must have seen some silverlaker pull out a ziploc of homegrown basil at a coffee shop and perceived that women would talk to him if he walked into the Rustic Inn with a bag of ...home opened sliced black olives?

DAN HARMON

- August 19th, 2005 -

Why can't friends suck each other's tits?

Ask any guy and he will tell you that his girlfriend has full permission to totally make out with her cute friend. He would not raise a finger in protest. He would stand and watch while the woman he loves and her attractive friend, or friends, removed each other's clothing and rolled around in bed for hours or even days. It's called "friendship." Guys understand that.

And now that I have broken up with my girlfriend, I find myself in the company of many friends, some of them female, including my ex girlfriends, and I don't understand why there has to be some kind of double standard. Am I not, as a friend to these ladies, allowed the same liberties? I want to be your friend. I want to squeeze your boobs and make out with you.

Ladies, let's just all be friends. And let's just do what friends are supposed to do. They're supposed to have a good time together. What do you like to do? You like to rollerskate? Hey, I like rollerskating, let's go rollerskating. You know what I like to do? I like to suck titties. Do you like getting your titties sucked? Well then we're going to make great friends, aren't we?

You don't want me to be unhappy, do you? I'm your friend. I'm so sad. "What's wrong, Dan?" I'm not sucking your titties.

I don't know if you know this or not, but when a guy is not allowed to make out with a girl, and/or suck on her tits, it actually causes him physical pain. Did you know that? It's called "blue...mouth." Your lips get all cramped. Don't give me blue mouth. You're hurting me. Listen, this is the kind of thing you're going to have to deal with now that we're friends. I'm sensitive to the female needs of my female friends. I understand that blood comes out sometimes. I know you actually have three holes and that you can't move your own furniture. I know you need chocolate. Hey. Can I get you some chocolate? Would you like me to help you move your bed? Are you having any trouble at all with your stereo equipment?

May I ask you one more question before you answer any of those?

THE BLOG

May I suck your titties?

We do not have to fuck, or, as I call it, "making fuck." I just want to kiss you for a *little bit*. Like an hour tops. And if you like the way I kiss you, maybe you could bring out one or two titties and we'll just see what happens.

And then we'll go see March of the Penguins. And have a gyro. And you can talk about your catering business. We can shoot some hoops or watch some TV. And before I go, I'll suck one titty real quick. Or just kiss you for like five minutes. Or we'll split the difference. I will kiss your titty for two minutes. It's fun! Friends have fun together!

Oh, by the way, if you like having your titties sucked, and you think I might be the man for the job, leave a comment below!

DAN HARMON

- August 21st, 2005 -

Anyone who almost killed themself in a grease fire say "aye."

I have this open flame ovenette kind of thing attached to my 1960s stove called the "debutante," and Dawn bought me this broiler pan to use with it.

I wash the broiler pan about as often as I wash myself, so the bottom of the pan is filled with grease. Also, I have long since disconnected my smoke alarms because, well, I find them to be a terrible inconvenience when I'm cooking.

And I love to cook. For instance, two nights ago, I came home at 4am, tossed two burger patties in the debutante, turned the flame on high and went riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight to sleep on my sofa. I was awakened some time around sunrise by a burning smell.

The debutante was filled with fire, flames were shooting from the top of the door and licking the wooden cabinets above it. I opened the oven door and the flames got bigger. I reached for the pan with an oven mit, which promptly started on fire. I grabbed two hot pads and yanked the pan out of the oven but it was so hot I had to drop it on the stove, splashing flaming grease on the range and floor. I then moved the still flaming broiler pan into the sink, which became filled with fire, and of course, I turned on the faucet, because that's what you do to a grease fire, you spray it with as much water as possible. Napalm flying everywhere, everything on fire, black smoke filling the apartment. Finally, the flames subsided. I opened all the windows and doors and let smoke pour out of my apartment while I sat on the couch, still drunk, waiting to be arrested or yelled at. Nothing happened. There is brown grease and/or a coat of ash covering every surface in my kitchen.

The cats looked at me for a while, and then one of them said, "We'd like to go live with Mommy."

THE BLOG

- August 22nd, 2005 -

What if I replaced drinking with showering?

Since the breakup, I've really been pushing the booze-velope. I guess being in a relationship is one way of being dead, and drinking is another. On my search for rock bottom, Ketel One has become my new girlfriend. And she doesn't do laundry. And she doesn't know where my belt, keys and wallet are. And she doesn't turn off the flame broiler when I pass out.

So, I'm going to break up with her and put the time I've been spending drinking into cleaning up this office, this apartment, this body, this life.

Dawn used to call my filth my "forcefield." My garbage-lined den, my wrinkled clothes, my odor, they're medals that say "I don't care what you think about me" and "I can do whatever I want" and "I'm different." Okay, Jesus, mission accomplished, I think we got the message, kid.

Sure, I'm never going to be a guy that looks in the mirror more than once a day or thinks about clothing. You could put me in a tux and I wouldn't look fancy, it's not in my fiber. But I don't want to keep repelling people. Or hiding, or whatever it is I've been doing.

The thing is, forcefields don't really work. There is no such thing as an impenetrable one; there's always a point of origin, an umbilical point- Achilles' mother had to hold him somewhere when she dipped him in the Styx. Likewise, if you call a control freak a "control freak" they freak the fuck out, because control is the "mother" that did the dipping, and if you're someone I like and you tell me people don't like me because I stink, I get alllllll bummed out because at the center of that shield is a need to be loved, duh. Someone will say to me, "man, we were joking the other day about how you smell like a homeless person," and I'll grit my teeth into a fake smile and look at the floor, and the person will be like, "oh, shit, what the fuck? I didn't know you were sensitive about it." It doesn't make any sense to anyone. How could a person that doesn't shower be sensitive about how little they shower? I agree, it makes no sense.

DAN HARMON

I guess when I was on the playground, it helped me sort my friends from my enemies, the fascists from the cool people. School was filled with all these people that would yell at you for anything at random moments. When I heard, "dude, you need to take a fucking bath and get a haircut and wash your clothes," it started being translated into, "dude, you need to not be friends with me, don't trust me, be the opposite of me." It worked back then. It was the 80s, it was a very dishonest time, and I was a good kid *because I repelled*. I remember a couple of times in school I would get cleaned up for picture day or whatever, and there was always such a patronizing fanfare about it from the idiots. The idea of doing something, anything, FOR these people, it was so much more humiliating than just being teased by some people I couldn't hear.

Well, I don't need those training wheels anymore. I can tell my friends are cool and still wash my ass. I can be socially compatible. I can admit that I like people, that I'd like them to like me, and that I'm willing to do things to facilitate that connection. Maybe my new girlfriend can be humanity. Maybe I can move in with her, and do her dishes, and call her widdle booby wooby dooby.

You guys, I'm going to eat your collective pussy so good tonight.

THE BLOG

- August 22nd, 2005 -

Ulysses on the Mast

Dawn just left with the yowling cats. Well, the one that was raised here, the one that took after me, the one that pretended not to need anyone, he was yowling. He didn't want to leave his property. The one raised by Dawn sat quietly, looking forward to seeing his new apartment. He doesn't care where he goes, as long as he's with Dawn. Pets get imprinted with their owners' personalities, you know.

My abusive Russian girlfriend has been poured down the drain. I won't be on any anesthetic when the swarm of nothings, the Stephen King's Langoliers of loneliness, start coming in through the cracks. They're already here. More are on the way. I'm going to do the only thing I've never tried. I'm just going to sit here by myself, sober as a judge, and feel every bite. I'm not going to call my friends and manipulate them into complimenting me. I'm not going to walk to a bar. I'm turning off my cell phone; I don't care if I get a text message. Well. Yeah, I do. I want one bad. There's one in particular I want more than I want a drink. That's why I'm turning it off.

When I write the screenplay about this, this scene will need to be more show-don't-tell. I'll handcuff myself to a radiator (using the cuffs from the throwaway S&M gag in act 1 that symbolized a refused call to adventure which falls diametrically opposite this apotheosis). I'll slide the key across the floor, and I'll call Rob, and say "pick me up at 8am" and I'll slide the phone away, too. No, wait, that bumps. Okay, you'll see me grab the cuffs, then I put the key under my welcome mat. Cut to me cuffing myself to the radiator. Make the call, slide the phone. That's better because the key asks a question the phone call answers. Ulysses on the mast.

I'm trying to think of some titles for this screenplay. I try to think of the cover sheet first, because I'm a hack.

Watched Pots

Unavailable

My Favorite Kind of Honesty

DAN HARMON

This is page 70 of a very stupid script. Only 40 more or so to go. A fast 40, a montage across the return, connect-the-dots for twenty pages...then I'll hear about the wedding. And I'll run across the city and burst through the church doors and say "wait!" And everyone will look, but this is a savvy mediocre romantic comedy, so the camera will truck on me and I'll say, "I just wanted to say how much I approve of this marriage." And the epilogue will be the reception. All the characters from the whole movie will be there, even the big black guy from the 2nd act jail scene (worst date ever!). He'll be crying. He always cries at weddings, he explains to the Stiller cameo bartender.

I never cried at a wedding, I don't think guys can. Unless you're the guy getting married, a wedding is just a funeral or a spelling bee. I did get a little moist in the eyes once during a proposal. Some sweet chubby guy set it up so he could propose to his chubby girlfriend during a ComedySportz show in Milwaukee. The woman was so genuinely overjoyed, she couldn't stop staring at her fiancé for the rest of the show. I was watching them from the "dugout" and it made me misty because I was only 18 but I already knew I'd never be stupid enough to be that happy.

THE BLOG

- August 23rd, 2005 -

Oompa Mexicans

I think I'll take a nap here in my plush office at this reputable animation studio. Maybe I should request a sofa for such purposes. I bet I could step outside my office right now and say, "hey, is there any way I could get a sofa in there, for when I need to lay down?" I'm 99% sure the answer would be yes, and within hours, two Mexican guys would be loading in a sofa. That's where the desk and easy chair came from.

In my mind's eye, there's a geodesic dome somewhere on this compound, and there's an orchard of Willy Wonka trees inside it, with computers and table lamps growing on them, and Mexicans gather them and place them on the backs of burros for conveyance to our network of caucasian bungalows.

People from outside L.A. hear all this characterization of Mexicans as mythicalimps and they think, "oh, that's racist." Eh. Not especially. You have to understand, this is California, these are real Mexicans we're talking about, they're from an actual other place (planet? state?) called Mexico, they're not a "race," per se, it's such a way of life here, it's institutionalized.

There is so much money in L.A., and it is such culture-owned money- the "industry" is not really an "industry" at all, there's nothing industrial happening, it's just a huge pile of money being circulated among an elite population of wasps, jews and blacks- and we are so close to Mexico, and it is so shitty in Mexico, AND, frankly, it is so much easier to make money here for whites than it is for anyone else, that this is what happens, you can actually say, with at least 95% accuracy, that if you drop a piece of garbage, and it's someone's job to pick it up, that someone is from Mexico.

It's not like that in Milwaukee. Rob and I really had to adjust to things in L.A. At first, you feel like a racist just walking down the sidewalk, because the only people doing all the labor have the same color skin. Little brown people flit about everywhere, fixing the flowers, feeding the fish, polishing the sun in the morning, vacuuming the moon at night, blowing the garbage from the sidewalk into the gutter, keeping the trains and buses running on time (so that Mexicans can get to work). And you think, "this is so wrong, when are they going to attack everyone

DAN HARMON

like in West World?" And then another day goes by, and they don't attack. And a couple years later, you're just going, "Hmm, my kitchen is a mess. I need me a Mexican."

Don't look at me! I didn't do it! Oh, fuck, I just coughed and I think a tiny bit of Thai food shit just came out of my butt. I think I just shit my pants, you guys. I think God might be Mexican.

THE BLOG

- August 23rd, 2005 -

I did, in fact, just shit my pants

I will be going home early from work today.

If anyone asks me why, because I'm not a very good liar, I'm going to probably just tell them that I ate Thai food for lunch and went to the bathroom but someone was in the other stall and I didn't want them to hear me making a sloppy dooder so I held it in and started writing in my blog about Mexicans, and partway into it, I coughed, and a little squirt of, um, well, you know, came out of my butt, and now I am going to go home.

DAN HARMON

- August 23rd, 2005 -

night two

Pretty quiet. Pretty cold. Gettin' a little nasty. Tasty? Nasty.

Hollow, carved, collapsing, turning into chunky black goo. Something in the air is eating me, some kind of opportunistic airborne swarm normally kept away by the stink of booze or the cocoon of fake love. When I'm out here alone with these things I get sandblasted.

Like I have anything to complain about. Meanwhile in Iraq.

I am a failure. I am a dirty, wounded, weak, stupid, selfish, lazy, lugubrious, infantile, irresponsible cunt.

My Mom worked in a film lab's dark room, developing photos by a single red light. I sat in a lower cabinet with the door closed. Total silence, except for the sound of the rinse water going down the drain from a small rubber hose. Just a trickle. And the occasional sound of her swishing the undeveloped photos in the pans of magic fluid. Every time I smell that fluid I'm back there. Thank god for that fluid, it's a perfect bookmark. I remember everything.

I could stay in this cabinet forever. She loves that. She loves me low maintenance. She loves me quiet. She loves nothing. I can be nothing.

Here comes the payoff, after minutes, hours, centuries, who knows when you're four years old: She opens the cabinet door.

I look at her like I don't even need to come out. I look at her like "what the fuck do you want *now*." It blows her mind every time.

"You know you can go play if you want."

"That's okay."

"You just like being in there?"

THE BLOG

"Yeah."

"You're such a special little boy. Do you know how special you are?"

"No."

Liar. Me and you.

I know I'm special. You don't.

Stop hitting me, and stop making him hit me.

I'm already dead. I'm already not here. I'm already not your son. I have no dependencies, no expectations, no needs. I'm already gone. You don't have to keep looking for excuses to kill me. You don't have to plot my murder with him.

Being alive around here is so dangerous. Wanting, speaking, feeling, doing, showing, being seen, *do you have a fucking death wish?* Do you want them to come in here, do you want their attention, do you want to die tonight? Can I ask you that question? Do you want to die tonight?

My brother does. Better than nothing, maybe? I'm saying, how can nothing be so bad when nothing is all they want. He keeps walking the tightrope, he keeps rocking the boat. He won't stop pulling levers. I'm learning to avoid getting hit, he's learning to *like it*. He thinks that's how they love, he doesn't know they *don't love*.

All you have to do is let go. Stop loving them. Stop expecting them to love you. They stop hitting you when you stop loving them. I think. I'm pretty sure.

Just play dead. Nobody hits a dead person. That's all I'm saying.

He won't listen. Big kids don't take advice from little kids. He hates me because I'm smart. He's suspicious of me because I'm getting hit less and less and he's getting hit more and more. Maybe I'm on their side, right?

It's like watching someone float away on an ice block.

DAN HARMON

Nobody hits a dead person, dipshit. Just be dead.

THE BLOG

- August 24th, 2005 -

Snappy Handshake

Sevan mentioned working with an editor who likes to say "broskie" and it reminded me of this...

When I was writing on *Midnightly Cunt News*, our editor was this 20ish M. Night Shamalyan looking dude. When he would shake your hand, whether it was the first time or the 8th time, he would grab your hand, *yank* it toward his body, and do this incredibly *invasive, disturbing* snapping and pointing move around your hand, ending with him holding your thumb and pointing a finger at you. Without irony. I kind of have to show you, because I'm afraid your tendency is going to be to picture this as a graceful, subtle, yet cheesey thing. You are one third correct.

To give you an indication of how disruptive this handshake was: I was introduced to this guy by the other writers *as a joke* - they wanted to stand there and watch my reaction to his handshake. They didn't tell me anything about it, they just said to the editor, "have you met Dan?" and I reached out to shake his hand, and this snapping thing happened, and I *yanked* my hand back and said, "jesus." And the other writers were laughing and saying, "it's like a joy buzzer." In front of him. And the important thing to note is, that didn't shake him. The next time I saw him, he reached out for a handshake and I accidentally took part and he did it again.

It was like he was trying to spearhead some new snapping handshake craze, like he wanted people to say, "will you show me how to do that? What do you call that?" Or, more likely, he wanted to be the only one doing it, but he wanted people to say, "Your handshake has some real flavor to it. I appreciate someone that goes that extra mile to spice up an otherwise ordinary event. Come to think of it, that's what makes a good editor, isn't it?" Like maybe he had this image in his head of his retirement party, and there would be this big cake and on the cake would be a picture of two hands clasped, one snapping and pointing? He wanted it to be like his gimmick, his identity, and he didn't care what you had to say about it, if you made fun of it, you were probably just jealous because your handshake was so banal, that's the impression I got from him.

DAN HARMON

Anyways, the cherry on this story was experienced by Jay, another writer, who was alone with this guy in the editing bay, overseeing the assembly of some remote piece. And the editor says, "so where should we cut?" And Jay says, "okay, cut it riiiiiiiiight...there." And Jay snaps his fingers.

And the editor whirls in his chair, points at Jay and says, "do not snap at me, that's really rude."

THE BLOG

- August 26th, 2005 -

Your Bullshit starring You, a You production of a You film

Don't they have certain "stages of grief," and isn't the last one "acceptance?" Maybe the last stage of loneliness is feeling sorry for yourself. I'm the sure the first couple stages have something to do with denial and trying to fuck everything in sight. Then you get really pissed off at everyone. Leave me the fuck alone, I'm going to slit your throat, that kind of thing. But in the end, whether your rebound is with a woman, or cocaine, or your job, or all three, after you've either botched that rebound or seen it through and soiled someone or something else, after all of that, there's silence. You become your own hero, all the cameras are on you, poor guy. Your movements become more deliberate, like when you're unlocking your car door, you're just very systematic, methodical about it. There's no music in your head. Everything's kind of weightless.

It's feeling sorry for yourself. It's the best. It really kind of makes you high, because it's so quiet and dramatic, it feels like you're about to win a lottery or something, because surely you deserve it, because look how bad it all is.

Okay, maybe that's not the last stage. Maybe it's the second to last stage, and the last stage is hearing yourself talking about how sorry you feel for yourself and realizing that everything is going great and you don't need another person to make you happy. For christ's sake. You dumb, selfish cock, you're the one that broke up with her. How do you think she feels? Oh, you don't think about it. Well who the fuck do you think is thinking about how you feel except for you?

The only thing is, what good is being happy and getting your shit together and not needing anybody if, when you come home and say, "hey, everything's going great!" There's just the slight reverb of an empty apartment? If the car keys are dropped on the counter and there's not a woman there to hear it, did you actually come home or not? Where are you? Who are you?

Fag town, that's where.

DAN HARMON

- August 29th, 2005 -

Dawn, where's my belt?

Dawn, I can't find my belt. Or my wallet. Or my keys. Oh, here are my keys, I found my keys. They were next to my keyboard. Oh my God, key- board! I should always put them there.

I also can't find my favorite shirt, the yellow checkered one you got me for the FX taping. I've looked through all the laundry on the whole floor and it's gone. I'm trying to wash stuff and I wanted to wash my favorite shirt and now it's gone.

I found my belt. It was next to my bed. My wallet's probably in my pants.

I need a mexican so bad.

A friend of mine suggested I get a Chinese instead, she said they're like Mexicans but they don't rob you. I said where am I supposed to get a Chinese person, this is L.A. not Frisco.

I go out of my way to call it frisco because I know it pisses those jerks off. What kind of city bothers to have a nickname that you're not allowed to call it? What do they call it? "San Fran?" "Sanny?" You don't see me rolling my eyes when people say L.A.

You know what, I actually never call it L.A., I just realized that. I always say Los Angeles.

When I was in fifth grade in South Milwaukee, the teacher pulled out a big map of the United States and said, "okay, we're each going to pick a state and write a report on it," and this one girl SHOT up her hand and said, "Oooo! Oooo! I know which one I want!"

And Miss Horzinski said, "Yes?"

And the girl said, "L.A.?"

THE BLOG

I honestly think that's why I never call it L.A., because I was so embarrassed for her. I swear to God, every time I hear "L.A." I think of that girl. Her Dad probably dumped her Mom and drifted out there. She just knew there was some place called L.A. that had palm trees and her father.

Or maybe she was just really into her L.A. Gear sneakers. These were the early 80s, I remember I had a folder that said "Beverly Hills Polo Club" on it. Oh my God, that's fucking hysterical. Beverly Hills Polo Club? Oo la la. Look at the fancy little boy trudging through the yellow/brownish snow.

He must be late for a polo meeting.

DAN HARMON

- September 2nd, 2005 -

miscellaneous

Have you guys been to melaniegriffith.com yet? You should really go, it's very beautiful and relaxing, a place where your spirit, truth and dreams can meet goddesses and battle AIDS.

Have you guys ever met David Wain from Stella? I did, last night, stick that up your ass.

Have you guys paid your rent, yet? I haven't. Dreamworks still won't pay me. Isn't that cool? I guess they don't have any money. Maybe when I get paid, I can lend them some cash. Oh, gotta go, my landlord is calling.

THE BLOG

- September 2nd, 2005 -

people would be amazed to see what I jerk off to

One reaction you might have would be, "but that isn't even pornography."

DAN HARMON

- September 4th, 2005 -

Dawn, I used your teddy bear soap to wash my asshole

I suppose it's probably decorative or something, but it is technically made out of soap, and I have run out of soap due to this "showering" thing, so I did use the teddy bear to wash my body today, and that did include shoving his little teddy bear face up my ass and under my arms and rubbing his body on my balls.

He's a little teddy bear. He's adorable.

THE BLOG

- September 6th, 2005 -

I'm trying to get lower and there's all this rock in the way

What did I do...yesterday? Labor Day?

Did I contact anyone? Let's check the email sent box. Ooooooooh, that's a good one. Text messages? Mmmmmm, jackpot. Excellent wordsmithing as always, Mister Hyde.

I remember making my ex girlfriend cry at breakfast. Ducks in a barrel.

I remember Romano accidentally getting in a fight in the parking lot of the Rustic. I remember wanting to beat up the guy that was supposed to be helping me break it up. Why are you tapping my sternum? You don't tap a guy's sternum when you're on his side. You, sir, are the worst fight-breaker- upper ever. I seriously wanted to just punch *that* guy but it would have been so much extra confusion- who would have broken up that fight, the guy that started the other fight?

The guy that wanted to beat up Romano thought he was defending the honor of his gross Debbie Mazar girlfriend. All the guy needed to hear was that it was a misunderstanding, very easy to explain. But seeing eight guys in combat mode got the girl's ovaries all fired up so she started screaming at random people at the top of her lungs. Fortunately, it was becoming gradually apparent that this girl couldn't tell the difference between the two sides (at the peak of her outrage, she said something like, "Who are you? What the fuck is going on?") and she basically ended up in a fight with the guy that was defending her. Her protector escorted her to his car by the throat, and the entire time, I got to have my sternum tapped.

I remember a party at the Yacht Rock house. I remember Sternum Tappy leaving because it was all Channel 101 people. I remember a pipe in my hand and I remember a yowling cat. Really weird cat- you know the low yowling sound a cat makes when it wants you to get away from it? That's how this cat asked to be pet. This cat would come up to you and yowl at you like it wanted to kill you and then you'd pet it and it would start purring. I remember laying down in "Koko's" bedroom and waking up to a bunch of people laughing because I think the cat

DAN HARMON

took a shit three feet from my head. Best cat ever? Sarcastic rhetorical question. Someone must have photos, right?

I remember Kelly and Ryan driving me home. Kind of. Thanks.

THE BLOG

- September 10th, 2005 -

Declaration of Independence from Humanity

Unquenched by meat, booze and pussy, with no fear to subdue it, no agenda to divert it, a fire climbs the walls of my stomach, engulfing my heart, pumping boiling plasma to a waking brain.

At eleven, my brain woke up like this in the back of my parents' car. I announced to my family that they didn't have to keep going through these motions, I knew that they were robots, puppets, characters, that I was the only person in the world. I knew that when I talked to them, I was actually addressing God, who was only toying with me. My mom got upset (was she crying?); my brother stared at the floor; my father finally shouted, commanded me to stop it. *Holy fuck*, I thought. *I only said it so they'd prove it wrong. I'm more right than I wanted to be.*

After a year among the robots, there was relief. My first kiss, truth or dare, Susie Shallock, the girl that held my sweaty hand in *The Goonies*. How could a robot ever make you feel like that? *What's so bad about this place, anyway?* There's a chemical released that only a girl can trigger, some beautiful venom that rides the boiling blood straight to the brain, numbs it.

The lights dim and flicker like stars, the whining cogs slow until they sound like crickets, everything turns into summer. That's why God imagines this world for me, that is the miracle. I can forget that I know.

Then, over time, they drop little hints that they're not real. They say things that aren't true. They throw little sparks, repeat themselves... There's a cylinder inside them with a pattern of bumps that make music, you're keeping them alive by winding them. It's like kissing a puppet with your hand in it. Their lips feel cold. They *know you know*. The fourth wall flickers, and there's God laughing and pointing. Ha ha. You tried to fuck a mannequin.

Twenty years later, I'm knowing something similar but new. You guys aren't robots. I can't look at everyone in the world and say they're not real. All seven billion of you? What are the odds.

DAN HARMON

It's me. You guys are the people, I am the other thing. Jesus, Frankenstein, Satan, what do they all have in common? No wife, no fireplace, no dog, no white picket fence. Not for more than a stolen moment. In the end, whether ascending to the sky, going back underground or just floating away on an iceberg, things end up back where they belong, leaving the world to the people.

You've all always known, you've been telling me every day of my life from kindergarten to yesterday. It's me that's been deceptive to myself. I am a man made of goo, from deep underground, visiting your sunshine world. I am among you for moments but never able to be with you, and when I try, it's embarrassing, and, inevitably, hurtful.

And you all say, "Dan, you should try being alone for a while."

It's like telling a snowman he should try being water.

THE BLOG

- September 11th, 2005 -
Happy 9/11

Today's that day everyone has pot parties, right? Legalize that shit, yo!

I'm so hungover.

I'd like to thank Rob Schrab for taking the time, last night, to make fun of yesterday's blog entry. He did so by awkwardly recounting it in a retarded voice, which, really, you could do with anything. "What's with this bible, blessed are the peacekeepers, dar dar dar." What's the matter, Rob Schrab, does the pressure get too high at my emotional depths? Did I get too sincere for you, Rob Schrab? I'm sorry my blog didn't have an exploding robot in it, Rob Schrab.

What kind of fucking name is that? Who rhymes their kid's name?
Someone shoot this guy's mother.

DAN HARMON

- September 11th, 2005 -

underwear party; libido burnout

My inbox and voice mail have been flooded- out of respect for Katrina victims, I would say "inundated," but that means "flooded"- with offers to keep me from starving. I thank you, but please, send your bagels and low carb meatloaf to the Red Cross, this hunger strike is intentional, I want my handlers and employers to watch me die. I want them to see the physical effects of their sins. I'd be able to give you an accurate report a la Morgan Spurlock but I see the ex took the bathroom scale. I do also see, however, that she noticed I was out of toilet paper and left a roll. Thank you, that was very thoughtful, I can find out what I weigh later, I do need to wipe my ass *now*.

I attended a party last night that began very low key. At a certain point, someone came in with a box of tight funny underwear. All the guys started putting on the underwear and proclaimed it an underwear party, at which point, the girls removed their clothing and danced around in their underwear. So, I'm just saying, next time I go to a party, I'm not bringing a bottle of wine.

Actually, that's ridiculous, I'm only saying that because, as a guy, I'm supposed to get all excited about women in their underwear. It actually just made it a lot harder to talk to people at a party where I already didn't know anyone. Assuming, however, that I wouldn't have been chatting them up anyway, I guess if you're going to be surrounded by strangers, they might as well be in their unders.

It was a two redhead party. I'm kind of burnt out on the ladies. Make no mistake, I still have a monkey to feed, but by sheer luck, finding a willing victim has been so difficult this time out that my monkey's just tired, now.
It's too hard, too humiliating.

I had resolved that I was going to stay in the moment and always be honest. I would tell anybody I encountered what my deal was and what I wanted. In any other situation, that's exactly what you should do, but with women, you become garbage, or, worse, a toy.

THE BLOG

Women don't want an open ledger on the table for the same reason your cell phone plan can't just tell you how much they charge per minute. It becomes too easy to comparison shop and the customer would have all the power.

Women perceive transparency as weakness because sexually, they're forced [by each other] to deal in a lot of veils and book-cooking. Women are politicians. All their lives, they've been trained in the arts of deception, restraint, misdirection, diplomacy, exaggeration, propaganda. They're barely aware of the concept of thinking or feeling something and having that same thought or feeling come out of their mouth, they don't even consider that an option because in an honest game, the guy wins, period. I have to stop talking about it or I'm going to become an AM radio DJ. The difference is, I sympathize. I feel sorry for women. If I was a woman, I would just be a lesbian.

Also, if I was a woman, I would stand in front of a mirror and feel myself up, and I would video tape myself rolling around on a bed dressed as a cheerleader, then masturbate to it. God, how fucking awesome would it be to be a totally hot chick? I would seriously just keep buying different outfits and molesting myself.

My point is, as you can imagine, there's no such thing as an *honest* rebound frenzy. Coming out of a relationship, you're either going to be lying to people or you're going to be alone; nobody wants your rebound juice on them. My experiment in following my bliss brought nothing but embarrassment to myself and the general public. I was watching that episode of *The Office* where the hot woman is in the office for a day, and everything gets extra creepy, and I thought, oh, that's me, I'm a joke right now, this should stop.

So, I'm just going to make out with my pillow and beat off and watch TV and read some of these books I've never read. That's how I'm fighting terrorism. My balls are on orange alert.

DAN HARMON

- September 11th, 2005 -

for real, now I'm just an AM radio DJ

I started saying all this shit in response to Courtney's comment on my last blog entry, but then I realized I was writing a novel.

Here's the deal, this is what I have learned: Men are only ever as honest as women allow, and women don't allow much. Don't deny it, you girls like your lies and your silence, and you like them piping hot. I can name 5 instances in the last 3 months where I would have been *rewarded for lying*, and they all involve women. Instead, I told the truth and I got the shit beaten out of me.

You girls have so much fucking resentment for men, you can take all the shots at us you want, and you consider yourselves perfect little angels because to you, physical attraction is currency in a poker game played with voluntary feelings.

Guys feel. They just fucking feel things. We don't choose it when it's convenient. We can't turn our dicks or our hearts off like a light until we find the most valuable situation. We just want to kiss things and fuck things and hold things. We'd rather it be women but if you lock us in a building for too long, we'll put our dicks in each other's butts. We'll fuck dogs, we'll fuck trees.

That is our weakness and women have been exploiting that weakness in men since the beginning of time. Why do you think we were wary to let you vote and hold jobs? Where's the fucking balance, here, how much fucking power do you people need? And stop pretending it's about "equality" while you continue to hobble around on stilt-shoes with clown paint on your faces and gel packs in your bras saying stupid shit. Men don't fucking care about your earrings and the color of your nails, you women are in competition with each other over men, you debase yourselves.

Voluntarily. The job of brain surgeon- the job of president- is completely available to you and for the most part, semantic window dressing aside, you essentially choose as a vocation some variation on the theme of whore or slave.

If women were truly held to an equal standard, most of them would just be considered lazy, needy, not too bright, and *really bad at communicating*.

THE BLOG

Oh, by the way, you know how I'm talking to you right now? You know how hurtful and hateful it is, how transparently petty I'm making myself out to be? Women talk like this all the fucking time. You are the fucking meanest people in the world. Mean to each other and mean to us. You hate yourselves for not being men and instead of learning to like yourselves, you make it our problem.

Well, that's what I've been doing, too. I've been hating myself for being me and taking my case to the streets, looking for any kind of booze, drug or woman to distract me from the work I need to do. No more. Now I'm your worst nightmare. I'm holding women to the standards I have for men. You want to be my friend, provide something. Tell me some funny stories.

Dance. Give me a ride, buy me a waffle. Be smarter than me in some area.

Your usual currency is no longer legal tender with me. Now I'm just walking around with all the power and no weakness.

I judge you, women. I find you guilty of a thousand crimes. I sentence you to get your shit together when you're around me. If you don't, you will be dismissed.

None of this applies to my really cool female friends, or any woman that actually would like to kiss me. If you want to kiss me, you are a good person and I consider you an equal.

DAN HARMON

- September 12th, 2005 -

Do you guys go to a lot of parties like this?

I just read Will's forwarded bulletin warning girls that they need to be extra careful not to leave their drinks unattended at parties because now rapists are using a combination of rohypnol with progesterex, a pill that permanently sterilizes horses (because apparently a rapist can only get caught if you have a baby? Is this 1870?).

My question: where exactly are you people having parties? I've lived in Los Angeles for nearly 10 years and I have yet to attend one of these rape mixers where tranquilizer-assisted abduction would ever be possible. How does this work again? The guy drops a pill in the girl's drink, and then she passes out, and the guy says, "oh, I'll take this unconscious body home, it's cool," and he leaves the party dragging a body down the stairs of a warehouse while everyone dances with their pacifiers and Dr. Seuss hats on, saying, "oh, snap, she left her drink unattended?" What is this, Logan's fucking Run? Rollerball?

What's with you young people? I'm talking to you, put down your blackberries, pull up your pants and fix your hair. First of all, stop drugging and raping each other. It's silly. Surely at a party that size, someone will fuck you. If not, have a drink, relax, read a fucking magazine, jesus christ.

You're 20. Believe me, for the next 20 years, you're going to fuck more than you ever wanted. Secondly, if you see someone being drugged, please prevent their rape. Like, maybe say, "hey, helpful stranger, let me help you move that unconscious body to your car. What was your name again? Nice license plates." Thirdly, have smaller parties. Fourthly, be pickier about your friends.

When I was your age, we followed those simple rules and we left our drinks as unattended as we wanted. Jesus Christ. It's not rocket science.

THE BLOG

- September 14th, 2005 -

Some Retractions

I have been informed that what I thought was Rob mocking my blog was actually Rob looking after my well being. He wanted to make sure I was okay, and was merely emphasizing the lugubrious nature of my then-recent blog entry as cause for his concern. I am sorry for any discomfort I caused with that brief feud. Rob is a longtime friend and uses just the right markers to shade his dinosaurs.

DAN HARMON

- September 15th, 2005 -

my "friends" and my "private" blog entries

My inbox has been Katrina'd with messages and friend requests in response to the perception that my blog has "gone private." It has not. I'm not a secretive guy and it's not like the stuff in the "friends only" entries is particularly juicy.

I set individual blog entries for "friends only" when I happen to mention people or events *related to work*, out of basic professional courtesy. When you work on a movie or a TV show, you're working for it, and publically blogging about any personal frustrations you're experiencing at work could be misconstrued as bashing or sabotaging the actual project, which, as a lover of TV and movies, seems like tacky bad karma to me.

It's pretty boring stuff, really. Don't feel left out. Here, this will make you feel more elite, let me tell you, the public, the most embarrassing personal detail about myself I can think of right now:

I have a leg fetish. Specifically, I have a nylon-clad leg fetish. When I see a woman's leg in any kind of material like that, I lose my shit, it's equal to if not worse than the redhead thing. So: There is a mannequin leg next to my bed- actually not a mannequin leg, it's a life-sized hollow plastic female leg used for pantyhose displays. And....I like to fondle and kiss the leg when I jerk off, and rub the toe on my nipple.

So, there you have it, don't worry so much about what's going on at Dreamworks.

THE BLOG

- September 16th, 2005 -

let's do more coke tonight!

I did some off a car key in the bathroom of a bar last night and this was me talking to my friend Ryan for the rest of the night:

"So, you're a better writer than me. I'm not saying I'm a good writer, I'm just saying. We should write something together. Uh oh. Oh, my heart stopped. Okay, it's cool. Yeah, the thing is, about Channel 101.."

Then when Ryan dropped me off, I sat in the driveway with the passenger side door open talking to him about the future of Channel 101 at the top of my lungs until someone in the neighborhood shouted "HEY!" I promptly went upstairs and emailed Rob and Sarah to let them know we shouldn't do the pilot because Comedy Central are dicks. Then I played sad songs on a loop and went to bed with my mannequin leg.

DAN HARMON

- September 16th, 2005 -

some ideas for TV and movies!!!

Someone just tell me the concept of the "how I met your mother" show, I don't want to have to think about it anymore and I don't want to watch it.

"A love story in reverse?" It's driving me crazy. Time travel? Flashbacks? Give it to me.

What if "Just Like Heaven" was seriously just this movie about a guy hiding flowers from a giant woman? That's what the poster is. He's looking up at the upper right corner of the poster with flowers behind his back and her giant head is staring at us and smirking diabolically, like, "Fee fi fo fum, I smell flowers!"

Wouldn't that be great if you had the power to do that as a practical joke?

Produce and promote an entire feature film? And then you take a date to the movies and just study their reaction. Like you make a really bad Harrison Ford movie just to see if a girl can tell the difference.

"Hey, let's go see *Evidence of Suspicion*, that looks really good." And the first seven minutes of the movie is just credits over him getting dressed.

Like, he opens his sock drawer and it says "Executive Producer Brian Grazer" in the drawer, and then he's unfolding each sock, and "Casting by Jeanne McCarthy, c.s.a" falls out of his sock. And then he goes to his law firm and Jay Mohr comes up to him and they have this conversation while the camera tracks them walking through an endless office building:

JAY MOHR

Hey hey hey, congratulations,
mister junior partner!

HARRISON FORD

Don't start with that.

THE BLOG

JAY MOHR

Okay, okay, we'll settle out of court. Seriously, though, I need those affidavits.

HARRISON FORD

Which affidavits?

JAY MOHR

Wake up, Walter. The Lexingtons.

HARRISON FORD

Aaron, I filed those with the prosecuting witness three days ago, those are old dogs, their legs are in quicksand.

JAY MOHR

Well, then somebody unfiled them because I've got a judge with no gavel and a D.A. with three counts of perjury on the bench.

HARRISON FORD

(stops walking)

Are you serious?

JAY MOHR

You're out of jurisprudence, Walter. Times have changed. And don't shoot the messenger, but, uh,

(applying lip balm)

if you don't reconvene with an allegation before the end of the next recess, the bar is

DAN HARMON

going to reconsider your
position.

Jay resumes walking, Harrison follows, sleepy and
anxious.

HARRISON FORD
How did this happen, what do I
need to do?

JAY MOHR
(getting in elevator)
Bring me evidence of
suspicion. An alibi, a docket,
a fucking wristwatch,
anything.

HARRISON FORD
(staying out of elevator)
There's not enough time.
You're asking me to find
something that probably
doesn't even exist.

JAY MOHR
(smug)
Yeah. I know.
(beat)
Oh, and uh, Walter?
(through closing elevator
doors)
Nothing personal, uh?

And the movie just keeps going like that, with Harrison Ford frantically trying to track down some evidence of suspicion, with the help of Michelle Pfeiffer, but then it turns out she IS the evidence, and Jay Mohr IS the suspicion, and the whole thing was a setup, but then Harrison Ford cross examines everyone and the judge sentences Jay Mohr to death and Michelle Pfeiffer to prison and she and

THE BLOG

Harrison Ford have an intense-peanut-butter-mouth versus sleepy-mumbly-broken-nose conversation through one of those prison visitation window things and then it's over, but the whole movie technically makes no sense, like, nothing's really happening, it's just that the music and people's expressions keep changing.

And you watch the whole move with your date, and you keep a straight face, and you go, "Hm, that was pretty good." and she's like, "yeah, I liked it, Michelle Pfeiffer still looks amazing," and you're like "BUSTED! That was a FAKE MOVIE, you don't even watch these things, I am absolutely not fucking you tonight, walk home!"

DAN HARMON

- September 17th, 2005 -

Charlie Mother Fucking Kaufman

Charlie Kaufman is the single greatest writer alive today. Okay, fine, maybe I'm not qualified to make that decision for everyone; I don't get out a lot, I'll only go to see a movie if it's written by him, but sometimes you don't have to do a lot of research to proclaim something the best, it's like saying the sun is the brightest, do I need to check every object in the universe or can we just agree that there is this giant thing up there outshining everything else.

My friend Dino was able to get tickets to a show he wrote called Theater of the New Ear. We went last night. It was actually two plays, two radio-style plays. When the show opened in New York, one play was written by the Coen Brothers, one by Kaufman. When the show came to Los Angeles, the Coens had to pull their play out because their whole cast couldn't make the trip. So Kaufman wrote another play under a pen name, just to fill the space. It was fucking better than his "real" play. It was perfect. Have you ever seen (heard) something perfect? I have. It was David Thewlis, Tom Noonan and Jennifer Jason Leigh sitting at music stands, reading 30 minutes of systematically invasive Charlie Kaufman dialogue with support from a band and a foley guy- I know what you're picturing when I say there was a foley guy up there, but it wasn't gimmicky, this wasn't some cheesey Martin Mull hey-everybody-watch-the-foley guy thing, and it wasn't some sleepy elitist Prairie Home Companion thing, either. This was just fucking sweet, everything was in service of telling a story. And the story was a scalpel straight to the back of the head. It was focused like a fucking laser beam.

The second play starred Meryl Streep, Hope Davis and Peter Dinklage, and it was more like Kaufman's "traditional" work, a blank sheet of paper folding itself into a play set on the evening of his play, etc. Also brilliant, but more just brilliantly clever and, thanks to the performances, brilliantly funny (is it retarded to say "wow, Meryl Streep is really talented?" I guess).

Anyways, I liked the first one better, that's how good I think Kaufman is, now his genius is a matter of course and I'm getting picky about flavors.

Taken together, these two pieces were an incredibly intimidating display of inhuman power. Kaufman is an elephant, he can use his trunk to clear a forest or

THE BLOG

pick up a single matchstick. The audience watched him do both, one after the other, which is why everyone was standing in the lobby with comments that centered on the same theme: hopelessness. Charlie Kaufman had once again taken away everyone's hope of being smart or special. We all wanted to go get jobs as grocery clerks and just fade into obscurity while we waited for him to write more things.

Dino worked as a staff writer with Charlie on "The Dana Carvey Show," back when I suppose he was my age. Dino's name was on a list for a reception after the show. So, yeah, you guys, I met Charlie Kaufman last night. Of course there's nothing to say in a moment like that. Which is as it should be. When you meet someone you admire that much, you don't get to come away with more than you brought. You should leave the encounter with less; you owe them something, so give it to them. I told him it was an honor to meet him and I told him his work was brilliant and inspiring and he received my praise the way I suppose I probably do when someone says they liked Laser Fart.

I'm going to pretend that when I shook Charlie Kaufman's hand, a single drop of Charlie Kaufman sweat got into one of my pores and a single mitochondria from a single Kaufman bacterium made its way past my hack immune system and into my hacky blood. And I'm going to spend the rest of my career honoring it, protecting it. I don't want to keep coasting on whatever God gave me, I don't want to sit in a board room in an office building and be told by some tycoon that something I *didn't* write didn't make the Shrek 2 cut. I have to stop selling my name like this, I am at a fork in the road. I need to finish my spec, I need to write eleven thousand more specs.

I was in an office a few days ago and some producer was talking about a documentary called Dig or something, he referred to it as the perfect examination of the struggle between art and commerce. I had completely forgotten there was a struggle between them, why would I have come to Los Angeles if I thought those two things needed to fight, it was like hearing someone talk about World War II. Now there's a little germ running through the streets of my bloodstream, shouting to every cell it comes across that the war is still happening and you're either against the Third Reich or...you're writing for them. I guess you don't have to actually sell anything to be a sellout. You can just be for sale, right? The roaches

DAN HARMON

climbing out of my garbage can, the dishes in my sink, the negative balance in my checking account, these things don't give me a free pass to turn my back on writing. I'm the John Tesh of features and TV, without the success. I gotta get my head out of Spielberg's ass.

Anyways, enough about me. Pretty good fucking play(s). See this show if you ever get a chance.

THE BLOG

- September 18th, 2005 -

Oh my God you guys

I was just at Albertson's buying an entire roasted chicken and new pantyhose for my mannequin leg. Yes, someone did recognize me as Laser Fart by the eggs, but that's not what this is about, I get recognized all the time, I consider the lack of privacy in my life to be a small price to pay for my luxurious lifestyle. Let's stay on topic, here, there are more important things going on.

Angelina told Jen to "shut up."


I saw it on the cover of Star.

Do you fucking believe this? Can I ask a rhetorical question? I just did. Can I ask another one? Is this really happening? Please tell me that Angelina did not go there. How is she going to act like the hero in this story? Oh. My. God.

I have tried for so long not to pick sides in all this drama. When people break up, you know, it's hard, and it's nobody's fault, but as of tonight, I am so on Jen's side of this, you do not even know. Jen is totally real and totally funny and so sweet, and no, she doesn't get, like, liposuction every day like some people, or have her lips inflated, and no, she's not some kind of fancy ambassador helping starving children or whatever, but she is REAL, she is like me, okay? And that is the bottom line, I see myself in Jennifer.

Jennifer got her man stolen from her, she got discarded like garbage.

Angelina thinks she can just have whoever she wants because she's gorgeous? Fuck. Her. Okay, because that is it, and for Angelina to walk away with Ben or Brad or whoever AND then get nasty about it? "Shut up?" She's saying that to someone whose man she stole? Shut up?

How about you shut up, Miss Jolie. How dare you. Aren't you late for your next purging? Eugh! I hate her so much right now!!!! 

I can't even type about this right now. Good night. I will try to deal with this when I have had some sleep, I don't want to say anything I will regret this year.

DAN HARMON

- September 19th, 2005 -

Oh my God you guys book 2

I just found out that "team Aniston" tee shirts are outselling "team Jolie" tee shirts 25 to 1. Oh my God. I would so completely be ready to say "Shut Up!" to Jen on the cover of Star right now. Like, leave me alone, I want my life!!!

I see myself in Angelina. Why do we hate her so much? Because she's beautiful? Because she and Ben or Brad or whoever fell in love? Hello, when did love become a crime? I'm sorry but it didn't work out between Brad and/or Ben and Jen. We need to accept that, Jen needs to accept that. She needs to "Shut Up!"

We have been being really hard on Angelina. Is it because she's not American enough? That is really racist. You guys realize that her accent in Tomb Raider is fake, right? She's acting. Maybe she's just a better actor than Jen, I'm sorry, I'm not trying to be nasty, they're both great, obvee. But Picture Perfect and Along Came Polly did not do as great as Hackers and Gone in Sixty Seconds, okay? And I'm really going to feel bad for saying this, please don't tell anyone I said this, but Angelina and either Brad or Ben were in Mr. and Mrs. Smith together and their pictures were all over the place and they are such a cute couple, hello. Neither Jen and Brad nor Jen and Ben have been in a movie together, I'm sorry to say, but don't you think there's a reason? Like, maybe he's a little out of her league.

Oh my God I'm so sorry. That is so mean. I'm just kind of so over Jen right now, and I just need to express that. I don't want to have to feel sorry for someone just because they got dumped for being skanky. Oh my God I can't believe what I'm saying. Basically, I am saying "you go" to Angelina and "you've got to go" to Jen, I am sorry but this is America and we need to not be haters, we need to be celebraters, and I need to be able to express my prerogatives, it's a right I was given in the Declaration of Independence.

THE BLOG

- September 20th, 2005 -

here's an interesting masturbatory tidbit

I'm as fascinated by this as you should be.

I was just browsing for photos of women with which to pleasure myself. At one point in my journeys, I found a jpg series of a buxom redhead standing at a bathroom mirror applying makeup. She's wearing nothing but a towel and pantyhose (yeah, I don't get it either, suspend your disbelief).

There were two photos in which her legs and torso were in a virtually identical position. Of the two of them, which do you think I downloaded?

That's right! The one where she's not looking at me.

DAN HARMON

- September 25th, 2005 -

It's that time of the month

I haven't stopped blogging, it's just that time again...at the end of each month, all us Channel 101ers are shooting and editing our little shows for the screening tonight.

You should come. It's fun. The drinks are very expensive. Bring a flask or take acid or something. No cover, that's all I can provide.

THE BLOG

- October 10th, 2005 -

You guys!

You guys! So stoned!

I've been busy. I'm sorry. Because I was born with it, and can't shake it, I can't know what it's like to be deprived of my mind. I'm trying to put myself in your shoes by imagining two weeks buried alive in a coffin full of spiders. Am I even close? If so, maybe I owe you more than an apology.

What can I give you? Time? Energy? I'm sorry. It'll have to wait, then.

I'm already up too late. I have to get up at 7 or so tomorrow. We're in pre-production.

Pre-production is a kind of Mardi Gras for the entertainment industry's slightly less creative elements. Even if you've never made anything in your entire life, while in pre-production, you get to do a lot of chin stroking, eye squinting and wild gesturing, pretending to be in some kind of cosmic labor, a shamanic fit. The production designer wants everything to have a look that evokes a certain etc. The sound guy just wants you to know before it's too late that etc. The grips are wondering etc. They're all artists, they're all craftsmen. I mean, they must be, right? They're making a television show.

Falling asleep at the keyboard. Good night.

DAN HARMON

- October 12th, 2005 -

Totally Awesome Myspace Spotlight 001

Click on this profile at some point in your life. This is a person that some people I know know. This is a person who once asked Dawn, "why does your boyfriend hate me?" Her name is Holly and she is not doing a character:

<http://www.myspace.com/litterkitty>

Have you guys ever seen those photos of African women that use wooden rings to make their necks two feet long because at some point, the idea of "long neck" was introduced as a sexual cue? It speaks to the threat posed to individual lives when symbols cease to be symbolic. Holly King is an animated cadaver assembled in pursuit of the idea of sexuality. She is, ironically, one of the least sexual, least sexy people I have ever seen.

But enough commentary, that's not my place to say stuff like that, I'm not winning any prizes myself. I just wanted you to please read her blog so we can discuss it at some point.

Thanks! And meow!

THE BLOG

- October 12th, 2005 -

Pre Production Loses its Pre-ness

Tomorrow we begin shooting our pilot. For me and Rob, it's number 3. If it gets picked up for series, we'll break the Heat Vision watermark, and if not, hey, it's a good watermark to remain below, right? What's so bad about being the guy that wrote Heat Vision and Jack for the rest of his life?

Well, okay, I'd...be really depressed if I died that way. I don't want that to happen.

Not because I don't love Heat Vision. Because I never intended to be "the guy that did" any *one* thing. I never saw myself as being an artist of any empirical cultural merit but I always assumed I was destined to make a *lot* of something.

Anyways, I'd love to wax anticipatory but I've got to get up early.

DAN HARMON

- October 19th, 2005 -

Last Day of Shooting

The night before our first day of shooting, my grad student neighbor asked me, out of scientific curiosity, what percentage of a script's final draft makes it to the screen. I thought long and hard about it and said that from my admittedly short supply of data, it was probably between 70 and 80 percent, the rest being eroded along the way by your actors' method, your crew's apathy, your director's ego, your network's budget and an unrelenting God.

Well, today is the last day of shooting my third TV pilot and I'm happy to say that I've changed my mind about that figure, because, in spite of a typical God (it specifically says in the script that the sun is shining, Dickhead) and a crew so inept I've almost come full circle to loving them the way one might love McHale's Navy or the Bad News Bears, we are getting somewhere between 95 and 120 percent of this script in the can.

The actors are bringing more to the table than they're taking away, the director has laser focus on the task at hand, the D.P. is a machine and the network is almost suspiciously supportive.

I don't and can't know if this show will get picked up for series and/or if that series would be well received. This is an experimental show- any show worth creating has to be experimental. I'm too old and jaded to fall for the chemicals in my blood that talk to me on the set, telling me we're creating something brilliant. I have seen things shot that seemed brilliant on the set and then felt in post like I was watching Kennedy's motorcade, with undirected principals unable to decide between bailing from the stopping and starting limo or scooping up bloody fragments of some original intention as they slide across the trunk.

What I can and do know is that this pilot is being shot as conceived and written. A brand new experience for me. So, in certain respects, if you really zoom in, I've already broken the Heat Vision watermark. The curse is broken. I'm experiencing a proper, healthy, natural delivery of an intentionally conceived child, as opposed to a violent caesarian nine months after a drunken one night stand.

THE BLOG

As I'm typing this, I'm in a trailer, with my shoes off, listening to close-ups getting picked up on the set. I know exactly when I'm needed and when I'm not, and right now, I'm not, because Rob Schrab is at the helm and Sarah Silverman is in front of the lens. It's like listening to a train coming into a station, nothing can go wrong, I'm part of a team in which I have complete trust and admiration.

TV pilots are like women: The joy and the danger all fountain outward from that single moment you realize how happy you *could be*. This pilot is cute, and smart, and funny, and easy to be with. It likes what I like but it also makes me like things I've never liked before. It would be perfect for me. I could see myself truly loving it instead of just owning it and defending it.

Which is why we can be certain it's going to die, move away, fuck my friend or dump me so that I can go have some shitty dysfunctional domestic simulation with something less liable to sweep me off my feet or hurt me.

Something safe. Something less like a sister and more like my mother.

Something at ABC or FOX. Something unremarkable, realistic, attainable, sustainable. Something in my league. Something that can lecture me on the perils of idealism while it strokes my greying chest beneath a comforter matted with cat hair.

Anyways, right now is great. We're shooting what I wrote. That feels good. Never forget this moment happened, know that these moments are possible. Gotta go, they're setting up the next shot.

DAN HARMON

- October 21st, 2005 -

New Myspace Categories

I think Myspace should have either a system of degrees ("sorry, you can only read this blog entry or come to this event if you are a *pretty good* friend or higher"), or, as I have been inspired by a recent blog comment to realize, myspace should have a bunch of categories, you know, like, people bins. Or maybe sub-categories, like:

"Dan has 670 friends, including 111 actual friends, 35 ironic friends, 3 ex-girlfriends, 24 women he thought he'd have a shot at, 17 roommates of friends, 340 fans, 9 trophy celebrities and 6 hot girls he poached from Jeff Davis."

THE BLOG

- October 21st, 2005 -

Lori Ruelle

Steve Ruelle had this horrible shrill laugh that was only ever used while making other people feel bad, especially me. He was the opposite of me in every way; he was good at sports, his family did things together and he took three showers a day (and bragged about it).

I saw this British documentary about puberty a year ago and they said that before boys go through any physical changes, hormones start affecting the brain, literally overnight. And it made me think about Lori Ruelle, Steve's older sister, because as long as I had known her, she was just the big sister of my "friend" who was always threatening to tell on us, and then, one day, I must have been like 11, I came over to Steve's house, and Lori was sunning herself in a bikini in the back yard. She was laying on her stomach.

And I stepped into the enclosed porch where Steve and a group of our friends were seated, and I said, "Steve, who is that?!" That was my genuine reaction because I didn't *recognize* her.

And Steve grimaced with shame and anger and confusion and said, "my sister!" And I looked out through the screen at her and said, "Are you serious? That's Lori? She's gorgeous." Those were my exact words.

Steve's exact response was "shut the fuck up!" At which point I realized that everyone, including Steve, had probably been out here realizing the same thing all afternoon and not talking about it.

DAN HARMON

- November 8th, 2005 -

Hillary Duff is NOT LOOKING GOOD.

You guys, she is not aging well. What is she, seventeen now? She looks at least nineteen. Ga-ross. Sorry. What the fuck happened to her since *Cody Banks*, *Teenage Detective* or whatever? I wanted to fuck the shit out of her in that movie. I wanted to stick my old, wrinkled, filthy, cold, dying dick inside her brand new, 120 degree, fifteen-year-old, tight, silky, blushing pussy. I wanted to help her with her math homework. Now I just want to ignore her. Now she's Sheryl Crow. Poor Hilary. No, wait. Fuck her for aging. If she doesn't like being 15, there's plenty of other girls standing in line behind her.

THE BLOG

- November 16th, 2005 -

Alternate Titles for Alien versus Predator

Aliens Refusing to Cooperate with Predators

Woman versus Pyramid

Tomb Raider and Costello meet Stargate Frankenstein

Clash of the Nothing

E.T. 2: My Predator

Run, Black Woman and Predator, Run

The Great Alien Evasion

A Study in Being Thrown Great Distances

Guess What, Predators Aren't So Bad Again

Culture: Depleted

Hoping You Remember; Praying You Care

Scary Movie 4 with Two References Instead of Nine

Bring a Book

Seven Years Late and Forty Million Short

A Series of Applause Cues

What Did You Expect

Thanks for the Money, Nerd

DAN HARMON

- November 27th, 2005 -

where's bernie? I don't know! what? why? No!

I went on a date with a woman a few months ago. Well, not a date. What do you call it when you take someone out to dinner a week after your one-night-stand to prove it wasn't a one-night-stand? I need a sharper writer to field that; addressing notes from Comedy Central has burnt out my funny lobe.

Anyways, over dinner, this woman told me I was never allowed to write anything about her. I haven't called her since that night. Such are my commitments to my craft, my blog and the public. Also, she kept trying to lick my asshole.

Weekend at Bernie's 2 is playing on my television while I'm writing this. I had to back up and transcribe this section in particular because something special was happening. If this scene wasn't improvised then someone out there has mastered the art of typing without writing.

LARRY

All right, what'd you do with him?

RICHARD

No no no no, what'd you do with him? This is something so sick and repulsive only you would think of it.

LARRY

That's not nice, Richard. He probably just tumbled on out, huh? I mean, did you open the door?

RICHARD

No.

THE BLOG

LARRY

Well. Housekeeping.
Housekeeping.

RICHARD

Housekeeping? Don't you think
if housekeeping found a dead
man in our refrigerator we
might have heard about it by
now?

LARRY

Good point.

RICHARD

Besides, I was here all night
long. I only left for a couple
of minutes when I went conga
dancing.

LARRY

You went what? You went what?
You went what?

RICHARD

Conga dancing.

LARRY

You went conga dancing?!
Richard, you were supposed to
be here guarding Bernie!

RICHARD

Guarding Bernie?

LARRY

Yes!

DAN HARMON

RICHARD

Why would I have to guard a
dead man stuck in a two foot
refrigerator?

LARRY

Don't try and get out of it,
Richard, you were
irresponsible.

RICHARD

I was irresponsible? I was
here all night long trying to
come up with a plan to get our
jobs back!

LARRY

You weren't- you were conga
dancing!

RICHARD

If you look up
irresponsibility in the
dictionary, there's a picture
of your fat head laying next
to it!

LARRY

That is not fair! That is not
fair!

RICHARD

Why do I let you talk me into
coming on schemes like this?!

THE BLOG

LARRY

Fine, we'll just go to jail
for some crime that you didn't
commit.

RICHARD

Fine, God, I think we're going
to jail anyway, I mean, once
the credit card
companies catch up to us.

LARRY

I was not the one that was out
conga dancing all night, huh?!

(end of scene, for real)

DAN HARMON

- November 28th, 2005 -

my newly discovered addiction

If I had kept working at Dreamworks, I'd be able to afford to discuss this with a therapist, but I just noticed recently that I'm addicted to falling in love with women. It's like a forty eight hour high with a comedown lasting anywhere between six weeks and a year. I'm not being glib, I'm seriously out of my fucking mind.

THE BLOG

- November 29th, 2005 -

I'm kind of freezing my ass off

I'm in a park right now watching a photographer take pictures of a certain comic to whom Martiros is denied access. I can't believe there's wireless access here. I'm surrounded by pigeons and trees and water and somehow I'm also on the internet. I had to wait til I was 32 for the world to meet the technological expectations of my 20 year old self. Maybe when I'm 60 we'll have sex-bots and cocaine that's good for your heart. Should I hold out til then or should I keep doing classic coke and falling in love with half of Los Angeles.

I reserve the right to end "questions" with periods, especially when they're rhetorical. Who tried to deny me that in an IM conversation? Was it Nadia?

The Channel 101 Awards are on Friday. This is the first year I don't know who won in advance. I'm not going to win best writer this year, am I. I'm going to lose to that cocksuck Ryan Ridley. I don't care. I'm going to need a wheelbarrow for the rest of my awards. I'm going to write my acceptance speech right now: Thank you for this award. This is the first year I almost had to take my hands from behind my back, so I guess I earned it.

This *Fun with Dick and Jane* thing looks like a *real* piece of shit.

It's pretty fucking cold out here.

I'm not doing shit this Christmas. On purpose. Ever since I moved to Los Angeles, I've spent my Christmas breaks working under some kind of deadline. As far as the world is concerned, I'm leaving for Tibet on the 20th. You know where I'm really going to be? In my living room, or down the block at the Rustic Inn, or at a mall, or anywhere normal. I want to drive around and look at Christmas lights and listen to Christmas music and wear sweaters and drink egg nog, and I'm going to do it by myself because I don't want anyone fucking it up. I'm going to experience actual yule this year. The entire tide of it.

Maybe I'll clean my apartment so that the girl with-whom-it-only-seems-I'm-in-love can spend the night. But that might entail killing my real girlfriend, the

DAN HARMON

theoretical rat. I don't even know if she exists. I think she left me. I wonder if she's already seeing another rat. I suppose they're really happy together out there somewhere, licking hardened ice cream off a piece of paper underneath a pier, listening to the ocean and planning a litter.

She probably had to go to Santa Monica. Los Feliz held too many memories. Even from the river basin's storm drains, she could still smell me, laying in the cum-stained nest that we used to call ours, surrounded by unfiled taxes, unwashed clothing and unfinished scripts.

Oops. I lost Sarah and Rob and the photographer.

THE BLOG

- November 29th, 2005 -

"needle in the gaaaaaaaaaaaaay..."

This is what it feels like when she doesn't call by the time she should've called, and by "she" I mean whoever is unlucky enough to become symbolic of everything I need; the object of my fixation for the current fiscal quarter.

Physically, it's like falling, like when you drive over a big hill and there's that split second where your stomach is moving at a different rate than the rest of you. Only instead of lasting a split second, it lasts until she calls.

And since it's possible she may never call, for all you know, this is just going to be the new condition of your stomach.

Any of you people that never understood how a perfectly normal-seeming guy or girl could turn psycho on you, let me give you insight from this vantage point, handcuffed to my radiator, feeling like I'm going to puke. It's because you didn't give that person what they needed; what they expected.

It's like you stopped payment on a check you never knew you wrote while he or she was standing in line at the bank with it. Of course it's not your fault- yes, even if you do get off on it, it's still not your fault. Neither God nor government obligates you to feed some codependent's monkey. There's only one person on the planet that thinks you're supposed to be picking up the phone by some unspoken deadline, and it's the one person you help the least by calling.

If you ever find yourself on the business end of a guy like me, and you're remotely interested in making the world a better place, let them- let me- sit here and wallow in my sickness until I'm left with no choice but to figure out how to feed myself emotionally.

Suddenly, everything's embarrassing. Everything is shame and shadow, dishonesty, reversed. Where is she? Who's making her so much happier?

Some guy that doesn't give a shit if she lives or dies. Maybe I could find him and stab him to death. I suppose there'd be someone else, then. I could kill multiple people if I thought it would restore my stomach and my dignity. How many would I have to kill? I suppose the line would be pretty long, since the more you killed, the less attractive you'd become. Could I kill 132,000,000 men? Wouldn't that just

DAN HARMON

turn her lesbian? Wouldn't any self-respecting woman rather fuck a dead hyena before they'd give someone this weak the time of day? The truth is, knowing that is the only thing stopping me.

What if there was a button on my desk that made her call, but by some twist of science, every time I pressed it, someone got cancer? Would I press it?

I don't know, can I see some literature on the person that would get the cancer? How old are they? How many times a day do they say "no worries?" Come on, don't look at me like that. What if it was someone involved in the planning of 9/11? It's worth checking out.

Okay, so I wouldn't do it, I wouldn't give anyone cancer to make her call. Not Osama, not anyone. I don't believe in hurting people.

Except myself, I guess.

There must be so many people out there that just wish I didn't do this. I'd be so cool without this one weakness.

Time for my medicine.

THE BLOG

- December 1st, 2005 -

are you rising above us because you have air in your head?

This is a big pet peeve of mine that I haven't shared.

I don't like people who, finding themselves in a digital "bulletin" or "graffitti wall" situation, i.e. responding to an evite or leaving a myspace comment, type things like:

"insert witty comment here"

or

"[something funny]"

or

"can I come to your party even if I don't leave a witty comment?"

I really want to put this behavior under a microscope for a moment. If you're not interested in being funny or witty, wouldn't it be easy enough to not say anything? The fact that your wit, or the wit of others, or the lack thereof, needs to be addressed, sort of indicates an agenda. You're going for an effect. Tell me what it is.

Are you being self-deprecating? Are you lampooning yourself for not being witty? Then don't announce that you'd love to say something funny but you can't at the moment. Your implication, intentional or not, is that you find it personally "ironic" that you're not being characteristically hilarious. You're so consistently funny that being unfunny is a "joke," right? "Holy cats, who would ever have dreamed that in the midst of all these quirky evite responses, Funny Steve the Comedy Man would come up empty?!" It's really the height of arrogance. Nobody *expected* you to be funny. If you want to blow my mind, do a bit, because I'm calling your bluff.

DAN HARMON

The thing is, maybe it's my insecurity talking, but to me, it feels like a little bit of an attack on the people around you. If you want to heroically rebel against the humor on the evite page, like I said, it's as simple as saying nothing. When you call attention to it, it feels sour-grapey to me.

In closing, I want to express the severity of this pet peeve. This, along with saying "tell us how you really feel," is a deal breaker pet peeve for me. I will seriously not hang out with you if you pull that stuff, because I know trouble when I see it. One strike and you're out.

That's it.

THE BLOG

- December 1st, 2005 -

Attention: Martiros

In the spirit of comradery that accompanies the upcoming Channel 101 Awards, which are tomorrow night at Cinespace (call 817-FILM for reservations if you don't want to stand), I am revoking your blog comment probation. You may comment on this blog.

DAN HARMON

- December 6th, 2005 -

transcript of phone call 12/05/05

Daniel.

Yes.

Daniel, this is Scott Johnson.

Yes?

Daniel, I am calling you back about this matter we discussed previously, this matter of your outstanding debt to Providian of eight thousand three hundred and thirty six dollars.

Yes?

Daniel, sir, I am calling to ask you if you would like to settle this matter.

Sure.

Alright, then, sir, let me ask you this, then, sir, are you looking to settle this matter voluntarily or involuntarily?

How do I settle it involuntarily?

Daniel, involuntarily is when you do not want to do something, but it is done anyway, voluntarily is when you do want to do something.

Okay, but what happens in the involuntary scenario?

I'm sorry?

If I choose not to settle the matter voluntarily, what happens, what constitutes an involuntary settlement?

THE BLOG

Daniel, if you choose to settle this matter involuntarily, that means that you are not handling it yourself, that you are not doing it the way you want to do it, and involuntary means that it is done in a way that you do not want it done, so I am asking you, sir, do you want to settle this matter voluntarily?

I'm asking what the involuntary process would be in this case, what would happen?

Daniel, believe me, you do not want to do this involuntarily.

What does the involuntary process entail?

Daniel, Daniel, Daniel.

Scott?

Daniel, I am calling you right now to discuss how to settle this matter voluntarily, let's not worry about the involuntary process.

It sounds like you want me to worry about the involuntary process a lot. I'm supposed to look at the involuntary process and say, "oh my God, I don't want that," and run screaming into the arms of the voluntary process, but I don't know what involuntary process is, I need you to teach me to be afraid of the involuntary process.

Okay, Daniel, I'll tell you what I am going to do, I am going to push you through.

You're going to push me through?

Yes, Daniel, it seems that you and I are unable to come to an agreement so I am going to keep pushing you through, can you hold on for a moment?

Sure, I guess.

(pause)

Hello, Daniel?

DAN HARMON

Yeah?

I need you to just hold on for one moment, okay?

Well, not much longer though, okay?

Okay, just one moment, Daniel.

(pause)

(I hang up)

(thirty seconds pass)

(phone rings)

Hello?

Hello, Daniel, this is (unintelligible), I'm the supervisor at (unintelligible), I think we got cut off while you were being pushed through, I don't know if it was your cell phone or what.

I hung up.

Daniel, why did you hang up?

You made me wait too long.

All right then, Daniel, I understand that completely, that is a completely understandable position, now let me explain my position, we are trying to settle a financial matter with you and you are being provided with the choice between settling the matter voluntarily or involuntarily.

What would it mean to settle it involuntarily?

Well, Daniel, I can recommend that action be pursued against you.

THE BLOG

Legal action?

Yes, Daniel, whatever your particular state laws allow, action can be pursued against you immediately.

You're talking about suing me?

Well, no, Daniel, action can be...well, yes, we are talking about suing you, yes, if that's what it comes to.

You're going to sue me for having no money?

Daniel, nobody is talking about suing you, all right? That's not, there is no suing, nobody is talking about suing, you are the one talking about suing.

Oh, okay, that's a relief. T

There are several options for involuntary settlement, for instance, we could garnish your wages.

Isn't that the same as just waiting until I get paid?

The difference is, Daniel, that if we garnish your wages, you do not get to choose the amount.

Yeah, and neither would you. The government would choose the amount. They would choose an amount that I could afford, or you wouldn't get your money. The difference is, you're going to spend money doing that. The government is going to extort money from you in exchange for extorting it from me. So you're going to make less money than if you just waited for me to pay you. So it feels like I have the upper hand.

Daniel, listen, we have a lot of people that we call every day that owe a lot of money, and if all of them would just pay us, we would be a very rich company.

No, you wouldn't exist.

DAN HARMON

I beg your pardon, Daniel?

You work for a debt collection company. If everyone was able to pay, your company would go bankrupt. You wouldn't have a job.

Yes, that is correct.

In a sense, you're a parasite on a parasite.

I'm a parasite?

On a parasite.

I'm on a parasite?

You're a parasite on a parasite. The company you work for is parasitic in nature, it capitalizes on excess and poverty. You, in turn, work for that company, you're sucked onto it, nursing at its tit. You're a parasite on a parasite.

How am I a parasite, Daniel, when I am talking to a man that can't pay his bills?

Because I'm talking to a man that pays his bills by shaking down other poor people. For who? For some white man you don't even know. I'd rather just be broke. Have you ever been broke?

Yes, as a matter of fact, Daniel, I have been in your situation and I did not choose to do what you did, I chose a different way.

You chose to take this shitty job that you have.

No, Daniel, I had people I could go to.

Your Mom?

My Dad.

That's adorable.

THE BLOG

He's a good man.

Is he bummed out that you're a telemarketer?

I am not a telemarketer, and my father is proud of me because I do what I have to do to settle my finances.

My father was killed by a bear.

I understand, so you don't have anyone you can go to.

My father was killed while fighting a bear with his fists, he was trying to keep it from eating my mother. He lived and died a man and I don't think he would be proud of me or you for having this conversation, but I think he'd say at least I'm following my dreams so I'm the lesser of two evils. I'm a man of integrity. Which means that when I do have money, you'll be the first to know.

All right then, Daniel, I'll tell you what then, I can see that you are an intelligent man and I'm sure you want to take care of this matter, would you like to get a hold of us or should we get a hold of you?

You just keep doing your job, you just keep calling and calling until you catch me at the right time and I'll give you what I can give you when I can give it to you.

All right, then, Daniel.

And while you're doing your job, don't get too impressed with yourself.
Hang your head pretty low. You're talking to people in your own class.
Give your father something to be proud of, be a good man, find a better way to make money.

All right, then, Daniel.

DAN HARMON

- December 12th, 2005 -

Best Christmas Ever?

As the legend goes, a little over two thousand years ago, an extrinsic, impersonal, wrathful, omnipotent Sumerian/Mesopotamian deity fertilized the ovum of an ordinary girl, conceiving a hybrid of human and god.

Whether you believe this "conception" was historical or symbolic, we all agree it represents an evolution of western culture- the immaculate concept that man and god no longer need be estranged. We are not simply outcasts of Eden and "he" is not simply its beleaguered janitor; we are vessels for each other, bearing the same powers and burdens. The idea was born that any one of us is capable of anything, and that together we are capable of everything.

Two thousand and some odd years after the birth of that idea, I am in a chilly living room watching a video of a man ejaculating on a woman's nylon-clad legs.

My girlfriend spent the night at my place and just left for work. Yes, she is now called my girlfriend. Don't get all pissed at me, it's just shorthand for something that would take too long to describe. She's my friend, she's a girl, we have arranged a verbal memo deal regarding each other's genitals that I suppose my agent would call "right of first refusal" and my lawyer would call "full disclosure." In this herpe-laden age, it's only healthy.

Okay, plus I really like her.

We are in that warm, glowing spot somewhere between terror and entitlement, somewhere between *I Hope She Likes Me* and *I Hate it When She Does That*. Let's call it *I Wonder if She Hates it When I Do This*.

It's the sweet spot- both parties on their toes, mutual respect, never knowing quite when your next kiss is coming, every moment of physical contact charged by uncertainty. This is that place through which I have always bolted, often in the span of one or two dates, thinking the goal was attainment, security, permanence.

Those aren't my goals anymore, so here I stand, uneasy, in this warm, glowing spot, which is, by definition, temporary, and therefore beautiful, therefore I wish it

THE BLOG

were permanent, which it can never be, therefore the spot becomes cold and dark, which makes me not wish the spot was permanent, which makes me take comfort in the spot's fleeting nature, which restores the spot to its warm and glowing beauty and makes me wish it could last forever thereby ruining it and making it great again.

I'm content in my lack of contentment to stand in this spot because I've finally lived enough to know there's nothing outside this spot. Those goals of permanence, contracts, guaranteed monogamy, soul mates, those are lies propagated and clung to by people like me, people who don't like themselves very much.

Of course I knew this intellectually long ago and have repeated it to myself and to others a thousand times: If you don't love yourself you're going to need love from others, and you'll never get it until you love yourself. We all know this. But knowing something doesn't matter until you *realize* it, as in, to make it reality, to make it a part of the world you actually occupy and not just some filing cabinet in your brain. Which is why I have friends that say, with great pride, "this is what I've been saying to you the whole time!"

Well, yeah, you've been saying it, and so has Hallmark, and my mother, and my flotilla of therapists, but saying it and realizing it are two different things- if you don't believe me, look at *yourself*. You're a fucking wreck.

It's just easy to say "love yourself" when you're talking to someone that isn't you.

I have *realized* that I have a need, a need to be a fan of myself, and that that need isn't redeemable at anyone else's bank. You don't walk up to other people and announce that you're incomplete and ask them what they're going to do about it. That's panhandling. They've got their own problems.

I think the goal is to fall in love with yourself, and having done so, to give yourself gifts that, as a lover of yourself, you think you'd like. The things, activities and company that please you most.

Speaking of which, it's time to jerk off.

DAN HARMON

- December 15th, 2005 -

Worst Christmas Ever?

The Comedy Central pilot didn't test well with the focus group. What a surprise. You're blowing my mind, here, society. I really thought that if you teamed up the guys that wrote the most famous *failed* pilot in TV history with the girl that said "chink" on Conan, the resultant product would score through the roof. I mean, that's what I kept repeating to myself on the set: "this is going to be a real triumph in numerically measurable mainstream accessibility." That was my goal. I write for the numbers. I'm a numbers man.

I'm broke again. How can you spend six thousand dollars on beer and hot wings? Don't worry about me, though. If you've read my blog, you know that studios and networks are always pretty prompt with their checks, I mean, it probably won't be much longer than a month or six before I have some money, and it's not like there's anything happening within the next ten days that would necessitate any kind of financing.

It's times like these that I'm especially grateful to have a significant other. Someone to whom I can turn for comfort. Someone whose version of pillow talk is an in-depth discussion of the inherent futility of monogamy. She really likes her reality piping hot, this one. It's a real turn-on, being with someone so...prepared for things not to work out. She's a real "the glass is half shattered" type. Just what the doctor ordered, someone so jaw-droppingly cynical that I'm pollyanna by comparison.

Well, now I don't even know if I'm being sarcastic anymore. I think I am turned on by her unrelenting, unmitigated candor. She elevates honesty beyond art all the way to torture. It puts a higher value on her compliments.

I do really like her. I like her so much I hate myself. I hate my drinking, I hate my hack writing, I hate my little dick and my fat hairy stomach and my filthy apartment and my stupid all-bacon diet and my bolbous Peppermint Patty nose. I guess this is the cycle kicking in. I'll do whatever it takes to get her to confess that I'm perfect so I can hurry up and discard her.

THE BLOG

I told her that and she said she didn't entirely believe it. It's a dangerous thing for her not to believe. Maybe it was an ego thing for her, like, she's implying that if *she* fell in love I'd never get sick of it, and *she'd* be the one to walk away. God, I wish that were really possible. To find someone I could love forever, no matter how much they loved me. Wouldn't that be great? And don't you think the Loch Ness monster would be delicious?

I'm going to go finish cleaning my pad.

DAN HARMON

- December 22nd, 2005 -

transcript of phone call 12/22/05

I don't pretend to know who the protagonist is in the following exchange.

"Hi, Kamile, it's Dan in apartment six. You called?"

"Dan, there are cigarette butts-"

"-Yes, I cleaned up the cigarette butts."

"They are gone?"

"Yes, they are gone, it took me twenty seconds. They're gone."

"They are no longer there?"

"That is correct."

"But why were they there?"

"Well, I had a little holiday party."

"Okay but you don't have an ashtray?"

"I do, I do."

"Well, I wish that you guys would put them in the ashtray."

"I think that the majority of that night's cigarette butts probably were placed in the ashtray, I think we got most of them, and I think those eight butts that you saw behind the building kind of slipped through the cracks of the system, you know, when people are drinking, sometimes they flick their butts over the balcony."

"Okay, okay, Dan, but I need them to be cleaned up, because it doesn't look."

THE BLOG

"I cleaned them up. Yesterday. After your daughter, who lives downstairs, left a minute long message on my voicemail, talking about how upset you were when you came over and saw the cigarette butts, and after I came home and had another minute long conversation with her about how much it had upset you to see these things, I walked the ten feet past her to where they were and I spent twenty seconds picking them up and now that horrible chapter in our lives is over."

"Okay, Dan, okay, that's good."

"Say, Kamile, did you call Dawn? At her new apartment?"

"Yes, I wanted to know if that soot, the blackness, on the kitchen ceiling, if that happened when she was there."

"It didn't. It happened after she moved out. Like I told you."

"Okay, yes, I just wanted to know did it happen after she moved out or not."

"It did happen after she moved out."

"Okay."

"Like I told you when you asked me. When we were standing in my kitchen."

"Okay."

"The day you let yourself into my apartment with your own key, remember?"

"Yes."

"I remember that day because I was naked in my bed and suddenly there was someone walking into my apartment."

"I had to fix from the water damage in the kitchen."

"Let's see, what else is going on. Oh. The water pressure in the sink is really low. The kitchen sink."

DAN HARMON

"Oh, you should tell me about that because I can fix."

"...Yes, I agree, I should tell you about that. Oh. I just did. "

"How long has this been happening?"

"I don't know. I was doing dishes and it was difficult because there's no water pressure."

"All right, I will come by some time when you are there and I am there and when we are both there I can fix."

"Sure, come by at your convenience. I don't want to put you out. Oh, one more thing, Kamile?"

"Yes?"

"You probably noticed we never had a talk, after Dawn moved out, about whether or not my rent should go down by 200 dollars a month."

"What?!"

"Yeah, you know how the lease says that if I'm living with someone, my rent goes up 200 dollars? After Dawn moved out, I never bothered to talk to you--"

"-it CAN'T, I CANNOT, I cannot do that because if I show the place, if I rent the place now, I get so much more money already than you pay."

"Yes, well, that's the way renting works. That's how it works. As a tenant, I get rewarded for being here for five years, my rent is a little lower than the people who are moving in around me. That's how it works all over the city, that's why there are laws that say you can only raise my rent by a certain amount each year, which you do."

"But Dan--"

THE BLOG

"-Just listen to me for a second. The reason I didn't talk to you about lowering my rent when Dawn moved out is because when Robyn moved out, I could see it really bummed you out, because you like money. And I'm a nice person, I'm a nice tenant, and I didn't talk to you because I didn't want to upset you. I wanted you to have the money that you like, even though you're not entitled to it. That's me being a good person, I'm easy that way, I like to give people breaks. So, what I'm saying is, next time you see eight cigarette butts in the back, do what I do. Take it easy. It doesn't have to be a big drama."

"It's not drama, Dan, it just doesn't look nice."

"I know, I know, I heard all about how it didn't look nice, in the three separate conversations I had with you and your daughter about it, over the 48 hour period during which you were being psychologically terrorized by these cigarette butts. And then I went in back and spent 20 seconds picking them up."

"Okay, thank you, Dan, I appreciate."

"Okay, and I will see you soon when you come over to fix the water pressure."

"Okay, Dan."

DAN HARMON

- December 24th, 2005 -

She is dead to me

And by she, of course I mean The Rustic Inn on Hillhurst and Russel.

My friend and mentor in alcoholism, Dino, recently ordered our favorite drink- Ketel One on the rocks- at our favorite bar- Ye Rustic Inn. He received a glass of clear liquid and ice, same as always, and, same as always, he took a nice big gulp, only this time, he got a mouthful of Sambuca.

Sambuca tastes nothing like Ketel One, nor does a Sambuca bottle resemble a Ketel One bottle.

There really is only one explanation: A mistake was made while filling the Ketel One bottle with what the bartender mistook for a bottle of shitty vodka.

While expressing our outrage at the Drawing Room across the street, the bartender there confessed that she had once bartended at the Rustic, and was instructed to save the cap from upper shelf liquor bottles every time a new one was cracked, so that the expensive bottles could later be filled with the shittiest equivalent, plus plenty of water to make it "smooth," and the cap replaced.

Upon hearing this, Jeff Davis said, "so, I'm a Jameson drinker, what was I drinking over there?"

"Old Crow," said the bartender.

I can never go back there.

But now where do I go? Church? The library? That was my church. It was my branch office. I lived there.

Eden has burnt to the ground. I'm a naked ape surrounded by Savannah.

THE BLOG

- December 26th, 2005 -

to some, I am a dildo

I'm sitting at my girl[friend]'s apartment and her cat, Fiv- named for her feline immunodeficiency virus- is fucking my elbow. She's unfixed, and in heat, and is backing into my arm like a tow truck, mashing her cat vagina against me.

I'm letting her do it because when she's not rubbing her pussy on me, she's yowling. If I thought it were possible, and that it would work, I would just bite down on the back of her neck and stick my dick in her right now.

That's how irritating a female cat in heat can be.

I can't think of a better belated Christmas gift to the world than to have this thing's ovaries launched into space, but the animal hospitals seem to be closed for the holidays.

Dear God, someone with an unneutered FIV positive male cat please bring it over here right now. I'll put on some music. What am I talking about.

Like a mood needs to be set. She's fucking my arm.

She just stopped, and for a *split second*, before anything else, I felt rejected and wondered what I did wrong.

DAN HARMON

- December 28th, 2005 -

are those bells for a wedding or a funeral?

My musician girl "friend" is spending the night. My iTunes were on shuffle while I finished up some writing before joining her in the bedroom. She was staring at the ceiling.

GF

You like that music?

DAN

What music?

GF

The music you were playing.
Just now. You like that?

DAN

What was just playing, I can't
remember.

(remembering)

Oh.

(nervous)

Are you talking about Tori
Amos?

GF

Yes. You like her?

Very long pause.

GF

I'm not going to make fun of
you.

(beat)

I just want to *understand*.

THE BLOG

I say nothing. I enter the bathroom to brush my teeth. I'm running the faucet and she's still talking. As I turn off the sink, I can hear:

GF

Is it just any female
vocalist, is that all that's
required? Or do you just like
all music ever made? Do you
discriminate?

Another long pause as I climb into bed. I lay next to her and stare at the ceiling.

DAN

I told you I have bad taste in
music.

GF

(wonderment)

I didn't believe you.

At long last atonement. I empathize with all my ex-girlfriends. I finally know what it's like to be attracted to an asshole.

DAN HARMON

- December 28th, 2005 -

The last thing I will hear before I die

It's 2:15 AM. There has been a regular, constant, high pitched beep coming from somewhere in my neighborhood for over an hour. I'm supposed to be getting up early to go on a road trip. I can't sleep.

I got up and blogged about the Tori Amos conversation while IMing with my ex and playing some Elliot Smith- I find I can avoid being mocked by Little Miss Music if I limit my choices to artists who died of an overdose or suicide- and I figured that sooner than later, this fucking beep was going to stop.

I just muted the music and it's still beeping.

I got back into bed for a while. I made some irritated noises while doing so, intentionally waking my buddy-with-a-vagina. I couldn't stand it that she was sleeping through this. She can't ride in an elevator if the muzak isn't mixed properly but she can hibernate through the aural equivalent of September 11th? Not on my watch.

I just walked outside in my pajamas to find whatever was making this sound so that I could eat, rape or stab it. It seems to be coming from inside an apartment in the building next door. It's like a slow version of a smoke alarm, but in bursts of three: Beeeeeeep, beeeeeeeep, beeeeeeeep, silence, beeeeeeeep, beeeeeeeep, beeeeeeeep.

I stood there wondering if I should ring the doorbell. I didn't. What's the best case scenario of ringing the doorbell? Some guy comes to the door:

"Yes?" Oh, hi, could you please turn off that piercing sound? "Oh, of course, I'm sorry. I have a special high-frequency deafness that prevents me from hearing my alarm clock but allows me to hear my doorbell." That doesn't seem very likely. What's more likely is the worst case scenario:

Some guy comes to the door and says "what the fuck do you want" in Armenian and it turns out it's not coming from his apartment and then he's pissed at me for waking him and indoctrinating him, too. The rule with this sound seems to be that if you're already asleep, you can't hear it, but if you can hear it, you can't sleep. And apparently, the entire world was asleep when this thing started because there

THE BLOG

aren't a dozen people standing on the sidewalk cocking their heads. I was like Omega Man in slippers.

You should hear this fucking sound. There are many people living way closer to this sound than I. I can't believe they're sleeping. I can't believe I woke up my girlfriend but took mercy on a hypothetical Armenian neighbor. Am I just a bully, do I fear the unknown, or do we truly only hurt the ones we love?

Yes, I said it, I love her. Keep in mind that I'm crazy. I'll be in love with a shoe or a sandwich next week. Don't ask me why I love her, don't ask me why this is different than the other 15 times, don't tell me what I already know, just stand back and watch. That's what I'm doing.

I think I might finally be tired enough to sleep through this Chinese Alarm Clock Torture.

Did anyone see Syriana? More like Suckiana.

DAN HARMON

- December 28th, 2005 -

Into the Desert: 12/28/05 9:16 AM

Sitting on my vagina-bearing-comrade's toilet while she and her mother pack for our New Year's road trip. Itinerary: two days of mushrooms and pot at Joshua Tree, two days of booze and coke in Las Vegas, then one day of whatever's left in Palm Springs. On January 3rd, I will turn 33 years old. That's how old Jesus was when he saved humanity by transcending flesh and blood. He began his journey with a visit to the desert. Needless to say, I will have to do the same. I know what you're saying. "But Dan, how can you be the second worldly incarnation of Yahweh? You bear no spiritual qualities." First of all, if I am God, and you just questioned me, you're going to Hell, whereas if I'm not God, and you don't question me, you're fine, so, as the Christians say, what have you got to lose by having faith. Second of all, look closer. Like Christ, I was an unwanted pregnancy. I was born at the same time as the twin black towers, whose fall would mark the beginning of Armageddon. Also conceived that year was the Universal Product Code, known to the biblically clued-in as The Mark of the Beast. If that's not enough, know me by my miracles. Jesus once fed a multitude with only one fish. A bottle of shampoo lasts months in my shower. Jesus walked on water. I have an authentic Centipede arcade game in my kitchen. Jesus gave the Sermon on the Mount. I wrote Heat Vision and Jack. My given name is Daniel, which is Hebrew. It means "God will judge me." As in God and only God. Remember the original Daniel? Look it up. Don't fuck with me. It seems clear to me that I'm the new Messiah, and so I am following in his footsteps, walking into the desert alone to be tempted by Satan. Key differences: I'm driving. I'm taking my girlfriend and her mother. Also, if Satan shows up, I'm calling the police. I believe Jesus would have done so if he had had a cell phone.

THE BLOG

- December 28th, 2005 -

The Potato Caddy: 12/28/05 6:15 PM

went for a hike earlier today in Joshua Tree am now eating dinner at 29 Palms Inn.

as an Atkins refugee, I order my first baked potato in about 4 years. the joint we smoked in the cabin is hitting me just as the baked potato comes out, followed by a fifteen year old kid with skateboard clothes and downcast eyes whose large head, skinny body and overtended faux-hawk make him cut the silhouette of a lit cartoon match. i can't determine his ethnicity but i can determine that he's a virgin, that he's never gotten over a C in phy ed and that he likes working at a restaurant in 29 Palms as much as I liked washing dishes in milwaukee.

he's carrying a silver potato fixin's caddy with the sour cream butter and chives. he stands over my left shoulder and mumbles 'sour cream butter chives?' i say 'sure' and reach for the potato fixin's, he gets a frightened look in his eye and kind of shakes his head. i draw my hand back, the space between us becomes filled with tension.

i say 'oh, are you supposed to do it?' he looks at the floor and nods, i hold my hands away from my potato, it looks like i'm being robbed. my girlfriend and my girlfriend's mother stop talking to see what's happening. I look at them and say 'he's going to do it.' i look up at the kid for confirmation. the kid can't look at me, he's too embarrassed, it's clearly his first potato fixin'. Thanks to me he feels like he's already blowing it. his boss is probably a dick and his dad probably hits him and they're probably both watching from the corner. he just wants to disappear, so do i, but we can't, we're trapped.

'sour cream butter chives?' he's asking again. now i'm panicking, what am I doing wrong, here? how can i help this kid out of this, he's me at 15. 'yes,' i say, but that's not enough for him. he says 'all three?' more panic, am i not supposed to have all three? this pot is too strong, doesn't this world understand i haven't had a potato since monica lewinsky?

DAN HARMON

'i want all three, i do, i want everything on my potato,' he jolts and starts stirring sour cream and i realize i sounded like i was mad at him. i want to apologize but i know that would make it worse.

he seems to realize, after stirring the sour cream, that the butter should go on first. he takes a scoop of butter from a dish with a spoon, then second guesses its size, it's too big, he tries putting half the scoop back, the whole scoop falls back in the dish, he takes an enormous scoop of butter and holds it over my potato.

nothing happens. i'm still holding my hands up, i'm afraid to move. He shakes the spoon. all the butter falls onto the potato in slow motion. the kid goes, 'uhhhhh.' like he's been placed on a bomb squad by a temp agency.

he goes for the sour cream while i discretely try to blend the butter. he comes back at the potato with the cream, catching me in the act of tampering with the butter. he recoils, as if wanting to know if he's fired. as if to say 'no, you're promoted,' i drop my fork and surrender again.

he swoops in with the sour cream, it's landing on my chicken, my napkin, everywhere, the kid is trembling and going 'uhhhhh' and i'm going 'it's cool, it's cool.' neither of us can look at each other, we're just staring at my potato. i look over at my girlfriend, who is covering her mouth trying not to laugh. the potato caddy methodically drops eleven chives on my potato, one chive at a time, then sloooooowly circles to the other side of the table with the forced-casual gait of a bad shoplifter, as if expecting me to say, 'HEY! GET BACK HERE AND RE-DRESS THIS POTATO!'

as he arrives at my girlfriend's side, before he can speak, she says 'i'll do mine.' she takes four seconds to effortlessly dab her potato with each garnish and thanks the boy, who gives her a gratified smile, exhales and glides off to the kitchen.

THE BLOG

- December 29th, 2005 -

Anxiety Clearinghouse Dream: 12/29/05 9:14AM

I dreamt last night that I was invited to a lavish New Year's Eve party hosted by the mayor of a fictional city. I was a police officer turned television producer who had created a comedy action series inspired by the success of the recently released Beverly Hills Cop. In the show, a smart alecky black police officer would do things like confiscate drugs- and keep them! -and take custody of black suspects- then let them go! The actor playing the lead was a real cop and the guest of honor at the New Year's party.

To get to the party, I had to swim down a deep, narrow canal in my tuxedo. As the valets helped me to the dock behind the convention center, I realized my Treo 650 had been in my pocket and was now soaked. My phone now had intermittent functionality, a point of some concern because I was in love with a woman and was waiting for her to come join me at the party. I spent the night worried about her, trying to repair my phone while the people around me celebrated my hack, racist show and counted down to the new year.

Just after midnight, my lover called and told me her car had been towed. She'd been partying all night with other guys and would maybe come join me later. The party became unruly- the black cop's ego was threatening to eclipse the mayor's. My lover showed up a drunken wreck, bragging about all the men she'd had sex with. I ignored her, which made her love me, which made me hate her.

I spent the rest of the dream hiding from her in various cabinets and closets until, finally, it was revealed that the entire dream was the season finale of the show I had created. I had been a character the whole time. In reality, I was the author of the entire event, but I wasn't Dan Harmon, I was (please know I'm blushing while I type this) Patrick Stewart, seated at a futuristic computer. As Stewart, I instructed my computer to kill the Dan Harmon character. The computer warned me that this decision would effectively end the series. I told the computer that was exactly my intention, that Dan Harmon needed to die so that Patrick Stewart could finally have a life of his own.

DAN HARMON

I write this as I wake up in a cabin at the 29 Palms Inn with my girlfriend and her mother. Dino will be driving out to join us today, and the four of us will head out to Joshua Tree.

THE BLOG

- December 30th, 2005 -

Atonement with the Father: 12/30/05

Most of my road trip's blog entries are being taken from entries in my cell phone which were written around when they happened. I'm time stamping them as such, hence the fact that I'm blogging in January as if it's December 30th. I'll be caught up after I go through all the trip's notes.

Dino joined us around 2 and me, my girlfriend and girlfriend's mom took the mushrooms.

As we made the short drive to Joshua Tree, the car went over a bump, and I noticed that my eyes kept vibrating afterward.

I used my new eyes to look out the window and realized that if I wanted, the passing objects could stay where they were, beside me, even as they became where they were going behind me. I didn't want them to do that so I compensated by letting my brain become equally non-localized, part of it staying in my skull, thinking what I was thinking now, part of it trailing behind the car like a comet's tail, dwelling on what I had been thinking back there. This stopped the bushes from trailing but made all my thoughts feedback like a mic held to a speaker. I drew my brain tail back to its origin, but there was too much brain for one skull, so as I tried to tuck it all in, some of it started drifting forward, leading my real brain, thinking thoughts that only existed further up the road. Thoughts that had no reason to be thought, yet.

I thought "I guess that's true."

Someone said the sky was beautiful.

I thought "We can't rush, though."

Someone said it was already 2:30, that the sun would be setting in two hours.

DAN HARMON

I looked over to my girlfriend, who had taken more than me, intending to check in with her; see if she was starting to feel it. I saw her slouched comfortably, wearing sunglasses, chewing gum and smiling. No, smirking.

She suddenly reminded me of a 1960's bad girl, I thought she might light up a cigarette or pull a knife on me. I became her frumpy school teacher, alarmed, angered and aroused by her. She continued looking ahead, ignoring me, so I used my future brain to read hers (it turns out that all of our thoughts, past and future included, are like zip lines that we ride from our mother's vagina to our grave, and when you're on certain drugs, you can see other people's lines beside you).

I was surprised to realize my girlfriend was waiting to make fun of someone, and although that aroused me more, I didn't want it to be me, so I stayed silent and let my unasked question waft to the front seat. Dino inhaled it unawares and, mistaking it for his own, asked if anyone was feeling anything. Before he finished, my girlfriend asked facetiously if he was the mushroom police.

We parked the car and headed into the desert. It's amazing how many people were there doing the same thing- with or without shrooms- but also amazing how quickly you can lose sight of everyone in the world just by picking a direction and walking. Soon, the four of us were alone. My anxieties faded as my future thoughts became identical to my past ones. Then, someone said that time had stopped. That explained it.

On mushrooms, people become mythologized. You become your own personal Monopoly token, all your values and liabilities collectively represented as some seemingly random shape, a boot or a terrier. I became a danish made of spiraling second guesses, an ironic god, rendered impotent by omnipotence. Mama became a floating statue, waiting patiently for any opportunity to be unaffected. My girlfriend became an adolescent rabbit.

She began by hopping ahead of us, looking back impatiently, expressing pity for our slowness, as if there had been an agreement that speed was life's money. Finally, unable to restrain herself, apologizing over her shoulder, she bolted. As she disappeared among the rocks, I used my brain, which now spanned all of California, to realize that this would always be the nature of our relationship. She would always be running and I would always be wondering. If that's not what I was in the market for, I needed to get out. I decided once again that there was

THE BLOG

something I needed from this one before I bailed. I'm pretty sure it has something to do with annihilation, but I'm not smart enough to know whose.

We spent the next two hours wandering and climbing rocks, the surfaces of which became more like skin as the sun got pinker. The rocks were the bellies of partially buried dinosaurs, still breathing. The soles of my sneakers stuck to their goosebumps, allowing me to climb high. Now and then, I'd catch glimpses of my leporine girlfriend, laughing and talking as she ran from rock to rock. During one of her check-ins, she said she was tucking them in for the night, which made me want to impregnate her immediately. I used my future brain to watch our only child grow before my eyes. He moved to Canada with his mother after our divorce. He loved playing piano, and became a music teacher. He met a nice woman. He had children, and those children had Christmases with snow, and loved him twice as much as he loved me and four times as much as I loved my father.

He got cancer and wrote a book about it before he died, his first and last book. It was a posthumous bestseller. I lived to see it. I secretly hated him for his success while I drank myself to death.

As the designated non-shroomer, Dino had reason to be grumpier than usual. He moved reluctantly from boulder to boulder, seemingly both tethered to and tethering our Rabbit, who seemed to need to be alone but also needed us to be there. She was either working something out, regressing, or defaulting to a pattern. If you read my blog you know I'm not sane enough to tell you the difference.

Like life, the afternoon was a swirl of opposites that never tasted good enough and ended too soon.

That night, we went to a secret local bar, another necessary step in my girlfriend's attempt to recreate or repair some previous trip. As is usually the case in public, she began aggressively ignoring me and I eventually burst into a drunken tirade about it, ruining the evening. We went to bed in silence. It was time to break up.

DAN HARMON

- December 30th, 2005 -

Apotheosis: 12/30/05

The next morning, as we awoke in a cold (and inexplicably comfortable) cabin bed, we stared at the ceiling and had our breakup conversation.

It was the first breakup conversation I've ever had that was entirely whispered, as her mother was in bed on the other side of a useless divider. I am, however, going to insist for the rest of my life that all breakup conversations be conducted in whisper, preferably in a cold cabin, because it was the best breakup conversation I've ever had. All eloquence and understanding. Not a word wasted. I can't and won't defile it with recollection. I remember a tear running down my cheek, not so much because of how sad it was to walk away from such an honest and facile partner, but because of how sad it was that our dialogue was so much better than anything I would ever write. I was mourning the death of the perfect reality, knowing that at best, it would end up reincarnated as some hackneyed scene, ten years down the road, when I would finally drag my ice cream scooper along that part of my brain in an attempt to pay an overdue dental bill.

The upshot is, she left it up to me, and I made the final decision that I would ride home with Dino and we would not push on to Vegas. I walked out of the cabin an ex-boyfriend, 70 percent guilty and 30 percent grateful that it hadn't taken 2 years.

And then there was that extra 200 percent terror at the thought of being without this incredible person, having learned that they existed.

It was that 200 percent terror that motivated me to engage Dino in a conversation about the *possibility* of me and him leaving early, instead of simply telling him that I'd like to go home early. Dino appraised our situation and recommended that I come home with him. And so, armed with my girlfriend's blessing to leave, and my friend's recommendation that I do so, I did the simplest, bravest, most logical thing.

I talked Dino into coming to Las Vegas with us and told my girlfriend I thought it was worth one more shot.

THE BLOG

Oh, you thought from the title that I had become a hero on this trip. Not exactly. There's such a thing as an apotheosis of cowardice. A Refusal of the Call so thorough it becomes its own Hero's Journey. I'm a stooge Buddha, sitting lotus-legged under a tree of unenlightenment while the world tempts me with health.

We packed the car, had a nice breakfast, and walked around Indian Cove. I found that when the rocks were no longer dinosaurs and I could no longer see the future, I was much worse at climbing.

The Mom statue drove with Dino in his egg-shaped hybrid while I drove the Rabbit in her [inexplicably comfortable] toyota toward a city where no remotely unhealthy relationship has ever survived.

We realized with terror that the needle was below empty and the next city was 60 miles away. We decided to spite logic by not stopping at rest areas, continuing to drive until we couldn't anymore- the metaphor was thankfully lost on us at the time. We brought the car to a sputtering stop at a gas station that shouldn't have been there and gladly paid 3.69 a gallon as an alternative to dying alone in the desert- again, the metaphor escaped all involved.

I wish I could say there was a bluebird or a plastic shopping bag that heralded an epiphany, but the boring reality is, I thought about our relationship, and all of my relationships, for a four and a half hour drive while she slept next to me.

There is more than one woman reading this blog with whom I have been in love. Each one of them was different, special, the real deal. Each one of them was the supposed end of the pattern, same as this one. Each one of them was "no, seriously, this time, it's for real." I have tried, since breaking up with Dawn, to unbraid my rope of symptomatic feelings, in search of some empirically true feeling. There isn't one. My true feelings are that symptomatically braided rope.

In matters of psychology, I'm a behaviorist: I don't believe what people say, I observe what they do. What do I do? I fall in love with women, I try as hard as I can to make them fall in love with me, and then I fall out of love with them. Why? Not to oversimplify, but here's what I came away from my team of therapists with: Two things I never got from my parents are Doritos and unconditional love, and I stand before you a 33 year old man who will never get enough of either.

DAN HARMON

I will be Gary Busey at your wedding. I will be old and crackling, my wrinkled Hawaiian shirt will match my face. I will mutter inappropriate things into my scotch while I watch you kiss the bride and I will eventually die alone.

Don't play your world's smallest violin for me. I deserve it. And I kind of get off on it, in the same way I imagine just a small fraction of Jesus getting off in the Garden of Gethsemane. We can all imagine the terror of realizing an unavoidable destiny, but look closer and imagine the liberation. Serial killers, for instance, cross a threshold. They move through a curtain. They give up, and their activated life begins.

This girlfriend is just another girlfriend. She too shall pass. So she keeps saying. And I feel like I do love her, and I feel like I want to be with her forever, but I'm not going to feel that way forever and I'm not going to be with her forever. So she keeps saying. So I kept denying until that car ride, when I started imagining the other version of me, the version of me that had left 29 palms to go home with Dino. That version of me has a head start on his next relationship, so he inevitably wins, if the name of the game is *How Many Times Can You Fall in Love Before You Die*. And I remain behind, voluntarily opting out of the race, smelling the dead- and therefore immortal- roses of a ghost relationship. From here on out, every second I spend with this person is, first of all, quite voluntary, and secondly, borrowed time; found time; bonus time; quality time.

Or wasted time, depending on your level of cynicism.

I remembered my dream from the night before, how in it, the solution to all my anxieties was to step outside myself and kill myself off as a character. Like a bank robber faking his own death so he can live in peace in the mountains, or like a cartoon cat leaping out of its own fight with a dog to take a breather while the tornado of claws continues behind him, or like a cowardly God standing still in the timeless desert while his fictional son lives and dies. I can have a girlfriend and still be alone. This relationship is always up for renewal or cancellation, second by second, there is no ordering of episodes.

It sounds like a non-statement, we all say it all the time, but I started to feel it there in the car: You find out who you are and you be yourself and you let whoever loves you love you. You let go. You unclench. You go transparent.

THE BLOG

And so I drove to Vegas to try out my new apathy.

DAN HARMON

- December 31st, 2005 -

The Not-So-Ultimate Boon: 12/30/05

As we pulled into the parking lot of the Hard Rock Casino, I noticed that God was already rewarding me for my Abraham-like sacrifice of my inner child: I got the only available parking space in the self-park lot, ten feet from the front door. I didn't end up benefiting from it, but the thought that I could go down at any time and get anything I wanted out of my trunk without tipping a valet kept me warm all weekend. I begged my girlfriend to simply buy a new car for the drive home so that we could leave the old car in that parking space forever. To this very day, well into the new year, there are moments when my girlfriend is ignoring me in public, and I distract myself from the feelings of worthlessness by remembering that parking space, that irrefutable proof of a conscious universe's endorsement of my character.

My first opportunity to win my girlfriend over by not loving her came right away: The philanthropical host of our Vegas holiday had gotten a certain number of tickets to see Neil Diamond at the MGM Grand. Only two from our group of four would be able to go. The tickets were intended for me and my girlfriend, so I told her she and her mother should go. I'm a genius.

Panties drenched by my lack of need, off she went while Dino and I drank.

We went to a strip club. The stripper giving me a lap dance told me it was sexy when I talked "like a scientist." I gave her an extra ten dollars to keep her tits and ass out of my face and just breathe and moan into my ear. For the second lap dance, I told her to whisper into my ear that I was talented; that I was such a good writer; that she loved my writing. I would have told her to whisper that I had a huge cock but I can only muster so much suspension of disbelief.

I joined my girlfriend and her mother around the block at Circus Circus. We had a drink on the rotating carousel bar, then took a cab to meet up with some of the rest. We did some coke in one of our hotel rooms and headed across the street to our favorite dive. As of last year, we have a favorite dive in Las Vegas, it's called the Double Down. Actually, they're now changing the name to the Double Dino. Bringing Dino into a bar that's open 24 hours a day was like bringing a pet giraffe on a safari. We couldn't take him away. We drank til ten in the morning.

THE BLOG

Dino told me later that I had made a couple side comments to him that betrayed a bit of jealousy, but only the usual amount one would expect from a guy with a girlfriend who ignores him in public. I don't remember being upset or jealous the entire night. I do remember her being more affectionate than usual, and I remember wishing that she wouldn't be more affectionate, so I could show her my newfound ability to not give a shit about her, so that I could keep her forever. Good irony is circular but really great irony spirals like a 1950s hypno-wheel.

My girlfriend leaned over to me at a certain point and told me she loved me, and my chest got warm. Then I remembered that I had requested, on the drive into Vegas, that she pick a random time to tell me she loved me. I remembered her saying she didn't want to do that, because it took the fun and romance out of it for her. I remembered telling her it wasn't for her, that she could have fun telling me she loved me some other time, that this was going to be an expression, on her part, of a desire for me to succeed, a statement that she was on my side.

With all due apologies to all ex-girlfriends in my readership, I've never been with a girl that made me so happy when she said she loved me, and I've never been with a girl from whom I wanted to hear it so often. I point this out not to prove that this relationship is worth pushing or pulling. I've stopped doing either; if it goes somewhere from here, it's rolling there in neutral. I point this out to establish the potency of this situation for me; the amount of oxytocin that gets squeezed into my bloodstream when I think about this person.

Dino cried and asked us if we thought he was ugly. It was a great night.

DAN HARMON

- December 31st, 2005 -

Fireworks: 12/31/05

Our philanthropic benefactor- I'll call him "Moneybags" to protect his privacy- had reportedly dropped six figures on the tables so far that weekend, but he still invited the lot of us, including our Channel 101 friends, up to his penthouse to watch the fireworks that all the casinos launch at midnight.

Not that it's any of my business, especially when you're that fucking rich and you're putting me and my friends up for the weekend, but if I were ever forced, at gunpoint, to characterize Moneybags' taste in women, I would say that he prefers the comfort of established margins; familiar menus; predictable regimens. What I'm saying is, he tends to date strippers half his age.

I take a risk in blogging about Moneybags' date for that weekend, as I remember her saying something about knowing me through Myspace. If she's reading this- I'll call her "Chesty" to protect her privacy- I hope she's not offended. If it's any consolation, Chesty, I'm a lazy alcoholic, I have a small penis and I jerk off rubbing a pantyhose-clad mannequin leg on my nipple while I think about my lovers cheating on me.

As the fireworks bloomed over their comparatively more spectacular casinos, my girlfriend the Rabbit and her mother the Statue asked for more mushrooms, which I had brought in my jacket pocket for just such a lapse in judgment. We both took a tiny bit and I found some vodka behind the bar to rinse the shit taste. To fill the gap between altered states, I lit one of the strangely potent joints with which Dino had arrived in 29 Palms- a gift from Peter Blood, a man I am amazed has not yet made my blog.

That's when Chesty bounded up to me, wearing a dress the size of a hand towel. It had "Happy New Year" written all over it and so did she. She held my hand to her mouth, sucked the joint dead in one drag and asked how my holiday was going. This was my fifth time being asked that question and the answer was dried in cement. "It's going great. We went to Joshua Tree and took mushrooms. At sunset, everything turned into-" Chesty's eyes popped open like shades on a haunted house. "I WANT TO DO MUSHROOMS!"

THE BLOG

"Oh. Well. We just did some more-

"GIVE ME SOME!"

Listen, I've held babies and I've rented cars but I am not the slightest bit familiar with the care and tending of a millionaire's arm candy. I did what I'd do for any other adult. "Honey," I called out to my girlfriend, "Chesty wants mushrooms." The Rabbit, wiser as usual, gave Chesty a fraction of what we'd taken, which was not nearly as much as what we'd taken in the desert. I never gave the girl a second thought- mostly because my mushrooms were already falling on me like a sandbag. I suppose when you take them two days apart, there's some kind of residual buildup. I looked at my friend Jeff, who had also taken some, and we had just enough time to say "oh shit" before the entire party started flooding out the penthouse door.

Moneybags had unplugged the drain and we were all swirling downward to "the VIP booth."

If you're going to take hallucinogens, don't take them in Las Vegas, but if you do, don't take them at the Hard Rock Hotel and Casino, but if you do, don't take them on New Year's Eve, but if you do, don't leave the penthouse, but if you do, don't go to "the VIP booth." If you do, don't say I didn't warn you.

I don't remember an elevator but I do remember going underground and being digested by a gauntlet of velvet ropes. I've never seen a more complicated configuration of velvet ropes in my life. The world became a video game, a maze occupied by Me and these giant creatures in Black Suits and hearing aids. I never figured out if I was winning or who was supposed to eat who. I would be walking down an alley of velvet ropes behind a line of others, and a Black Suit would unfasten a section of velvet rope, yank me into a different alley and shove me forward. I'd follow that alley until another Black Suit would step in front of me and put his hand on my chest. Another Black Suit would shout at him. Crisis within their ranks. "No no no, he's V.I.P." More ropes unfastened. Ropes swiveling ninety degrees, altering my path. Hands on my shoulders, hands on my chest, hands on my back, hearing aids everywhere, everyone seven feet tall.

I never said a word, I just kept bouncing off of ropes and Black Suits, being tagged at different stations with wrist bands and rubber stamps. My eyeballs

DAN HARMON

began vibrating again and I realized with horror that "V.I.P." meant Very Invaluable Pork, that the velvet maze extended across the entire country, and ended with me being placed on the President's dinner table with an apple in my mouth. I've never been so debased and honored. I couldn't wait to sit there on my silver platter, festooned with "Grade A" and "100 Percent" stickers, shrugging at the camera while a French chef slit my throat.

That's what the Army needs right now. They don't need to recruit any more teenagers outside malls, they just need an alley of velvet ropes leading straight to the Middle East. Men in black suits and hearing aids nodding at you and patting you on the back all the way there. Right this way, sir. You'd go anywhere these guys told you to go.

The velvet maze emptied into a strobe lit club. We were escorted through a tunnel of sweaty prolies to the upper tier, from which the V.I.P.s could stand in private booths and watch the dance floor bubble like human stew.

Oompa Loompas with flashlights in their mouths covered our lit Buck Rogers coffee table with glasses and booze bottles in iced buckets.

Whoever wasn't on the mushrooms was smoking pot or drunk beyond hope, so it was easy enough to let the ironic "roof raising" gestures turn into sincere dancing. Chesty was in seventh heaven, one of the only women there, bouncing off of sex-deprived Channel 101 filmmakers while Moneybags sat high on the back of the booth observing. Chesty bounded up to the Rabbit and said, "I LOVE MUSHROOMS! GIVE ME MORE!"

The Rabbit gave her more.

For about eight minutes, everything was great. I realized with satisfaction that I'd only ever seen places like this in movies.

And then I realized that in the movies, places like this are, invariably, where everyone turns out to be a vampire. Or a werewolf. Or a demon. I couldn't remember a single movie where an entire scene went by in a dance club without something horrible coming through the skylight, poison gas being pumped through the vents, or a mythical character walking to the center of the dance floor and starting to kickbox everyone. No matter how you slice it, if page three says "INT. RAVE" then page six is going to include "shattering glass" or "spraying blood" or, at the very least, "gremlins."

THE BLOG

No wonder they had acted so strangely in the velvet maze. I had been set up. I was going to get attacked by fucking gremlins tonight. My entire life, I had always had the strangest feeling that's how I was going to go out.

Easy, tiger. Let's just slowly put the lid back on the cookie jar. Everything's fine. You're a professional storyteller. You know that the reason dance clubs get attacked by boogens and draculas in the movies is because those are the only dance clubs worth making movies about. Every day, all over the world, millions of raves go unmolested by cyborgs and hellraisers. If, in real life, every time a group of people gathered under blinking lights and played loud music, some corporealized manifestation of the collective unconscious started ripping their flesh apart with tentacles, don't you think dancing would be illegal by now?

I found my Rabbit and touched her face. The Rabbit is my blarney stone, my subway pole. As long as she's here, I thought, everything will be fine.

And that's when the Rabbit had to run again, this time to the bathroom. Cue muted trumpet; release the cyborgs.

For what seemed like the next half hour, I bobbed my head to the music and closed my eyes halfway so that nobody would interact with me. God was rolling my brain between his thumb and forefinger like a booger, squeezing it just enough to dry it, contemplating when to flick it into the vacuum of death. "Daniel" means God Will Judge Me. I hadn't called my parents. I had let Sarah Silverman down, her show wasn't going to get picked up. I would never be out of "development," I would die in it like some mammal in a tarpit. Not something big and cool and symbolic like a mammoth. I was some little piece of shit, some lazy, forgettable, unloveable marmot. I would drown in tar, hearing sounds that made me cry, never able to make anyone else hear them. I would die with something in my head that I never used, never gave back, something entrusted to me and squandered. I should have taken piano lessons.

The Rabbit came back from the bathroom, at which point I felt better, at which point I felt ashamed for being reliant on someone else to make me feel better. She tried going downstairs into the human stew and was back moments later, repulsed. She and Mama and I decided to leave the club. I barely said goodbye to anyone. I couldn't. Anyone that said anything to me simply got the response, "sorry, I'm

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tripping my brains out right now." It occurs to me now that I should have added "please leave a message."

I tried saying goodbye to Moneybags but he was leaving himself. Like mine, Chesty's trip had taken a turn for Jacob's Ladder. I remember someone saying she did not look well. I had bigger fish frying in my skull. We found our way back to our hotel room where Dino had been napping.

Somehow, Rob Schrab and his girlfriend materialized there. They weren't on mushrooms, but Rob sat on the floor and described the Neil Diamond concert's malfunctioning hydraulics while the Rabbit, the Statue and I cackled uncontrollably. I paced the room laughing, running my fingers through my hair. Every once in a while, the phone would ring and Jeff would be on the other end laughing. He had barely even made it into the club before he retreated to his hotel room with his date.

The Rabbit and I joined the two of them in their room with our friend Nik. We laughed about anything while the mushrooms burnt gently down. The Rabbit was wearing a respectfully slinky dress and black tights under the covers. While masturbating the other day, I kept thinking about the glimpses I would catch of her legs against the clean white hotel sheets. I hope every man is lucky enough, before he dies, to be in bed with the same person he thinks about when he jerks off.

This too shall pass, so she says.

Still. Best New Year's Eve ever.

THE BLOG

- January 11th, 2006 -

A Touch of Romance

Things that have happened since New Year's:

I turned 33 years old.

Dino asked me what I wanted for my birthday. I told him I wanted to eat a Myrtle Burger at the Rustic Inn while he yelled at them for putting cheap liquor in expensive bottles. He did so well with the second part of my request that I never got my burger. The owner, flustered with shame, shoved him physically out the door while I followed. If it wasn't official before, it is now: I can never return.

I have since caught some of our circle on the walkway outside that hive of deceit: Peter Blood, lesbians, you're not reading this but I'm talking to you. You can drink where you want but know that I'm disappointed in anyone that drinks there.

I bought a dildo. The girlfriend's G spot is a bit of a Loch Ness monster and we've decided to hunt it down with something more suited for the task than that which God gave me, which I believe I may have mentioned is not exactly a flagpole, nor does it light up.

We walked into a store filled with dildos on Hollywood boulevard. I was expecting to be overwhelmed with options, I was expecting to see a lot of funny shit, I was expecting the conversation between me and the girlfriend to be awkward, but I was completely unprepared for the fat woman behind the counter to be so excited about her work.

As soon as we walked in the door she was calling out to us. "Hi! How can I help you? Are you searching for something in particular?" Caught off guard, We ignored her, hoping she would see that we were embarrassed and leave us alone. She didn't. "What are you searching for?" She repeated, coming out from behind the counter, her piercings and jewelry rattling. I remember she kept using the word "searching" instead of "looking," like maybe there's some training video for that store that instructs the employees to enhance the sense of adventure. "I only

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ask because if you tell me what you're searching for, and we don't have it, I can tell you where to find it."

God, she's bragging.

I waited for the girlfriend to say something. She just kept her hands in her pockets and stared at a wall of dildos as if perusing magazines, so I did the same. The dildo consultant refused to be discouraged. "Is there anything in particular-"

"-Jesus!" I blurted out involuntarily, eyes fixed on a rack of cock rings.

The tone in my voice made the woman retreat. We made a pass around the store and then left in silence.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

DAN and GIRLFRIEND exit the store and talk through gritted teeth without looking at each other.

DAN

I'm just going to say right now that she needs a gentler touch than that or she's going to go out of business.

GIRLFRIEND

She kept talking to you and you ignored her.

DAN

She was talking to me? It's for your vagina, I don't even know how their sizes work.

GIRLFRIEND

I was embarrassed and I thought you'd take charge.

THE BLOG

DAN

Well, doesn't that seem awkward and a little sexist to you, the idea of a man confabulating with a stranger about-

GIRLFRIEND

-Sexist? I don't.... are you listening to yourself?

DAN

God, we blew it, did you see all those dildos?

GIRLFRIEND

There were a million dildos in there. For all we know it's the greatest dildo store in the world and we threw it all away.

DAN

I'll go back.

GIRLFRIEND

I can't.

DAN

I'll go by myself.

GIRLFRIEND

You would do that?

DAN

Look, I'm a man, I'm taking charge and I'm not going home

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without a dildo in my hand.
Wait in the car.

INT. DILDO STORE

There are now two more women browsing. Dan approaches the heavyset DILDO LADY at the counter. He tries to speak quietly.

DAN

Hi. My girlfriend and I were just in here and she's a little shy, it's our first time making this particular type of purchase. We were wondering what the most popular brand of toy is for women.

DILDO LADY

Is she more vaginal or clitoral?

DAN

Well, she's...she has both. She, right now, she has clitoral-

(to passing woman)

Hi.

(back to dildo lady)

She has clitoral orgasms, but we're looking for something to, um, get in there, and,-

Dan makes a gesture at the woman, pointing and twisting his fingers.

DAN

-you know, go to town.

THE BLOG

(clears throat)
Vagina. Town.
(clarifying)
The G spot, as it were.

The Dildo Lady walks out from behind the counter and beckons Dan to follow.
They walk to the corner of the store. The Dildo Lady pulls a package off the rack containing a purple vibrator with a bent, flexible neck and a remote control.

DAN
(at a loss)
Okay. So this is the lady's choice, huh?

DILDO LADY
This one is really good because it has two jacks in the controller, so if you want, later, you can add another toy to the same unit, like a clitoral stimulator.

DAN
Sure, you build on a foundation.

The Dildo Lady nods.

DAN
Well, I guess if I had a vagina, I'd put this in it.

The Dildo Lady chuckles. Dan relaxes a little.

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DAN

(on a roll)

And...I'm assuming this place
is like Trader Joe's, right,
everything on the shelf has
been tested by the employees?

The Dildo Lady stares at Dan, unamused. Dan looks at
the camera.

DAN

I found the Dildo Lady's
boundaries.

THE BLOG

- January 26th, 2006 -

A Series of Collisions

Collision 1: My girlfriend was pulling out of Citibank on Hillhurst and was met with an unseen mercedes. Her driver's side door was entirely caved in, right up to touching her left thigh, her car was spun 270 degrees to the other side of the street, but she didn't have a scratch. It made me experiment with imagining what I'd do without her and I came up blank.

Which brings me to collision number 2: my chest has been impaled by an arrow with the diameter of a trash can. I'm not saying that I'm not a love addict, I'm saying holy shit, this new junk is really pure.

I was afraid to try to write in this state because I didn't want to find out that I couldn't, which would prove writers can't be happy. But I took a quick job doing punch-up on the *Monster House* video game and I found out something worse: I'm a *little* better . You're going to be playing this shitty video game based on a convoluted turd of a movie and you're going to be saying, "Holy christ, who wrote this dialogue, David Mamet?" I'm exaggerating. You wouldn't notice anything but I can tell. It was easier.

My fingers are a little bit looser and the client was very happy, that's all I'm saying.

Why is that bad? Guys, it's called the muse card. Like she needed more cards. Now, when she leaves me, be it via boredom, unseen mercedes or mysterious subdermal lump, she takes my heart, my dick AND my chops.

The last woman to have an oligopoly like this was the one that kept hitting me with wooden spoons. I've spent every relationship since then taking systematic if unconscious revenge, and my reward for braving that road of trials is that I'm back to square one, locking eyes with the birth of all that lives and the death of all that dies? As Robyn would say: "No fairsies."

Collision 3: Dino had a run-in with the owner of the Rustic Inn, who made the mistake of entering the Drawing Room, our temporary new headquarters across the street. During the conflict, Jeff Davis showed up, which must have been great. I wish I had been there, but I'm trying to lighten up on the sauce a little. I've been

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lapsing, with increased frequency, into Mr. Hyde blackout drunks, during which I say some pretty mean shit.

No, I'm not going to quit drinking just yet, because I don't like myself enough, but in the interest of humanity, I am going to quit drinking ten bucket glasses of straight vodka in one sitting.

Which might be easier, since I'm going to be busy. Collision 4, sideswiped by fortune: Comedy Central has ordered six episodes of The Sarah Silverman Programme, to air in July. It's my first TV show. And it's going to be on the air at the same time that shit-ass movie is going to be in theatres, so I have to make sure it's a good TV show.

But I'm telling you, man, that video game....Citizen fucking Kane. Get ready.

THE BLOG

- February 1st, 2006 -

Ugly

I am watching a soft core pay per view porno at 8:30 AM. I can't sleep. My girlfriend, after dinner last night, wanted to be dropped off at her place where she could be alone. Her emotional crash was, by her account, brought on by career frustrations and a certain monthly something or other, but I think it's because she's fallen out of love with me, because, well, in 33 years on this world, I've never encountered anything that wasn't about me.

Seriously, though, if your girlfriend plunges into a depression and she'd rather be alone, that's a bad sign, right? I mean, sure, it would be *convenient* if all women disappeared whenever they were feeling down, but the only thing worse than being around a needy person is sitting around by yourself not being needed by anyone.

Even if I'm not the reason she wanted to be alone (which, again, I stress, is impossible, because I am the reason for everything), this is a clear vote of no-confidence in my boyfrienderly. What, she doesn't trust my ability to offer selfless masculine emotional support? Do I not seem like someone capable of caring about someone other than myself? I mean, fine, you're crying, but what about me? Being needed by a woman is very, very important to me. It's a vital rung in the ladder to achieving my parents' loveless marriage and, God willing, creating another Me before I die.

The woman in this porno is beyond unattractive. I realize that the really beautiful women don't do porn, but I'm not exaggerating when I tell you that the woman in this porno is so ugly, if you saw her, fully clothed, in a bank, you wouldn't even think about fucking her. It would never even occur to you; you would just think of her as a human being in a bank- that's how unattractive she is. And I am watching her simulate intercourse for \$4.99.

And it's SOFT CORE- as if there's some danger of societal corruption.

Believe me, this woman could have 9 rock hard, fully visible dicks spraying semen into every hole of her body and it would still be technically "soft core" by Supreme Court definitions because it wouldn't appeal to anyone's prurient interest. She is an ugly woman. Even as a professional wordsmith, I can't express her

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ugliness, my outrage or the overall irony enough. Irony? Yes. For you rookies (and women), the unspoken trade-off with soft core porn is supposed to be no penetration *in exchange for gorgeous women*. This woman wouldn't be allowed to strip at Jumbo's Clown Room and they're passing her off as Sylvia Crystel. What's happened to this world?

Thank God, the girlfriend just called. I won't have to figure out how to jerk off to this. I can just go have coffee. Are you reading this, ugly porn lady? I'd rather have *coffee*. On the enticement scale, you're finishing *somewhere below hot beverages*.

THE BLOG

- February 8th, 2006 -

My Vindicated Gym Coach

I know what you're thinking. How can I continue to blog about sticking things in my girlfriend's pussy after my girlfriend's best friend says "I like your blog" over dinner? How can I continue to blog about the frustrations of working in the industry after I get a job writing a great show for someone I admire who also reads my blog? How can I continue to blog, in general, if I'm happy, gainfully employed and in love?

Easy. I'm going to obsess about my weight.

I have gotten extremely fat since going off Atkins. I have an Adam West stomach and my head, previously large in the idiomatic sense, is now so physically gigantic that I have to keep it balanced when I walk. My neck feels like I'm wearing a scarf made of babies. If I've had a conversation with you recently, you may have noticed that I seem more "thoughtful" and "attentive" because I'm holding my chin. I'm actually paying less attention to you than ever, while attempting, in vain, to shove a sagging, pendulous wad of flesh up into the rest of my moon-sized face. When I'm not doing that, I'm sticking my head forward like I'm doing an E.T. impression, because I know that when my head moves backward, I have seventy chins.

I hope all you Atkins haters, all you faggots that had to have 45 minute conversations with me about how unhealthy my diet was, are satisfied watching me turn into Dan Akroyd. Don't think, by the way, that I don't know what that was all about. Jealous much? I guess it wouldn't have seemed very fair for me to be smarter AND better looking than you, and I suppose me getting fat is easier than you reading a science book. Well, congratulations. Your universe can make sense again. Next time your self esteem is plummeting in my company, you'll have that "fatso" rip cord for comfort. It wasn't enough for me to have a small dick and a back covered with fur and acne scars. You couldn't curl up at night with the knowledge that I have no sense of direction or basic math skills. You need me to have cookie crumbs sticking to my tear-stained face. You need me to be so fat that when I spoon with my girlfriend, it feels like we're having a threeway with a baby

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seal. That's how intimidating I am to you. In order for the scales to balance, I have to be a monster. Well, congratulations.

Oh, by the way: Bad news. Mother fuckers. I just spent my first day in "The Zone." That's right. My breakfast? A smoothy. My lunch? A veggie burger patty on half a bun. My dinner? I don't even know what the fuck that shit was, my girlfriend did something with four ounces of chicken and a bunch of green shit. I had a cup of grapes for dessert. That's right, faggot.

Grapes are my ice cream. I'm in the fucking zone. I'll see you in hell. I'm going to look so fucking good you're going to blow your fat brains out. My cupboards are filled with vitamins and shit from Whole Foods. I'm going on daily hikes in Griffith Park. I'm one step from having a dog with a bandana around its neck. Three months from now, I'm going to be so sexy, they may revoke my membership to Jerry's Video.

Everybody get a big eyeful of the big fat monster while you still can.

THE BLOG

- February 10th, 2006 -

I rub a mannequin leg on my nipple when I jerk off

I haven't had so much as a light beer in four days. Two nights ago, I had to "hang out" and watch my friends shoot pool while slurping on a diet coke. I had to stand at a barbecue yesterday and eat four ounces of sliced turkey out of a plastic bag. For three days, I wanted to kill and eat everyone I met. If you've been near me during that time, know that I have done you a favor by not cracking your skull open and lapping at your raw brains. I wanted to. You're alive because I've taken a shine.

But this morning, I woke up and everything was subtly different. I wasn't *ravenously* hungry. I didn't want to take a fire axe to any children. It's as if I had entered some kind of "zone." I had oatmeal for breakfast and it lasted me fine to lunch, at which point I had-

- Jesus Christ, why am I talking about this? This diet is going to shed more blog subscribers than pounds.

In other news, I found out recently that my blog made someone cry, and no, it's not anyone that I have ever fucked or am currently fucking. Don't guess, I don't want you to guess, it's none of your business and it's not important, I just want you to know that my blog supported, if not incited, some pretty dramatic social circumstances.

I feel like I can't say any more about it because part of the revelation, to me, is that some people really don't want to be typed about. And I don't want to type about anyone that doesn't want to be typed about. Believe it or not, my dream is to leave this world without having been responsible for anyone's pain.

By the way, if you read it at all, you know this blog's purpose isn't to judge you. Its purpose is to maintain transparency in *my* life. That's what I want for me, that's my choice, I want my brain on public record; I want to know what it's like to have as close to zero secrets as possible. I don't know why, maybe it's arrogance, or masochism, or insecurity, or just an experiment, all I know is that it keeps me

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happy and sane. I also need to collect some moments by hand that will otherwise drip through the booze-burnt holes in my memory.

I don't expect anyone to have known this already, but I'm saying it now:
Steer clear of me if you need your books cooked *beyond a certain level*. I don't gossip or muckrake, your business is your business and I want to blog about *me*, not you. BUT...if you're the kind of person that wears a big red cowboy hat every day, and coincidentally also hates it when people mention your big red cowboy hat, then you're going to have to remember to remove your hat when I walk in the room, because I'm too lazy and forgetful to memorize your press release and keep track of the differences between it and what's in front of my fat face.

THE BLOG

- February 12th, 2006 -

One of the Funniest Things I've Ever Seen

I have been warned that the event I'm about to share with you would be best left unsoiled by attempts at retelling. I believe it, having once already failed to explain it verbally. Nevertheless, this event made me laugh so hard I have to write it down somewhere and it might as well be my blog.

When I'm finished relaying this event to you, you're going to say "big deal," and I'm going to say "you had to be there," and you're going to say "your job is to make me be there," and I'm going to say "you're right," because this is a moment that defies transcription. The paradox is that some events' utter immunity to notation is what makes them noteworthy.

Yesterday morning, ambivalence combined with TiVo resulted in an impromptu matinee of the 90s blockbuster *Independence Day*. It's the one where Fresh Prince and The Fly help President Spaceballs save the world from derivatively gigantic motherships. The theme of the film is that in spite of humanity's petty differences, we are all united by our ability to spontaneously generate and exploit ridiculous amounts of coincidence.

This is barely important.

I was eating oatmeal on the sofa and my girlfriend, Io, was having a cup of coffee next to me. Yes, my girlfriend is named after one of Jupiter's moons, you were going to find out sooner or later.

Independence Day, or "ID4" (?!) is the kind of film you really have to watch in silence. You want to drink it in. I'm being sarcastic. You could watch this movie while performing heart surgery and your patient would be safe.

Nevertheless, we had just woken up, it was a quiet, sleepy morning in my sunlit Los Angeles living room, and we were watching "ID4" (huh? is it the fourth one?) in silence. The volume on the TV was not even that high; the movie, in spite of being our sole point of focus, was really just ambience (congratulations, Dean Devlin).

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I've seen it a couple times, while Io, a musician born to Canadian hippies, hasn't even heard of it. I suppose this is of relevance, too, the fact that one of the things I adore about this girlfriend is her good taste in cinema combined with her nearly Amish lack of familiarity with this congenital mental cancer we call popular culture. Nothing makes me happier than a beautiful woman asking, with absolute sincerity, "Who is Ryan Seacrest?"

At which point I actually get to *attempt to answer that question*, at which point I get to realize for myself that the only honest answer is "nobody."

Everyone should have an io.

So, it's a sleepy, sunny morning with my girlfriend who normally watches foreign films, it smells like freshly brewed coffee and the only sound is the meandering trickle of Dean Devlin's stream of consciousness hackery coming through this box in the corner of the room. The President's wife's helicopter is crashing next to a stripper's car while, miles away, that stripper's boyfriend's fighter jet is crashing next to the President's bunker along with an alien. The boyfriend gives the unconscious alien to the president, then gets in a helicopter and, in one stop, finds his girlfriend and the President's wife amid some rubble and takes them back to Area 51, where an emergency vivisection of the unconscious alien goes awry. The alien wakes up in the middle of the operation and starts throwing people around, and, for some reason, there's smoke everywhere, teeing up the following shot:

President Spaceballs approaches the glass wall looking into the operating room. All he can see is smoke on the other side, it's just a wall of smoke.

Try not to forget the larger context, though: quiet, sleepy, sunlit living room at about 10 AM.

The President is approaching the glass. We, the camera, are behind his head, which is slowly drifting out of the left side of frame as we get closer to the glass, in effect forcing us to peer into the smoke. The ersatz John Williams score is tense and sustained, or maybe it goes silent, either way, same thing, the movie is saying to us, "look through the smoke...hold your breath....what's in there on the other side of that glass....hold on...hold on...."

And of course, not only because I've seen this movie a couple of times, but also because this is relatively predictable, I know that the doctor's dead body is going

THE BLOG

to SLAM up against the glass from the other side at the same time as the musical score's STING, and I'm faintly recalling that, yes, certainly, when I saw this film in the 90s in the darkened theatre with the giant sound system, at this moment, a couple of the black women did, indeed, give a bit of a yelp, but it's certainly going to be less effective ten years later over oatmeal in my sunlit living room with the volume this low, and as I'm thinking that, the doctor's body is quietly slammed against the glass-

-and my girlfriend, Io, the Canadian cinephile, while remaining *completely silent*, is literally *seized* with terror. She *convulses*. She recoils her entire body and flails both arms, sending hot coffee three feet in every direction.

It wasn't even one reflex, it was a *palsied fit*. You could break it down into like five separate movements. The first was explosive, then there was this series of rubber-limbed aftershocks, four or five in total, with more coffee sloshing in a different direction each time. The whole thing took two seconds; the amount and variety of movement was unbelievable; if you didn't know her and if it weren't for true fear's inimitable markings, you would have thought she was either doing vaudevillian shtick or being really, really sarcastic.

I sat there laughing, with hot coffee dripping down my face, for several minutes.
The end

DAN HARMON

- March 21st, 2006 -

I guess I don't want to fuck Marilu Henner anymore

Just now I saw this tiny thumbnail headshot of her hawking a diet book on the back of a brown sugar package. It inspired me to google her. Boy, she's had it. I guess if you live long enough, you see more than towers crumble.

Where did all the time go? While trying to clean my office an hour ago, I found myself hoping my mother is still keeping a scrapbook of the magazine articles that mention my name. Then it hit me: Why would she do that? She's a thousand years old. I'm still thinking of myself as some woman's special child while the woman turns to dust and my hair goes grey.

When I die, they can put "this guy's really going somewhere" on my headstone.

I just found out we won't have Chris McCay, our favorite editor, for the Sarah show. "Robot Chicken" won't let him go. I don't want to be a dick, but why do you need a good editor for Robot Chicken? Cut your tuna sandwich with a butter knife like everyone else, I'm trying to eat a steak, here.

Speaking of Adult Swim, a friend of mine got stabbed. His neighbor screamed for help and said her son was going to kill her, so he went to talk to the kid, who is, apparently eleven feet tall. As he approached the kid's curtained doorway, he could see through the crack that the kid was charging him with a seven inch knife. My friend, Tim, ran across Sunset, past a doughnut shop and into a gay bar with this kid on his heels taking swipes at him with the knife the entire way. He dove behind the bar while the clientele tackled his assailant. As the adrenaline faded, he realized he'd been stabbed twice in the back while running and hadn't felt it. Apparently, he's going to be okay. Still haven't talked to him.

Six months in and I'm still madly in love with my girlfriend. The only hard part of working all the time is not getting to be with her.

THE BLOG

- March 28th, 2006 -

Employment Opportunity 001: Restaurant Keyboardist

This is part of a new series in which I will write about what I perceive as evidence that, in spite of what you may have heard, America's economy is still burgeoning and there are still plenty of jobs to go around.

There is a tavern on Sunset in Los Angeles called the Red Lion. In this restaurant, last Friday, there was a man standing behind an electronic keyboard. There was a tip jar in front of him. He was taking requests. You might've heard, for instance, the scintillating electronic versions of *China Grove* or *Thriller* coming out of his speakers. Or, as was discovered, you could have also consulted with him about special circumstances, like, "we're here tonight with our friend, Tim, who survived a stabbing," and he could make a recommendation, like, "how about *I Will Survive*? Or *Mac the Knife*? " And you could drop a buck or two in his tip jar, and his fingers would dance across the keyboard while he looked around smiling.

I know what you're thinking. "But, Dan, this is not a job that just anyone can have. I am not a trained musician."

I'm sorry. I think I may have misled you. I said the guy was standing behind the keyboard, and that his fingers were dancing across its keys, and I said there was music coming out of it, but I did not say that he was actually playing it. Have you ever gone into a music store and pressed the "demo" key and then pretended to play the song that came out? That's what this guy does! Except instead of a demo key, he has a library of MIDI songs. And instead of doing it as a joke for ten seconds in a department store, he does it for a living! He selects the song you would like to hear, and he stands there, mashing the keyboard to the beat, with a big grin on his face. A lot of times, he's so busy cueing up the next song, or taking a request, that he doesn't realize he's not playing anymore, or that the song has faded out.

Our party went through all the stages of finding out there's a guy in the room pretending to do something he's not actually doing. There was denial- no way, you're wrong, maybe he's only playing certain parts but he must be playing something-, there was anger- holy shit, he's not even playing chords, how can he

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be accepting tips, can't he at least pretend to play the properly recorded versions of the songs in the deactivated jukebox next to him-, there was bargaining- okay, someone go make a request and tell him he's great and see if he starts crying-, there was depression- jesus christ, what's the difference between "sincere" and "insincere" keyboard playing, when I write television, aren't I just pretending to create, our entire world and my entire life is a lie....

Then, finally, there was acceptance. Wow. The fact that this guy is doing this is so much more entertaining than if he was the greatest piano player in the world. All you had to do during a lull in conversation was glance over at this guy's big, smiling face and you would be laughing for the next twenty seconds. He was creating joy. And isn't that really all any job is really supposed to be?

And maybe it was the beer and sausage slowing down my heart and causing my brain to receive less oxygen, but as I walked to the car with io and Dino, I thought, what a great country, and what a great time to be alive in it. The terrorists have lost.

THE BLOG

- April 21st, 2006 -

Back from the dead but still laying [sic] in the coffin

Sorry to not blog for so long. I've been busy, and I've been in love, and I was working on a project that was less than conducive to typing what was on my mind. I'm glad to be in the clear again, but just to catch you up: I got fired, by a friend, from a show I created with her. I guess I could type about it lots more and try to create the impression that I'm more sane than an actress, but I'm also thinner than Dan Akroyd and bragging about it would only make me feel fat.

Io broke up with me. It's funny, because, on one hand, I always saw it coming, and, on the other hand, the fact that I always saw it coming was the problem. I've never been in a relationship where I was so ravenously jealous and possessive, and I've never been in a relationship that ended with me literally begging someone not to leave me. Because that always works, right? Like she was going to say "Oh, I thought you were a dick, I didn't know you were a pathetic dick, this changes everything."

By the way, Io is great and anyone that tries to console me by shit-talking her is going to get a very wimpy, very clumsy fist in the face. I was deeply in love with her and she tried her best to reciprocate. I mean she really *tried*. And when she couldn't try anymore, she broke it off with such dignity and grace that it made it ten times harder to let her go. She's honest and kind and quiet and talented and beautiful. I don't know that I'll ever be able to love anyone as much as I did her, which I guess is a good thing, because clearly, when I really fall in love, I become an intolerable jackass faggot. No offense to my gay readers. I mean I become emasculated. Picture Dan Harmon calling you on your cell phone and saying, "honey, were you ever going to call me tonight?" That pretty much summarizes my role in that relationship. My fault, not hers, for sure. It was overdue karma. I became, in that relationship, all of my past girlfriends. Now I am all of my past ex-girlfriends. I have atoned for a career of bad boyfriendery.

I engineered a no-strings-attached, one-night-standish kind of thing in a desperate attempt to keep me from running into the ocean or, worse yet, calling Io. When you're all fucked up about someone, you just want them to know you exist. So I text messaged Io and said "I'm bummed out" or something. And I waited for a

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response, and of course it didn't come, because the last thing you want to do after you muster the courage to dump someone is make chit-chat about it. Then I had a woman felate me on my sofa. Which was great at the time, because, hey, your dick is in a mouth. I went to bed with her because I didn't want to be alone. When I woke up, I felt more lonely than ever. The person was fantastic but she wasn't Io, Io is gone. I'll never touch her again. I still can't even fathom it. I hope the chemicals fade fast.

Random things remind me of her every seven minutes. I was reading a copy of Los Angeles Magazine here at the office and I saw an article about walking in L.A. I thought, "Io liked to go on walks." And for thirty seconds, I thought about her, and then I was able to focus on the carpet, and it made me wonder where it came from, and I pictured a fabric store, and then I remembered that Io sometimes works as a wardrobe assistant, and so on.

I don't know what good it would do to pretend I was over her. I don't know if that would make it happen faster or if it would just bury the feelings so they could erupt at random times. I'm not a good liar. I'm not over this person and I won't be for quite some time.

I accomplished my goal. I typed about it until I got tired enough to go home and sleep. We're shooting some stuff for the Channel 101 pilot tomorrow. Which I forgot to talk about. In the few weeks since I got fired from the last show, this staff has moved into production offices and written five drafts of twelve scripts. The network took so long negotiating our contract that I had to start financing the production with my credit card. We're only able to keep things going because of the fearless dedication of these people.

They're truly amazing. And they're all I've got.

I know that everything happens for a reason and that reason will turn out to be this show. I know that for a fact. I have to know it, it's all I'm capable of knowing or controlling.

THE BLOG

- April 24th, 2006 -

first day in the can

We had the greatest shoot this weekend, knocking out most of the principal photography for our most complex sketch. Minishow.

Minishow? I don't know.

Microshow. Showbit. Showbyte. Nanoshow? Gay.

Showblet. Showlet. Showlita. Showlitos pequinos, ci, es mas maravilloso. Showie. A lollyshow. Showbino. A showling. The showster. Making copies. A showflake. Showdrop. A showby. It's a baby show. A Cubshow.

Showmite. Showtot. A *showvenile*.

I've got it: Minishow.

Anyways, we shot most of our first minishow this weekend and it was great. Every shot looks great, every performance is great, the script, if I do say so myself, is great.

Working with a small crew is hard work. Hard work for Kelly Kubik, who, while coordinating the entire production, also has to produce its lines, manage its locations, style its wardrobes and service its crafts. Todd Bishop, as director of photography, has to bark orders at himself because he's the lighting director and key grip. Sevan Najarian, our one-man lighting crew, has to be his own assistant while he's editing. The actors are our writers, who are our segment producers and prop masters, and our director is all of most of the above. Everyone's working hard. And although we've been lucky so far, things will go wrong. Suns will plummet, clouds will burst, Justin Roiland will show up on the set.

But this is a group of people for whom nothing can ever go wrong that can't somehow be made right. These are my kind of people. These are battle-hardened gladiators from an arena built by two experts in failure. Everyone on this cast and crew has a black belt in DV Tai Chi, the art of harnessing chaos to power order.

DAN HARMON

Together, they have created an environment just attractive enough to distract me from my personal thoughts. My obsessive spotlight has finally swiveled away from my unfortunate ex-girlfriend and started searing this project instead. And last night, as we struck our set in the cool summer night, smiling from ear to ear, bodies and minds tranquilized by the afterglow of a successful shoot, I felt my heart relax. The world exhaled.

The freeway sounded nice. I felt young. My gums tingled. I got excited about the future.

Am I over Io? Let's not be retarded. I'll get over her once the booze soaks away the memories of me getting drunk and screwing everything up. I'll get over her after time reshuffles all the streets and faces of Los Angeles.

She'll become an acquaintance or a stranger. Sooner or later, everyone does. Entropy prevails.

Pretty fucking great pilot we're making, though. Pilots are forever.

THE BLOG

- April 25th, 2006 -

breakfast blog

Hi. What would you like for breakfast? How about a nice hot cup of *holy shit I miss her so much*.

Met Dino and Morgan at the White Horse last night. I work a block away from it. The first time I went in there, I was like, "why is this place empty, it rules." The second night, we started running the numbers. Serving size of a Ketel One on the rocks: two ounces. Price of a double Ketel One on the rocks: twenty dollars. Supposed justification: Dylan Thomas once drank there. Yeah. And I know why he didn't *twice* drink there.

Morgan wanted to go to the Burgundy room, my third least favorite bar in Los Angeles. I jumped at the opportunity. When I'm sad, I want to do things that make me sad, because it was happy things that led to my sadness. If it's true that "this too shall pass," you have to make sure the universe knows that "this" is happening. File your karmic unemployment immediately, because those checks take a long time to cut.

Everything America is, Los Angeles is, and everything Los Angeles is, The Burgundy Room is. In a country where weapons manufacturers say they bring good things to life, in a city where real men are the ones that primp, it only makes sense that you should stand in a bar where you *can't get a fucking drink*. It's the umbilical point of Backwards Land, the knot that holds our empire together. Don't pull at it. If you walked into the Burgundy Room, and you could hear anyone talk, and if you could sit down, and order a drink, and have a good time, everything would start to unravel. You would realize that you were a human being, entitled to satisfaction, which you would begin to demand elsewhere. Poor people of different races would notice the similarity of their checking accounts. We would start looking at politicians and wondering what it is that they do for a living, and how it is that they earned that station. Televisions would fly out windows, cities would burn, gutters would run red, and when the dust settled, I doubt anyone reading this blog would be in as good a situation as they are now. So I say this without sarcasm: Enjoy the Burgundy Room.

DAN HARMON

Be soothed by its irritating music and consider yourself well-served by its lack of service. Either that or start learning sanskrit.

We finished our non-drinks at the non-bar and went to my second least favorite shit-hole, the Improv Olympic. It hurt so good to sit in that stinky, desperate Ikea bathroom display of a bar and watch the bartender ply his workshop training on the sport-jacket clad regulars, their satchels brimming with scripts and headshots while they waited for their poor friends to show up and pay admission for their "show." I deserved the pain so bad. If you fuck things up with Io, you have to go sit at I.O. Atone for your shitheadedness under the gaze of the smudged Mike Myers headshot. A headshot hung on the filthy wall as if to say, "if you work really hard for this company, you, too, could be the fat guy next to Kanye West during our next national disaster's fundraiser."

Once you've made those two stops, there's only one left. The Rustic Inn. The place that 86'ed my friend because he caught them breaking the law. Morgan and I had hot wings and laughed at the TV ads for pills that help you pee. It reminded me of that chapter in my life, where you could almost always find me there with different combinations of the same group of people, always laughing about something. It made me feel good.

Then I stopped laughing, because I felt like it was over. The Sarah show hadn't allowed for much drinking, I had spent any spare time I got with Io. Now, free of both, I returned to our booth to find everyone gone. Sometimes I wonder if I'm even a real alcoholic, and not just a very, very lonely person.

I went home and slept, and here I am. You realize, of course, that I'm going to be here a lot. My loss is your gain. You get to gawk at me and feel happy by comparison.

I like it. It helps a little. Enjoy your eggs.

THE BLOG

- April 27th, 2006 -

checks and imbalances

I woke up on the mattress we once put on her credit card, fed the cat she found in Echo Park and put on some of the clothes she bought me, wondering when I might stop thinking about her.

I took some checks to the bank, but it wasn't open, yet, so I wandered down Vermont, looking for things that have nothing to do with her. She and I never really spoke about fire hydrants. I have no idea how she feels about them. I passed a subway station and considered going down there because it was something we had never done.

Someone behind me said "Dan!" and I didn't look, because I always look and it's always someone saying something different than "Dan," or someone I don't remember. I kept walking, hands in my pockets, elbows bent, the way she used to walk. The voice behind me got insistant. "God! Dan!"

Someone really was calling me and I had ignored them. I had let someone down again. I turned to look. It was a kid in his early twenties, weaving dramatically through the Mexicans, being bewildered and frustrated by everything and everyone. He said "God, damn!" to another trash bin, then looked up to catch my gaze. Why does my name have to sound exactly like "damn." Every time someone scratches off a bad lottery ticket, it sounds like they're blaming me. I turned around and kept walking.

Because I had looked at him, I was now a character in his play. He caught up to me and walked side by side with me. I felt his eyes on me so I looked back at him. His face was covered with meth pimples. He had this aggressive smirk on his face and he started imitating me, pretending to chew gum like me. I didn't want to read his mind but I had no choice. He was thinking: "I've been up all night, and I have nowhere to go, and nobody loves me. I suppose you're getting a big kick out of that, mister gum chewer. Why don't you keep chewing your gum and pretend I don't exist. I suppose I make you feel better about yourself. I suppose I'm adding flavor to your life, like your gum. Well, I'm not going to be like your gum. I'm going to be poison. Anyone that chews me is going to get sick."

DAN HARMON

That's what he was thinking. But, because he's not me, he wasn't able to say it. He was saying something about having fun. He kept saying "this is fun, aren't we having fun," in a sarcastic tone, regarding walking down the sidewalk and pretending to chew gum. He could see that I had taken up chewing gum and walking in an effort to prove I was better than other people, and he was calling my bluff, bursting my bubble, ripping off the emperor's robes.

He asked me where I was going. I told him that I didn't know and he scoffed, as if he knew I was really on my way to a big board meeting with all my fancy gum chewing friends.

His friend, who was ahead of us, turned around and called to him sternly, like George in *Of Mice and Men*. He had clearly been dealing with this all night. They were both suburban, both dressed like some wardrobe department's idea of a junkie, but the friend was handsome and still had muscle mass. Minus the filth, he could've been on his way to a Hot Pockets audition.

They got into the elevator to go down to the subway. I went back to the bank, made my deposit, and got quarters for the lady that cleans my apartment. I call her a lady that cleans my apartment because I feel like calling her a housekeeper will cost me my indie cred. Her name is Sarah.

Schrab uses her, as does Schrab's girlfriend's parents. She's very nice.

When I got back with her quarters, she asked me if everything was okay and gave me a strange look. I read her mind- she had noticed the sudden surplus of closet space; the empty drawers; the missing tampons. She knew that Io was gone.

I told her everything was fine and I left for work. I guess it's not a lie.

Everything is fine. Like Io says, over time, the sadness will vanish. Over time, everything vanishes, even bricks, even gods. A lot of people in Ancient Egypt had relationships that didn't work out. Now it's all better for them. We don't look back and say Omenhotep needs to be more emotionally available, or Necrophiti is really blowing it with Kukenkamen.

We say, "oh, look, there's a pyramid on TV. Pass the ketchup."

THE BLOG

- April 28th, 2006 -

Earnest Goes to Africa

This is quite a film, but some parts drag. Watch the opening titles. Watch them a couple of times, actually. Fast forward to the part with the crocodile. Fast forward to the part where Earnest meets the natives. You're in and out in three and half minutes, you won't regret it. I mean, don't rent it or anything.

I'm able to keep Io out of my mind by surrounding myself with people, and if I do so until the moment I fall asleep, and if I don't dream about her, then I only have to be depressed for about 20 minutes in the morning. And I suppose you normal people are depressed, on average, for a lot more of your day than that, relationship or no.

And, as I keep saying, and as she said, and as everyone always says about everything, time will go by and everything will be fine. Then again, you could say the same thing about starving a kitten to death. After some time, the kitten won't be in pain anymore. It doesn't make it easy or right.

Sometimes that's how I feel about this- that it's a mistake, it's not supposed to have happened, we were supposed to be together. Which is not surprising, since I'm the dumpee. I was the one begging her to stay.

Then other times, I feel like she did us the biggest favor in the world, that, like she said, I only wanted to be with her because I wanted to be with someone, and she wasn't the right someone, hence the inevitable.

I remember girls telling me, after I dumped them, and after much emotional ado, that they were "relieved because they were never really sure if they loved me anyway." I could never tell the sour grapes from the revelations then, and I can't now, even though they're in my own head.

Is there a difference? All of these things are just thoughts, feelings. You can't measure them, so it's all true and it's all a big lie, it's whatever suits the purpose of whatever cycle you want to be in.

DAN HARMON

Supposedly, I really, really loved Io more than anyone I've ever met, and yet, curiously, that deep, undying love was nowhere to be found when I would decide it was time to get jealous and accuse her of not loving me. As soon as I finally got her to admit she didn't love me, that's when the real love was able to kick in and stick around, because now it's time to be the broken-hearted bachelor. And when the next girl gets in the crosshairs, it's going to be time to "realize" that I never loved Io at all, because that reality won't suit my purposes at that time.

I say "suit my purposes" as opposed to "profit me" or "give me what I want" because part of the cycle is the part where I'm being punished, where I'm not getting what I want, where I'm dying. That way, I get to come back to life, I get to leap out of my coffin and start objectifying women, getting my revenge, really patting myself on the back and humming "I will survive."

Look at that one, look at those tits, God, I want to fuck her. And her. And her. I cast a big net, then I catch one, and I fall in love, and I get her to leave, and I do it again.

When we talk about true love, we imply that there's a fake love, a form of love that is in more abundance and therefore less valuable, less lasting and less satisfying. And maybe there is no true love. Maybe it's a myth generated by addiction, like pure oil. Maybe we're all just a bunch of monkeys running piano roll programs punched for us by our Dad's balls, our mother's ovaries and the summer of 1983.

And now, thanks to technology, part of my piano roll is blogging about it. I get to be introspective for a few weeks while I scour the planet for a new victim.

The epiphany regarding my pattern is part of my pattern. Rewind my blog and see for yourself.

I guess I could actively change things- relocate my whole sitcom to the surface of the moon, or add a black orphan. Or I could get back to the basics, start rehashing classics from the first season. Either way, clearly, I've jumped the shark. I'm boring myself. Everybody stop watching.

THE BLOG

- April 29, 2006 -

handwriting recognitions

I'm on the set of the channel 101 pilot right now. I am writing this by hand on my tablet PC. As you can see, handwriting recognition has come very far as a technology. It is only taking me a half hour longer to create this blog entry than if I were typing like some hind of caveman.

DAN HARMON

- May 1st, 2006 -

scattered trash

Shot late last night, starting late today. We're putting together something great but it's hard to keep my mental laser off of her. I usually get depressed as it is after scripts are locked because my usefulness fades.

There's plenty for everyone to do but there's nothing for me to obsess over.

There's nothing to "love." No "relationship" to ruin. I want to fiddle with the scripts but I know that would be bad. Why couldn't I have exercised that brand of restraint with Io. She was locked, and I kept fucking with the script.

My thoughts get scattered, thin, cold. I think about walking to school, gulping razor sharp air through a ski mask full of crystalized spit. So cold that I'm the only one making sound, crunching the snow with my moon boots, cutting across fields, dwelling on the good patches of ice.

I think about the cold air in Io's bedroom, taking a nap while she sat at her computer, headphones on, making music. A girlfriend that makes things, for real. A girlfriend whose father would rather live alone in a cabin than be told what to do, a girlfriend that might understand.

I think about our now-aborted half-Canadian children, and how we have spared them long walks to school, in all weather, good and bad. Our son the piano teacher. Our daughter the junkie turned real estate investor. Both of them only half me and therefore half perfect. Now all perfect.

I think about the 70 year old actor that told me he never stopped wanting to be 25. I think about the pilot script he was reading for me and Schrab. Reading next to Jeff Davis, who didn't have an agent, yet.

Jeff once wrote me and Rob a letter of apology because, after a long night at Schrab's, he had left with some loose change from the coffee table so he could buy food. Now he drives a Lexus and I owe him six thousand dollars. I think about how that pilot he was reading for us was going to be the real deal, and how nothing happened, and how I no longer think about it. I think about Io, and how determined she sounded to get to that point, the point where we no longer thought

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about it. Hearing her be so willing to move on broke the only pieces left of my broken heart. I think about this pilot, how it's supposed to be the real deal, and I wonder if it's ever possible to recognize the real deal, with women or pilots, much less purposely set out to make something the real deal.

I think about Drew Hancock, 26 years old, finding out quite unceremoniously that he was already the director of our pilot. He blinked a few times. "Nobody told me I was the director." Well, when was I supposed to tell you, I'm making this up as I go along. He blinked once more and got started on a shot list.

I think about the pride and love everyone in Channel 101 makes me feel, pride and love which can only be expressed here, lest it fall as flat as my Dad's "heart to hearts."

I think about being in the station wagon with my Dad, reading a comic book while he launched into an awkward explanation of how he and my mother would be spending some time apart. I was embarrassed for him, because he didn't realize that there was nothing to our family that could be damaged by splitting it up. He didn't know that, even in the eyes of a nine year old, our family had been nothing but a noble experiment.

I think about Io's explanation of our relationship as such- it was fun for a while, the idea that she could find her inner housewife and I could be cool. It was a fantasy with a shelf life. It had expired. I remember guessing, facetiously, that we'd make it six months. I remember joking that I'd grow on her, that she'd fall in love with me.

I remember her saying "I love you." Someone should have shot me there in bed that morning. My life would have been perfect.

I think about Sandy, a bartender, saying something similar about fantasies as opposed to reality. I loved her, too, I guess.

I guess I've loved them all, and I should be especially grateful for the ones that were smart enough to bail. I told them all that I loved them, all the scripts, all the women, and I felt it every time. Which means that I'm crazy, or that love is

DAN HARMON

relatively meaningless. Just another feeling, like hot pepper burning your tongue or ecstasy making you promise to hang out more often.

I think about my Dad and I visiting Milwaukee, I can't remember for what. I think about going with him to a new company started by some guy that used to work for him. My Dad said it was an impressive operation, and the guy said "I learned it all from you." My Dad looked at the floor and smiled. The young guy was my age. I think about what this means. Apparently, every time my Dad had left the house, he had been going somewhere else to be a real Dad, in the only way he could manage.

I think about Io. The first one that I didn't target as a prospective wife and mother, my first attempt to be casual and not so obsessive. I think about sitting on her roof and kissing her, thinking she was a weird kisser, feeling a little guilty because I was using her to get over someone else. For a while, we were just friends, fooling around while we both got over our so-and-sos. Then, one morning, she got out of bed, I was watching her get dressed, and it happened. All her flaws faded, as did the memory of my so-and-so. The sun got warmer, the colors got brighter, the stakes got higher, and I set about destroying it, starting with my favorite technique: telling her.

I get scared of the summer, it's going to be so warm and beautiful at night. It's going to remind me of summers growing up, my special memories, the ones I was able to crop and filter until they became happy. I'll get happy, and then I'll think of Io, because she was welded to my happiness. And now there's just broken welds, sharp metal, so I can't run my hand over happiness without getting cut, and I can't look at happiness without seeing the empty space. You know, like the New York skyline.

That's right. If you're reading this, and someone you loved worked in the World Trade Center, I want to make it clear to you that I consider the events of 9/11 less painful than Io leaving me. Fuck your family and fuck your country, I want my girlfriend back.

Dino would have chuckled at that. I think about Dino. Haven't seen him in days. Still haven't written an episode of his show. I suppose I could have done it in the same amount of time it took to write this. Bad writer, bad friend, bad boyfriend,

THE BLOG

bad person. I would have made a worse father than mine, that's why Darwin put a hole in my heart to keep me from reproducing. I'm saying why not just make my sperm crooked and let me be sane, and he's saying "I work in mysterious ways." Bad writer, bad God, bad world.

I wish I was drinking with Dino at the Tee Gee right now. I can't even think about the Tee Gee, even though Io hated it. The thing is, she found out she hated it while we were together. It's our special place that she hated. I can't go anywhere. All I can do is try to stay focused on this pilot.

I think about this pilot, and I wonder if it will be as good as I think it's going to be. Is this the one, is this true love, is this pilot going to give me children and grandchildren, or is it going to break my heart?

DAN HARMON

- May 3rd, 2006 -

Mailroom

Your responses to my latest blog entries have been moving. Many recommend therapy- one of you offered to pay for it. Some of you let me know that, contrary to my assertion, 9/11 was more important than my recent breakup. Still more of you wrote to ask if I was at the office so you could swing by my apartment and get the last of your things.

My favorite letter of the week, however, comes from colleague Doug Tennapel, who says, "For someone so smart you sure are one dumb fuck...You have this incredible skill and for whatever reason you are going to die before writing the world's greatest spec script...Quit masturbating about your coke-Dino-mannequin-leg and write the book/movie that will change Earth...I'm calling you out because all of your self-loathing is a bullshit comfort-womb."

It's all true. I am definitely more talented than people who get more done and make more money than me. I guess that's just a cruel trick God played on the rest of you. Keep your noses to the grindstone, though, I'm certain it will pay off.

Speaking of justice, as I write this, the local news is getting man-on-the-street reactions to the life sentence of Masawi. "Oh, gosh," says an old woman outside a Payless Shoe Source, "I have mixed feelings. On one hand, it doesn't seem like he's going to suffer very much in prison, and now we're paying for his room and board. On the other hand, I don't know if...death is too quick."

What a dilemma this woman is undergoing on her way to her granddaughter's soccer game. What do you do with the enemy when prison's so painless and death is so fast? It's a real brain tickler. "Maybe if we ripped his skin off his body and-oh, shit, my dove bars are melting, I have to go."

At this point, I guess a less enlightened curmudgeon would say "fuck this country." Why bother. This country is just the portion of humanity with the luxury of showing its true colors. America is what people become when people get what they want. We're gross.

THE BLOG

- May 6th, 2006 -

"I miss you more every day."

This may seem like a bit of a "duh" to you, but I just realized:

If we were to list the qualities we sought in a significant other, "wants to be with me" should be pretty high up there, right? So, when someone rejects you, why would you feel like you were being denied anything of value? It's not valuable to be with someone that doesn't like you. They're doing you a favor.

I'm just now realizing this.

Yesterday, I was a fucking wreck. I had drinks with Jeff, started thinking about her, and did not want to stop drinking until every brain cell was gone.

Somewhere along the way I sent her a text message: "I miss you more every day." Cute. In other words, I'm not going to stop missing you over time, so you might as well surrender now and just be my girlfriend again.

Works every time, fellas. Actually, strangely enough, she never responded.

Today, I barely had time to think about her at all. When I did, it wasn't the same. New flavors were creeping in as denial gave way to something else.

It was a different kind of nausea I felt as I neared the Sunset-Virgil intersection. It still made me sick to think about turning right and heading for her place, but now, the sickness didn't result from being denied something. I got sick thinking about what would happen if I got what I supposedly wanted. Thinking about some parallel universe in which she hadn't had the balls to call it off.

Our relationship was actually more lonely than being alone. The countless conversations about how we might not stay together forever, or how true love is when it's okay to cheat on each other, or how my dick size might or might not be the reason she couldn't cum. I imagined myself standing at the fucking Short Stop again, smelling the sulphur from the photo booth, making small talk with another improv olympian while she danced in the other room (only on Thursdays. The DJ on Thursdays is really, really good). God damn it, I was fucking miserable.

DAN HARMON

What did I like about it? I liked her. I liked touching her face. I liked her smile. I liked the way her hair smelled when it was dirty. I liked her legs and her ass and her mouth, I liked her brain, I liked her music, I liked watching her play, I liked her taste in film. I liked kissing her. I liked her malaprops and her strange logic and her random opinions. I liked the way she touched me. I liked listening to her talk. I just liked her. Loved her.
Everything about her.

But I hated the relationship. Hated it. The only thing good about it was her, everything else sucked. Does that make any sense? I'm over the relationship. I don't want to be in one with her ever again. But I'm not over her. I want to be with her right now.

Resentment, outrage, contempt. The misogyny phase has kicked in. All women are bad. All women are idiots. And I see from my calendar that now that I'm hating all women, it's almost time for a new girlfriend.

THE BLOG

- May 6th, 2006 -

Our drivers carry less than 20 dollars

Our drivers carry less than 20 dollars.

Hi, there. Right now, you might be thinking about robbing one of our employees. We thought you should know that if you do so, you're not likely to make a very big haul. Depending on what kind of gun you use and how many times you fire it, the cost of your bullets alone could make killing this person a losing proposition.

Let's just level with each other, capitalist to capitalist. If this person was worth anything to you, you wouldn't consider robbing him, and if he was worth anything to us, he'd have a better job. We both know this person is expendable and weak. He doesn't have what it takes to take, and so he is here to be taken.

The thing you need to understand, however, is that he's already been taken. By us. We were here first, and there's nothing left for you. You'd be killing an empty shell with 20 dollars inside of it. And it would cost us at least 20 dollars to replace him. Really, we would both lose.

We're not asking you to take mercy on anyone, we're just asking you to use common sense. Our drivers carry less than 20 dollars. Think about it.

DAN HARMON

- May 12th, 2006 -

I heart pussy

Waiting to get a haircut so I can play a journalist in one of our sketches. The last couple of days were even-keeled but this morning, I woke up with that hole in my chest, the one shaped like her, all oozing fresh mud from my gooey center. I thought about her while jerking off, I thought about her in the shower, I thought about her while buttoning every button. Like a thirsty man drinking sea water, I dove for the ipod and started playing all the wrong songs. I'll be picking at this hole all day, now.

The most unthinkable thought I keep thinking about her is that she's stopped thinking about me.

Permeating every stage of heartbreak is arrogance- the notion that someone doesn't love you creating a shockwave of outrage and aftershocks of self pity. How can this be so easy for her. How could I have been so wrong about myself. How could I have screwed something up so badly. I had a diamond in my hand and I sneezed on it and dropped it down a storm drain.

Getting dumped casts a pallor on the world. Exhibit A in the case of reality versus hope. Proof that today's best friend can be tomorrow's stranger. Proof that we're as temporary and replaceable as light bulbs. We once thought the world was flat, we thought Eddie Murphy was funny, and sometimes, we think we're meant to be with someone. Then, one morning, there's Plymouth Rock, there's Harlem Nights, and there's a message from her, all full of compassion and pity. She so badly wants to be friends. She so badly wants you at exactly arm's length. It's worse than her hating you, never wanting to see you again. At least then, there'd be passion. You'd be effective.

Dear friends, stop emailing me with the atom-splitting revelation that I only loved her for her unavailability. Stop telling me to "get over it so we can all start hanging out." I get it: You were in love, once, and you got hurt, and you "got over it," and now you're my mentor. There's only one problem. You're a fucking idiot, and I'm not. That's why you like hanging out with me and that's why I can't.

THE BLOG

- May 13th, 2006 -

Epiphany number 653

Dawn wrote me a message today. She wanted to get something off her chest. She had been reading my blog and was confused, irritated and frustrated to see me so bent out of shape over some woman who dumped me, when she had spent our entire relationship loving me very much, only to be dumped herself.

I tried framing the situation, then realized I was drawing an identical frame around myself. Then the epiphany came.

If I'm a victim of Io, then I victimized Dawn.

On the other hand, if I meant it when I said I loved Dawn, and if I never meant to hurt her, then Io meant it when she said she loved me, and never meant to hurt me.

If Dawn is not a bad person, then I'm not a bad person, and if I'm not a bad person, Io is not a bad person.

And if I was qualified to make the call that it wasn't working with Dawn, then Io was qualified to make the same call with me.

I've been torturing myself with the notion that I screwed things up with Io through choices. If I had never said this, if I had done more of that, maybe I could have kept her. But Dawn never did anything to make me stop loving her. On the contrary, we both made choices with the intention of forcing things to work. Things weren't working and we both wanted them to work so we made our choices and those choices, in the end, affected very little.

Nature won out and we are no longer together because we weren't supposed to be together. Period.

I never looked back, except in guilt. If I could have erased our time together from Dawn's mind, I would have. I hated myself for wasting part of her life. I wished nothing but the best for her, and I looked forward to seeing her move on, and I looked forward to being her friend.

DAN HARMON

And this is all Io has been trying to explain to me, and I haven't been listening, because I didn't want to hear it. I had to hear myself start saying it to someone else. Now I get it.

None of us are bad people. We float around and we run across each other and we learn about ourselves, and we make mistakes and we do great things. We hurt others, we hurt ourselves, we make others happy and we please ourselves. We can and should forgive ourselves and each other for that.

I'm sitting in the downstairs lounge of our production offices. It's four in the morning. Sona, Sevan, Ben and Chunn are hammering on a set in the garage. Kelly is asleep in a chair.

I think I'm going to be alone for a very long time this time. It's not such a scary thought, now. There's something peaceful and beautiful about it. It doesn't feel unnatural. The idea of me with a girlfriend is what feels like the unnatural thing. An unnatural thing I've been doing my entire life, a thing that I finally feel ready to stop doing.

THE BLOG

- May 22nd, 2006 -

Blacks, Blackouts and Blackness

Just watched *The Interpreter* with Nicole Kidman. Say what you will about this film, it's a black actor's Christmas. If you know two black actors, one of them plays an ambassador or bodyguard in Nicole Kidman's *The Interpreter*.

Schrab and I were interviewed on KPCC's Weekend America. It's pilot season and we were brought on as a case study because we wrote the most famous failed pilot in TV history. Why am I allowed to call my pilot the most famous? Because I read it in Time Magazine. Where did Time Magazine get this information? Me. I presented it as fact in an interview, it got printed as fact, and now I can cite it as fact in subsequent interviews. I created a verifiable truth from thin air. And I did it single handedly, in five seconds, for no money, with nothing at stake. Imagine what kind of truth you could create with just a little time, money and manpower.

I had my first friendly breakfast with my new friend, formerly known as my ex-girlfriend, formerly known as my girlfriend, formerly known as my friend. It's a different kind of friendship. She's not really like any other friends that I have. What's the difference? Oh, I know what it is. I'm desperately in love with her. I want to kiss her, I want to hold her and smell her and touch her face. I want to make all her problems go away. I want to mend every wound in her body and spirit, marry her, build her a house and bring her cocoa while she makes me a baby. I want to wake up next to her every morning until the day I die. Every time I look at her or hear her voice, every time someone says her name, I want to go stand outside her bedroom window and scream apologies. I want to take a time machine back and change everything that made her stop loving me. I want to take a scalpel to my face and body and turn myself into something that makes her feel the way I feel about her.

Other than that, it's the same as hanging out with an old chum.

What's in this friendship for someone that feels that way, you're asking. Aren't you just torturing yourself, you're asking. I don't know. Maybe if I stay her friend long enough, eventually, I'll be the only one around the day she gets too tired to keep looking. If I can just wait until every veteran from the 90's Silverlake

DAN HARMON

music scene finishes dying of hepatitis and the last of her unfulfilled ambitions goes the way of wallet chains, vinyl and David Cross, she might hobble over to my apartment on a walker and offer to detox in my bed while I jerk off on her varicose legs. And maybe she'd be too tired to leave, and I'd finally have her. And she could stare out the window like a neutered outdoor cat while answering my yes-or-no questions about how she felt. And we could go to parties together and she could meet nice young men that made her feel like she was still on tour and we could take them home and I could watch them fuck her and then I could give them signed copies of *Heat Vision and Jack*, which Time Magazine called "The most famous failed pilot in TV history."

And we wouldn't necessarily die happy but we wouldn't die alone. It's my new dream. Forget the Christmas trees and fireplaces and children. I'm settling. God has jewed me down.

Speaking of jews, Ryan Ridley requested a shout-out.

I'm so fucking depressed right now.

As if in response, the power just went out at the production office.

The power's back up. The kids at the office are looking over my shoulder and giving me shit for writing another Io blog. Look, I'm as sick of telling you I miss her as you are sick of reading it, but it's the only thing on my mind. I guess I've finally found something sharp enough to hurt myself with forever. I don't know what's going to get me out of this. She said "time" but it gets worse every day. Other people say "other people" but sex just makes me miss her. My body says "booze and drugs" but I always wake up. I keep having epiphanies and realizing I'm going to be okay and then something reminds me of her and I go to pieces. Nothing more to say. It's boring, I know.

THE BLOG

- May 28th, 2006 -

I have a great idea for a comedy movie

What if you had a remote control that controlled your LIFE? Think about it. Every button is a bit. Imagine "muting" your parents, then "fast forwarding" through your dinner date and right to the "Slow motion" sex.

There aren't enough exclamation points in the world to express my excitement about this. You could "rewind" every can of delicious beer. Or "record" your farts, and then play them back in your boss' office, with extra "volume."

In spite of its value, anyone reading this blog is allowed to have this idea.

Do what you want with it- pitch it, sell it, write it, I don't care. One word of warning. I hope you like counting money. Several thousand exclamation points belong here.

Speaking of money, I figured out how to get over my ex-girlfriend. I offered her two hundred dollars for sex. She said no. You're saying, "that was really stupid and sexist." But it worked. Now, in my brain, finally, this woman has a big sign over her head that says "*I wouldn't have sex with you if you paid me.*" Of course, she was never unclear on this point, but I had to make it real for me. With dollars and cents.

The second sex was removed from the equation, the spell shattered. Behind my projected image of a life-bestowing goddess was a Canadian musician telling me stories about doing laundry.

From my perspective, without me chasing her, the Rabbit is a Statue, like her mother. My adventure, my sense of wonder, my punishment and martyrdom all faded to black, and I awoke naked in another park, once again vaguely conscious of the fact that there's a very strange side to me.

My name is Dan, and I fall in love. I fell in love with Robyn and she loved me back and so the spell broke and she had to leave. I fell in love with Dawn and she loved me back and the same thing happened.

DAN HARMON

Then I fell in love with a friend that was like me, who only loved people who didn't love her, yet. Which made her not love me, which made me love her more, and so, in order to win her over, in order to show her how little I loved her, I went out with io. And fell in love with io. And io wouldn't have it, which made me want it more, and I never got it, or never got enough of it, and now she's gone.

And I'm alone. Again. But, like every other time, there's this big difference this time. Like every other time, I'm walking around fully activated, my real self, having opinions and insights and hobbies and an identity, free of all patterns. The pattern is finally over, just like it is every time.

And because I'm so different this time, like every other time, it's only a matter of time before some poor woman is going to give me a second look.

And I'm going to smell that pheromone and my eyes are going to roll back into my head.

And this blog will go silent for a few weeks, and then it will start being written by someone else, someone with my name and face but not my mind.

And that person is going to tell you that this time, everything is different.

This time, that person is going to be in a love like no other before it, just like every time.

And some time later, the real me will wake up naked again, either with blood on my lips or a bite out of my ass, depending on who I ran across.

And I will tell you that everything is going to be different.

And it will be different. Every time. Over and over and over and over again.

And over time, I will get wiser and fatter, and if I'm really lucky, I'll be able to offset my degenerating looks with increasing power, so that I can continue to engage in this cycle with women too young to recognize it as a cycle.

And I will become a kind of expert, and I will have special phrases for the different stages and the different types of women. And I'll learn to play poker, and I'll start watching sports.

THE BLOG

Until I'm all done melting away.

And the world will be fine.

Knowing this allows me to forgive my pattern. Because really, the pattern is fueled by a desire for the pattern to stop. The pattern is the pursuit of some fictional future, a fireplace, a Christmas tree, contented silence. The pattern is my little protest against entropy. I won't go gentle. While the universe swallows me, I clutch the slippery walls of its throat and scramble upward, in vain, for the light between its teeth.

That, unlike the plot of *Click*, you cannot have.

DAN HARMON

- June 6th, 2006 -

Carnvial game hints!

tipoffs for gender: too many commas, not enough line breaks, total absence of sincerity and humor and the uncanny feeling on the part of the reader that the author is somehow entitled to something.

tipoffs for age: surplus of antagonism, defecit of awareness, like a kitten getting too big to bite. Think puberty, then add a decade to adjust for our consumer-based society's artificially prolonged infancy.

tipoffs for weight: attraction to me.

I won't tell you what my guess was, but I was off by one year and probably a pound.

THE BLOG

- June 11th, 2006 -

I am a murderer

This doesn't happen every day.

I was watching the film *Unleashed* on TiVo this morning.

Right in the middle of the movie, my phone rang.

I didn't recognize the number, but if you've seen *Unleashed*, you know it can be, in parts, less than gripping. Even as a Jet Li fan, I took the call without pausing.

"Hello?"

"Hey, is this D?"

"Sure, this is D."

"Hey, how you doin', man?"

"I'm good, how are you?"

"I'm good. I was wondering about those DVDs you were telling me about."

"DVDS."

"Yeah, you said you sell DVDs."

"I did?"

"Yeah. I was wondering if you had *Unleashed* on DVD."

"*Unleashed*?"

"Yeah, it's a Jet Li movie. *Unleashed*."

DAN HARMON

"Yeah, I know the movie."

"Do you sell it?"

"I think you might have the wrong number."

"Really? Is this [states my phone number]?"

"Yeah, that's my number."

"You didn't give me your number at the seven eleven last night and tell me you sold DVDs? Bootleg DVDs?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"Aww...all right. Sorry."

"Okay, bye."

I know you have a lot of questions, and I do, too. And I know what your first and most important question is:

Why didn't I take the obvious opportunity to warn this person that buying *Unleashed* on a bootleg DVD would be a waste of his time and money?

I guess the answer is, I didn't want to confuse an already confusing situation. I felt like the guy wouldn't have believed me, but you're right, I should have tried. I should have said, "I'm sorry. You were apparently given my phone number on accident by a man whose name is the ironic hip-hop abbreviation of mine. And while I am unable to sell you the movie you want, I happen to be watching it on HBO at this exact moment, and I believe that God sent you to me so that I could alter the course of your life in some small but indirectly significant way. As an action film enthusiast and professional screenwriter, I have to tell you, this thing is a no-go. I'm an hour in and I've been watching Morgan Freeman teach Jet Li to tune a piano for fifteen minutes. I think you should just go buy an ice cream. We may never know why this happened, but it happened. Good luck to you."

THE BLOG

Instead, the guy is probably going to die in a car accident on his way to pick up the video. Or he's going to watch it instead of fucking his girlfriend, and the birth of his son, who would have cured AIDS, will be circumvented.

I could have stopped him. For all I know, it was my cosmically designated role to do so. I could have saved his life, possibly the world.

I did nothing.

I did *nothing*.

DAN HARMON

- June 13th, 2006 -

I suppose you'll want to make love to me now

I have just finished uploading some photos to Myspace that I suppose are going to make me more attractive to women. Please enjoy them.

It's important for you to know, before you look at them, that I can't bring myself to make love to you right now. I am still very broken hearted over my last girlfriend, who I loved very much. She was small and quiet and she had nice legs and tiny little ears and she dressed cute and she played sad music on a real instrument, and every time I got drunk, I would tell her she didn't love me, and she dumped me right on my ass, so now, even though she was kind of boring and complained a lot, she's been elevated to perfection in my mind, because only a perfect person would dump me, so you don't have a chance.

I am comforted by the idea of you thinking I'm cute, especially since I have gained a lot of weight, which will hopefully be disguised by the angles of my newly selected photos. Just don't get any ideas.

I have to get back to work on my TV pilot, now. That's what I do for a living. You know how the other men you know make things, like cars and burgers? Well, I make TV shows. Oh, is that cool? I never thought about it that way. I'm too busy thinking about my broken heart, which was so filled with love for this girl that dumped me, because underneath my handsome and intelligent exterior is a hopeless romantic.

I suppose by telling you all this, I run the risk of exploiting the female instinct for nurturing damaged men and the human impulse to acquire that which cannot be had. Well, I don't know what to tell you. I'm flattered, but I'm off limits. You'd have to be some kind of...super woman to win me over. And you're not. Sorry.

I mean, go ahead and try it and see what happens, but I honestly don't believe you have what it takes to make me fuck you.

I'm so confident you're unable to get me in bed that if you do, I'll give you...any amount of money you want. Or do anything for you.

THE BLOG

I'll marry you.

Or wash your car.

Please have sex with me.

DAN HARMON

- June 20th, 2006 -

that giant crate in my apartment

I'm having a beer in my luxurious office, waiting for my friend Joel to come by for a visit. I still miss her. Did I ever tell you about how I found one of her sweatshirts, and told her I found it, and when she asked for it back, I got mad because she wanted it back more than she wanted me? Well played.

Joel's running late. Did I ever tell you about my mother? Not the retired old woman in Florida, my mother from the seventies? The quiet, frigid, scarred, pale brunette? You know what I really loved about her? She didn't love me.

Not loving me takes a special brand of genius. You have to be an extraordinary person to pull it off. Mom was extraordinary. She was used up, broken-spirited, empty-hearted. A cracked mannequin. Some therapists say I taught myself to read books to make her love me. I always correct them: I think I taught myself to read her mind. Joel's here.

Joel's gone. I have to go to a screening of *Monster House* in a few hours. Hummingbirds are designed to suck nectar from a certain species of flower; kill the flower, kill the bird. Humans are designed for adaptation. Kill anything you like, we'll find something else. Drop us on the north pole and we make igloos; hide a mother's love inside a vault and we develop X-ray vision.

I can know what my girlfriends are feeling from inside a locked office, through six inches of wood and plaster. Usually what they're feeling is "I wish he'd come out of his office."

Yeah, in your dreams, lady. Maybe if you'd stop being lazy and put up some decent walls, I could lower a few of mine. Mommy lived in a labyrinth, so did beautiful, perfect Io. It's called being sexy. It's known in other, more cynical circles as being a corpse. Look, I don't care what you call it, all I know is what works and what doesn't.

If you're in a vault, and I squint, I can just make out your body and your smile. It's nice. So nice I want more. And I'll do anything to get you out.

THE BLOG

That's what I call me loving you. But when you come out, I can't just stop seeing through things. I see through your body and into your slimy, unremarkable guts. I see every lie you tell yourself, I see the upper and lower boundaries of your talent. I see everything you're ever going to say for the rest of your life.

Did I ever tell you that I ordered one of those six thousand dollar real dolls? Many years ago, before Robyn. That's what's in that giant crate in my apartment you're always asking about. A disintegrating latex woman. I never should have dumped her.

DAN HARMON

- July 2nd, 2006 -

There Goes the Neighborhood and there goes my spine

My back is toast. Pain shooting down my leg constantly, getting a little worse every day. Probably a herniated disc, according to the internet. I'm taking borrowed painkillers until I can get to a doctor. I just swallowed one.

A painkiller, not a doctor. It's pink. I'd thank the person that gave them to me, but when she talked about them on the phone, she used a kind of code, so I think maybe she would want to be an uncredited pharmacist.

My pilot is done. I'm pretty sure it's great. Doing TV comedy is the definition of insanity. First, you and your staff tell each other 30 jokes, and you keep the ten that make everybody laugh. Sane enough. Then you spend three months telling those ten jokes to each other 5,000 times each, until not a single one is funny by anyone's standards. Then you sit back and hope that a million people you'll never meet, including a lot of people who don't share your humor, get a chuckle out of it. So far, people seem to enjoy it, but if Heisenberg can't accept the idea of pointing at an electron, I'd hate to hear what he'd have to say about my friends saying they like my pilot while I watch them watch it.

I know that I'm proud of what we've done, it's my favorite thing I've done so far, but only time will tell what you think of it, or if you ever get to see it.

My home office is clean. My apartment is being painted. My appointments are recorded, my papers are filed. How did I do it? I didn't. I demoted Kelly Kubik, formerly my coordinating producer, to my very first personal assistant until VH-1 picks up my show, or until my back heals, or until I can't afford it, all of which might happen anywhere between today and three months from now.

I also have a housekeeper, so I guess you feel I've become quite the Anthony Hopkins, and I guess that if you're Jeff Davis, you're probably saying, "maybe you should hire yourself to pay me back all the money you owe me." I understand completely. Please refer all payment requests to my personal assistant, Kelly.

My theory is that in the long run, having people do shit for me actually pays for itself because most of my finances seem to go toward being a disorganized

THE BLOG

dumbass. Easy example: I don't buy groceries, ever, so I probably spend thousands per month at restaurants. Another example: I never know what the fuck is going on, and whenever something unexpected happens, I throw money at it and run. For instance, I recently became overwhelmed with the horrible mess my life has become, so I hired a personal assistant. See how retarded I am?

The crazy thing about having a housekeeper and an assistant is how it's changing the way I'm thinking about women. Now that I have a fleet of professional females making my life clean and organized for salary, the next time I fuck a woman, she won't become a domestic object, she can remain a sexual one. Next thing you know, I'll be voting for that women's lib thing.

A film I "wrote" is premiering this month. I put "wrote" in quotes because I saw the movie at a private screening and, by any honest standards (Channel 101 standards, for instance), good or bad, this is not a film I wrote. It's a loose adaptation of a half-finished screenplay I surrendered in 1997.

I met the woman that rewrote it. She's nice. She should have gotten full credit, because she did a lot of work on it, and it's the kind of work of which a writer like her should be proud. Me? Dan Harmon? Old Goldfingers? I can write whatever I want, and one day, when I'm forced to do so, I'll probably write something kind of great. So I don't need to pretend that I wrote this movie and if I did, I wouldn't need to pretend to be proud of it.

When I see the buses drive by with the ads on them, I feel lucky. I even feel enthusiastic, if that makes sense. My whole life, all I've ever wanted to do was live in Los Angeles and write the kind of movies I grew up on; movies created by the two very men executive producing this very film.

The idea that any of this could really happen to a kid from Milwaukee, the idea that Ebert and Whoever gave it two "big" thumbs up, it all makes me very happy, so don't tell me to count my blessings. I'm just saying. This movie? Not a high point of mine. Not even a point of mine.

Oh. The pink pill is kicking in. Mmmm. My back doesn't hurt anymore. Or maybe it does and I just don't care. My brain is a marshmallow in a gingerbread vice. You know what? Maybe it's not a bad movie. Two thumbs up, huh? They know best.

DAN HARMON

Seriously, though, I wish I could have seen that. Can you fucking imagine? Ebert talking about a movie you kind of wrote?

Anyways, where do I get off? Like anyone would ever make any money waiting for me to be happy. Like there'd be any reward for the world in my satisfaction. If you want to see the kind of movie that gets done when I'm in charge, just look at the rest of my filmography. Oh, I don't have one. I'm the guy that writes unairable TV shows. I'm so good at it that the one time I accidentally wrote an airable one, it fired me.

These pink pills make me feel like Jesus.

I made mistakes with io. If I had one wish, I wouldn't use it to make Monster House a better movie, or cure AIDS. Sorry, AIDS people. I would use my one wish to go back and try again with io, if only to show myself that there was nothing I could have done.

Rustic time.

THE BLOG

- July 2nd, 2006 -

Fireworks over Silverlake

I would have watched them from her roof. I loved her very much.

To go with my pink pills, some friends and I had daytime drinkings at Edendale today and ended up back at my apartment. Jeff bet me that if he beat me at Centipede, I'd have to freestyle rap earnestly for three minutes.

We all ended up rapping, really fucking loud, because we were really fucking drunk, and we were interrupted by the downstairs neighbor knocking on the door.

If you've never been busted freestyle rapping at 3pm by your sober neighbor, let me tell you, it's a little embarrassing.

DAN HARMON

- July 4th, 2006 -

Careful What You Wish For

I know you've seen the interactive flash ads on myspace where you're asked to help Bush swat more flies than Arnie or punch a monkey's pussy to get a free ring tone.

And I'm sure that you have wished, either out loud at a particularly boring party or inwardly during a dreamless sleep, that these people would hire some graphic designers and/or writers; that they would realize their cultural responsibility to emit unconscious energies; to be artistic; to create.

Well, right now, I am looking at an ad in which you're supposed to win a race by clicking a button. Your opponent is a shark with a pointy devil's tail. The shark is using his tongue to pull himself along the ground. His tongue terminates, organically, in a small, bipedal elephant creature, whose attempts to flee from the shark portion of his own body gradually drag it toward the finish line, but hopefully not before your guy, who is a worm in a viking helmet.

Okay, maybe back to Arnie and Bush for a while. Just to cool off. We can't all be Rob Schrab.

THE BLOG

- July 5th, 2006 -

The Big, Green Worthless Dollar

My thoughts about her are like the numbers on the Price is Right wheel. I love her. She's not a good person. Why did I chase her away. I can do better. I can't be near her without losing my mind. I hate her. She is so beautiful. I was so close. I have to be alone. I can't be alone. She's not an attractive woman. We loved each other. There's no such thing as love.

There's nobody like her out there. I'm so happy. I want to die. I want her back. I want her to be happy. I hope she's miserable. I'm so lucky she's gone. Maybe just one more text message.

The big, green dollar on the wheel, the one on which I can never land: we were incompatible. We brought the worst out in each other. It wasn't a good relationship that she or I made bad, it was two people trying to be together that shouldn't have been together, acting the way people act when they shouldn't be together. Going insane. It was a six month testament to our ability to make things work and our deepest wishes that they could. It was close but no cigar. It was a car with bad alignment, we drove it until the axle snapped. It's okay to sub-metaphor in a blog. We wrapped it around a tree and we got out without a scratch and we walked away. I keep looking back, not because I miss her, because I miss the car. I miss being in a relationship. I'm a junkie in search of a fix, not a fix of Io, a fix of girlfriend. Io would vanish from my mind if I adopted a new one. Io is the innocent target of a fixation I have, a habit, a compulsion. She's not malicious or benevolent, she's not a genius, she's not an idiot, she's just another human being that got near the black hole in my heart. That's the big, green dollar. And that is a well-mixed metaphor.

Why can't I stay on that big green dollar. Why do I keep spinning. I guess it must not be a real dollar. In order for the metaphor to really apply, the truth has to be worth about ten cents. It's an inconvenient, uninspiring, incredibly boring truth. It's a truth that truly sets me free, as in free to go home, free to leave the set, thanks for playing The Price is Right, your Price is Very Wrong right now and it's time to be by yourself for a while, long enough to find out who the fuck you are, because if there is a God, it doesn't care about good or evil, it cares about life and death, and it wants you to live your life and then it wants you to die. It doesn't

DAN HARMON

want you to be a dead man walking around, bloated with poison, soaked in it, spreading it to everything you touch. It wants you to live your life and then it wants you to die.

It's a truth that doesn't suit me and I want to spin again. I want to get back into a crumpled car. I want to shoot another girlfriend into my vein. I want to most of all because she didn't let me finish. But I'll take anyone. I want to puke and recline. I want my eyelids at half mast. I want to be safe and secure in a loveless, sexless marriage with someone whose soul I sucked out. It's all I know. It's what raised me and it's what works.

I had breakfast with her yesterday. She's a beautiful person. She makes me angry. It's not her fault.

THE BLOG

- July 5th, 2006 -

two thumbs way up

I just heard the ebert/roeper review. "And, you know, we're at the summer point right now, and you mentioned a couple other very good animated films, but I'd say this right now is the front runner for academy award for best animated feature..."

Okay, look, maybe I did write SOME OF IT.

What has happened to this society? Don't answer, I don't want to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I don't know what I did in my last life, but it must have involved a lot of sacrifice and hard work for no reward, because this time around I was born on a cake walk. My teachers always yelled at me for coasting but the universe certainly isn't teaching me any lessons about hard work. Look how far I coasted, dumb asses. Right onto Hollywood boulevard. Here's two thumbs way up all your butts. Yes, I saw this movie, yes I thought it was bad. But you know what? I'm a fucking idiot. Or rather, I'm a fucking genius, and this is an idiot's world. Same difference. I'm the crazy one. Io and I can't be together and Monster House is an Oscar-worthy film. You got it, America. Any way you want it.

I guess I'm probably one of those guys that just has it pretty easy for 40 years and then suddenly gets bone cancer and is dead a week later. Every time I leave my apartment, I look up for anvils.

Two thumbs way up. If you need me, I'll be here in my perfect Los Feliz apartment doing the risky business underwear dance.

DAN HARMON

- July 8th, 2006 -

Best Day Ever

Today was the best day ever. And this is going to be as irritating as an normal person's blog because I'm going to go into excruciating detail about the things that make a perfect day.

I woke up alone at 8am in a clean apartment and it didn't seem wrong.

I jerked off to a pantyhose fetish DVD, and instead of imagining that the girl was my ex-girlfriend and the guy was someone she snuck off with at a party, I just sort of enjoyed watching two strangers be happy. And came.

I watched *National Treasure* on tivo. For some reason, I enjoyed it. Maybe it's because while I was watching it, a new Avid editing keyboard was delivered, a check was dropped off, a lunch meeting with a Zemeckis suit was scheduled and I lined up a date for the *Monster House* premiere with a woman I recall having nice legs. Oh, and also, Nicholas Cage found [spoiler] the treasure.

Kelly, my intrepid assistant (see delivery of Avid keyboard above), who is on vacation with her family, nevertheless happily took on the task of resolving a billing issue with our web host and got channel101.com back online in five minutes, something I had failed to accomplish over three days.

I called Schrab and asked his permission to pitch one of his ideas as an animated feature to the Zemeckis guy at lunch. It's my favorite idea that Schrab has ever had. He said I could pitch it but that he wasn't going to let them make it unless he directed it. I agreed.

On the way to the restaurant, my mother called, concerned about my back, having apparently discovered my blog after a year or more of me writing in it about what a shitty childhood I had and all the things I think about when I jerk off. I told her I'd call her back.

The restaurant was easy to find. I was 15 minutes early so I sat at the bar and ordered a beer. The French bartender and I had a misunderstanding too

THE BLOG

complicated to describe right now, but the important thing is, I was able to defuse it through eye contact, sympathy and forgiveness, tools I don't usually pack when I leave the apartment.

I sat down and drank an Amstel while I called my mother back. She had indeed been reading every inch of my blog, and she apologized, as she has before, for raising me the way she did. Since the day I started blogging, I have worried about the day that my mother would find an entry where I spoke about her and feel guilty or offended. I told her to please not think about it as me saying anything about her, it's just me talking about my own mind. She said again that she regrets her parenting but she was a young mother and she did the best she could. I told her there was no need to explain that anymore, and that if I had my childhood to live over again, I wouldn't change anything she did, because I like my life the way it is, which means I like everything leading up to it.

The suit showed up and we jawed about *Monster House's* reviews, some of which say it's going to get an Oscar and some of which say it's the world's worst film. I told him that I believe the former to be the result of payoffs. Neither confirming nor denying, he simply said that "if they ever did stuff like that, they'd keep it pretty hush hush." I interpreted that as a subtle death threat so I changed the subject.

I pitched Schrab's idea and he agreed it was great. I told him Schrab was going to want to direct it, and waited for him to make a fart sound while twirling through the air deflating. Instead, he said fine, and we flirted with the hypothetical particulars. Not that he has the power to decide, but he did have the choice between blocking it or getting behind it and he chose the latter.

I was halfway through beer #3 so I confessed that I was so ashamed of *Monster House* that I had spent the following six years learning to write in hopes of one day redeeming myself in Zemeckis' eyes. He said that I was a fine writer to begin with but if that's the way I needed to think to help me write, so be it. It was the perfect answer and it made me realize that he'd spent six years honing his craft, too.

Got out of the meeting, picked up the check, deposited it at the bank and drove home. Jerked off again and fell asleep for five minutes. Was awakened by my

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feature agent calling to tell me she had heard through the grapevine of someone at VH-1 saying my pilot was awesome and that I, in fact, was awesome.

It was at this point that I realized that my day, and in fact, my life, was going very, very well; that everything behind me, in front of me and around me was as it should be.

So I tried to figure out how to destroy it.

I text messaged Dino and asked him, jokingly, if he wasn't around because he liked Io more than me. Careful what you fish for. He responded honestly to my joke interrogation: He was in Joshua Tree for the weekend.

With her. And Jay. And Brandon. And Jeff. And everyone. That's why my phone had been so quiet. Everyone was on a camping adventure with my ex-girlfriend. Everyone but me.

There's no way out of the cycle, once you make the first tumble, you're going to the bottom of the hill. I started text messaging Dino like mad, and calling Jeff. This is so unfair, I ranted. My only mistake was falling in love with someone. Now I'm the crazy ex-boyfriend. Everyone else is just someone that had fucked her and stopped fucking her, or had wanted to fuck her but didn't want to fuck her anymore, or hadn't fucked her yet.

Those kinds of people are all fun to be around. I was the drag, the killjoy, the O.J. Simpson, the poison pill, the nerd. The more I thought about it, the more jealous I got, the more jealous I got, the more ashamed I became, because these feelings, these inescapable feelings that everyone hates me, are why it couldn't work between us, and why it can never work between me and anyone, and why I am going to die alone.

The best day of the year had turned into the worst. And I had made it that way all by myself. I had self-destructed.

I paced my clean living room. I asked myself what the real problem was. Just this morning, I had finally let go of all this sexual fixation on her, so now what was I being denied? Why would I want to be in the middle of a desert with her? What do I want from her?

THE BLOG

Friendship?

Do I really want to be friends with someone like her? Someone who....

...who really, really likes me, and who used to enjoy being with me, and who...started getting upset...because I was constantly getting upset...because....our relationship wasn't working...because we were both constantly getting upset...because we shouldn't have been in a relationship...?

Do I really want to be friends with someone who always wanted to be friends with me, in spite of my desire to own her, break her spirit, "marry" her and grind her into an ineffectual paste? Do I want to hang out with someone capable of that level of forgiveness?

Do I really want to be friends with someone that used to make me so happy when there was nothing at stake?

Shit. Yes. I want to be friends with someone like that. That's why I'm angry. That's why I'm jealous. I want to be friends with this quiet little musician I've been bad-mouthing. She makes a good friend. Friendship is her specialty, that's why she made such a shitty fucking girlfriend and it's why I miss her so much. It's the friendship that went away when we became responsible for each other's feelings. It's not the not-having-sex that's been filling me with poison, it's the being cut off from someone I loved and respected and in whom I confided.

It's not being alone that's depressing. It's what being alone implies about the world, IF you fill in the silence with hate. IF you don't like yourself very much at all, and tend to assume others share your hatred.

I can be in a relationship with anyone. Whether I ever get mentally healthy or not, I can snap my fingers tomorrow and I can have a girlfriend. There's no trick to having a girlfriend, if that's all you want. If you don't even know who you are and all you know is that you want to be loved, you'll try to be anyone you can be in order to get loved. So that you don't have to be alone.

Because when you're alone, you're with someone you don't know. You're with a shifty-eyed douchebag, a con artist.

DAN HARMON

So what if she didn't surrender to my specialty? What if I surrendered to hers, right now, in the third act, the way I surrendered to the French bartender in the second act?

I called my friend, formerly my ex-girlfriend, and told her I was bummed out that it had ended up this way, with her feeling like she couldn't invite me to certain things. She said she didn't like it that way, either. I said I feel like everyone's laughing at me. She said everyone here loves you, you know they love you. I said I know, and I keep making everyone say it, and that's my sickness. She said it's hard for people to slide from relationships to friendships, that we had just barely managed a breakfast together. I said I understood, and that I wouldn't have had her do anything differently, but that I didn't want it to be like this between us any longer. She said she didn't either.

She sounded sincere, which isn't to say she had ever been dishonest with me. I was hearing her differently. There was less dishonesty inside me. It was like wax coming out of my ears that I didn't know was there. I didn't want her back anymore. Not even a little. Nor did I want to hide in the bushes until she came home with a guy and stab them both in the throat so many times that they became partially decapitated, and then leave on a business trip, and then lead the police on a chase, and then plead not guilty, and then vow to find the real killers. I realized only as that poison seeped out of my pores that it had been in my blood at all. And that my friends, including her, were having fun without me, not in spite of me, while they waited for me to get better, the same as if I had the flu or AIDS. Sorry, AIDS people.

I got off the phone as quickly as I could, because my friends were having fun and I didn't want to keep them on the phone talking about how sick I was.

And I laid in bed, and I put my face in a towel and sobbed a weird kind of sobbing, a kind of faggy, why-are-you-being-so-hard-on-yourself-it's-okay-to-have-feelings-other-than-happiness-it's-not-a-fucking-contest-between-you-and-the-world kind of therapy sobbing. It was a third act Grinch sob.

I realized that, in spite of my greatest efforts, the universe was going to change me. I was going to learn that other people, even, women, even ex- girlfriends, even future-ex-girlfriends, are human beings, not monsters or goddesses.

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And really, nobody's out to hurt me, if only for the simple reason that they've got better things to do with their time. And isn't that really the thing that terrifies a baby the most, the idea of the adults having better things to do? And isn't a baby's job to grow up? And isn't part of growing up inheriting the babies of the world, including the baby inside each of your friends, and more importantly, the baby that you are? Isn't the idea of mental health to be a proud parent to yourself, to raise yourself, to expose yourself to the world and equip yourself to be a part of it, so that your baby self can be a father to its baby self so that it can be a father to its baby self....so that you are, at once, a creator and a creation, a thing that runs itself, like the universe? Holy atonement for real. Even for an epiphany addict, this was great, uncut shit.

And then I realized the towel into which I was crying had been twice jerked off on that day. So I stopped crying and I washed my face.

Schrab and I got together and fleshed out the pitch. It came easy. He told me I was sorely missed on the show that had fired me, and it really sunk in how lucky I had been that I had been fired, because it sent me to a show that only I could have done, a show that's already provided so many good people with so much happiness.

I went to Schrab's and watched part of a bad movie we've seen seven thousand times.

And now I'm back home and I'm going to go to bed. There's things to write and shoot tomorrow.

Other people get their legs cut off. My version of misfortune always turns out to be the universe resting its jaw so it can suck my dick a little better. I always win by not-trying and learn by not-thinking. I'm the luckiest person on Earth and even for me, this has been the best day ever.

DAN HARMON

- July 8th, 2006 -

two amputated thumbs

"This Roald Dahl-esque tale and cornball fantasy never quite jell into a satisfying movie experience. The move feels frustratingly disjointed like that lumbering, disintegrating house storming down the street." - Hollywood Reporter

"It is a theme-park ride, with shocks and jolts provided with reliable regularity. Across 90 minutes, however, the experience is desensitizing and dispiriting and far too insistent." - Variety

Don't look at me, I didn't write it.

THE BLOG

- July 20th, 2006 -

How to Attend a Premiere

A lot of people have been asking me, "Dan, how do you attend the big Hollywood premiere of a movie you sort-of wrote?" It's really very simple.

First, you get an email explaining that you have seven pairs of tickets. You have two days to email them back with a list of seven names, including your own. Each of those people can bring one guest. Once you send that email, they mail you two tickets. Now RSVP. That's just a fancy word for calling them and telling them that you're coming. Also tell them who your guests will be. If you forgot the names, check the email. Make sure your guests all RSVP as well, or their tickets won't be at will-call. Keep in mind they're sending a limo, which is really cool, and which seats six, so you need to pick two guests who can each bring a guest in your limo, and make sure that the other four of your six guests and their guests will meet you there. Someone will need to meet you upon your arrival to give your limo passengers their tickets, so call the studio and tell them that you're coming, and who's coming with you. Again.

When you get out of the limo, you will be standing on a street. Everyone will be shouting at each other. Nobody will be there to give you any tickets, that was either a joke or a test.

You cannot stand in the street. That area is for the people whose job it is to tell you that you cannot stand there. These people can be recognized by their laminated badges and tee-shirts bearing the title of the movie you pitched as a joke ten years ago. You cannot stand where they're standing, you have to get on the red carpet.

You cannot stand still on the red carpet. The red carpet is for walking to the premiere, which you cannot get into until you have all of your tickets. This is the part that throws a lot of people, but it's not that complicated: Move diagonally, finding pockets between the clusters of people. Whenever someone starts looking at you like you don't belong there, stand next to a producer. The producer will put his arm around you, point up at the title of the movie and say, "we did it!" He'll hold the pose for a few seconds while the photographers lift their cameras, realize

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you're not Jonathan Frakes, then lower them. The producer will then drop his pose. Repeat this process with different producers until your tickets arrive.

Whenever someone gives you trouble, your friends might think it's wise, helpful or humorous to point at you and say "he wrote the movie!" This is a bad idea because the fire marshall doesn't care, and the guy telling you to stand somewhere else can't wait to explain that to you, even though you didn't say anything.

If you've brought a date, and if that date is an actress, try not to let her out of your sight on the red carpet. She might go over to a bank of photographers and tell them that you're the writer, and that you'd like your picture taken, then return to you and tell you that the photographers know you're the writer and want to take pictures of you. If she does do this, keep in mind it's not a ploy to get herself photographed. Deep in their hearts, actresses believe that every problem in the world would be solved if everyone was just a little more famous. She's only trying to do you a favor.

Go into the theatre and sit down. Thank your friends for coming and apologize in advance for the fat woman flashback written by the director.

Notice that, in a second viewing, the first two acts of the movie aren't as bad as you thought. Be sure to elbow Jeff Davis and say "wrote it" every time the audience laughs.

If there are any scenes in the movie that were written by the director, and if any of those scenes happen to come about an hour into the film, placing a gratuitous, secondary Atonement with the Father directly on top of your Return Threshold, effectively throwing the rhythm of the remainder of the story, just sink down in your seat and taste that strange oreo cookie of self-righteous outrage. Hold onto your dream of one day writing a perfect movie, even though it clearly takes ten years to make one that's not so great.

Go to the party. Look at the giant house they built above the bar. Look at the giant still shots of the characters you once described as placeholders.

You were going to go back later and make them real, after you figured out that third act. Then the messenger rang the doorbell, because you were taking two years to write a movie about a fucking house that eats people.

THE BLOG

Laugh at yourself. The movie that ended up on the screen could have been written in an afternoon. You're an idiot.

Watch the rich people celebrate the money they're going to make. You won't see a penny of it, but that's a good thing. You don't want that kind of karma.

Recall with fascination the days, weeks, months you spent holed up in your filthy one bedroom apartment, shades drawn, surrounded by roach-filled pizza boxes and cum-stained clothing, a 23 year old idealist hack, trying to break that third act, begging them to give you one more day, one more weekend, yelling, crying. Don't make me give this to you unfinished. I know you'll make money with a bad movie, I know you don't care, but you can make so much more with a good one. I'm sorry it's taking so long.

Please, it costs you nothing to *let me finish telling this story*.

Recall it with fascination because it doesn't really affect you anymore. It's just a movie, and there are so many happy people here. Tell the director he did a good job. You're not lying, all truth is subjective. You're not that angry guy anymore. Where is that guy? The Invader of Hollywood? Back in Milwaukee somewhere. You're a Hollywood resident, now. You're getting really fat. The calcium collecting in your carotid artery was visible on the chiropractor's X-ray. Fuck it. Have some calamari.

Don't be so hard on yourself. It's just a movie. You're surrounded by people who would gladly trade places with you. They'd wake up and look at their glowing fingers and say, "holy shit, I got Dan Harmon's chops!"

And they'd run over to their computer and in three days, they'd be making people happy. All you do is disappoint. Everything you touch dies a little. That's why she left you. Boo hoo for you. Douche. Hack. Fat ass.

Monster. Asshole.

Now go home and hang the poster on your office wall. You're done.

DAN HARMON

- July 25th, 2006 -

Why Do I Love Black Nerds?

Why is my heart so warmed, my nerves so calmed, my soul so gripped by the sight of a black man dressed as a Jedi, a Spock or a Voltron?

Is it that my brain's compass comprises such stereotypical and inviolable points that the concept of "black nerd" sends the needle spinning, affording me the fast, cheap thrill of vertigo in an oppressively well-mapped society?

Is it that my compass needle, normally spinning, is momentarily snapped to perfect stillness by the alignment of artificially separated poles? Are black men, in my unconscious mind, the original nerds, stripped of their birthright by a flawed and jealous system, beseeched by culture to resent their reflection, kept down by a horde of lessers who represent the average as beatific? And is it this underlying congruency, brought to sudden conscious reckoning through sartorial symbology, that makes me smile? Does the image of a black man dressed in a Shazam outfit acquaint me with my innate blackness and activate me as a human being?

Or is it the basic, shameful, fascist thrill of my racist mind seeing someone "physically intimidating" dressed up as someone "not physically intimidating?" A big, black penis wrapped up in a tiny white one? Finally, a negro who might cross the street when he sees me coming. My own private *West World*.

That's a cynical idea that I believe is refuted by this photo. This is a black nerd who made me very happy in spite of my belief that he could not only beat me at Scrabble but also take me in two rounds or less:

The questions make me think of my friend, Brandon, who always dresses very smartly (as in dapper, not nerdy) and with whom I have sometimes argued about things like Chapelle's "black man in a dress" theory, or the white writer's responsibility to black actors, etc. I think he might say that a black man dressed up like Optimus Prime appeals to the white mind in the same manner as a black man in a dress. To the innately prejudicial, it's a much-craved correction of a dire imbalance, the compensatory emasculation of the unduly masculine.

THE BLOG

In support of this is the fact that I get no particular thrill out of seeing Lavar Burton in a Star Trek uniform, nor would I get any charge out of seeing any one of my [three] black friends dressed as anything. There's no irony because the "default connotation" of their blackness is overridden by their "acquired connotation" as a celebrity or friend. They're known, therefore their ironic outfit would have to be ironic to their personality, not ironic to blackness.

For instance, Wesley Snipes dressed like a hot dog. Funny. Lavar Burton as a hot dog. Not funny. Wesley Snipes as a woman. Not funny. Martin Lawrence as a hot dog. Kiiiind of funny, but not as much as Wesley.

It's the *unknown* black man in a silly costume that's the thrill, because the blackness, by default, already has meaning, meaning which runs counter to the outfit. And if the outfit is "nerdy," and if it is playing as contrast, then blackness has a presupposed anti-nerdy connotation in my mind.

Obviously, I think black people are really fucking cool, or potent, or dangerous, or all three. That's what we've learned about me.

I had fun at Comic Con this year, I think because I stopped pretending it had anything to do with browsing or purchasing. I barely looked at any merchandise. Comic Con is simply nerd Mecca; we travel there in the hot sun, we gather in ridiculous numbers and we walk in circles, reminding ourselves of our roots, becoming a collective Nerd with one soul and one body odor. The fact that millions of dollars changes hands while we're doing it is not the point, it's just what happens because the collective Nerd has no collective Girlfriend and a lot of Collective Free Time for His Collecting.

While heading back from a meeting yesterday, I was told by a co-worker that a friend at Comedy Central had inquired about my "drug problem."

Cursory investigation into this rumor's origin confirmed my suspicion: a special friend who once fired me appears to have landed upon a more comfortable answer to the question "why did you fire him," drawing upon information conveniently available to the public via any conversation or blog entry that composes my transparent life.

When you're honest with dishonest people, they can't believe their luck.

DAN HARMON

For those of you who don't know, by asking me or reading here, I sometimes use recreational drugs. For those of you who care, and who trust me, I did not get fired for having a drug problem. I have never used drugs while working, excepting bong hits or cocktails while shooting improvisational non-profit videos with people I think are my friends.

If I ever did use drugs while working, indeed, if I had a drug problem when I wasn't working, I would tell you without shame, just as I've always told anyone anything they want to know, because I'm an honest man and I'm good at what I do, and if I do it with a mouse up my ass, then maybe that's a crime to the mouse and maybe it's not and we can discuss it all you want.

I did drink a lot of coffee on one writing job, when I was writing for a certain someone for whom an episode a day just wasn't fast enough, and I felt I needed a stimulant to fill the tank inside me that had previously contained my soul. I didn't even have time to drink during my employment on that job. I got fired for a very different reason than being on drugs or being bad at my job. I got fired for a reason that's got to be incredibly hard and not very fun to explain. I won't speculate or go into any more detail than that because I'm a professional, and I don't slander. It would only make me seem, well, like I was crazy.

Let's change the subject.

Young writers: sometimes, in this business, you meet bad people. Reversed people, dishonest people, what the less enlightened would call evil people. They're really just mentally ill people that choose to be ashamed of their illness and strive to make that shame yours instead.

As an example, someone you know might be truly dependent on chemicals, through no fault of their own, due to run-of-the-mill mental illness. They might wake up, go to work and go right back to bed having spent the entire day on mind altering pills designed precisely to keep them from being who they really are, because who they really are is basically unemployable.

They might have to legitimately spend every day, on a doctor's advice, using government approved medication, constantly upping their own dosage, dilating their pupils more and more just to keep a little light in their ever-darkening lives. And while there should be no shame in this, because being crazy isn't any more a

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choice than being gay, some people make the choice to be ashamed, and that's when they become bad people. In this example, they might tend to compensate for their shame by diagnosing a lot of the people around them as being addicts. This would make a reliable safety net for them whenever they felt threatened.

Some people are crazy, for real- not crazy like me and my friends, who call ourselves crazy to keep ourselves in check. Some people are bona-fide crazy people and they live with a very real shame, a very real fear of being "caught" being crazy, being "pitied" for being crazy, and they will do anything and say anything, and hurt anyone, or suck anyone's dick, to keep that day from coming.

It's not the crazy that makes them bad, it's the shame. These are people that feel like they have to claw at the world with white knuckles just to keep from flying off into obscurity, and they wish you felt the same, because then they'd be normal. Unconsciously, they know there is a reason why nobody will work with them, in spite of their talent and charm, and behind closed doors, they often find themselves curled up and bursting into tears. They claw at their melting bodies and brains and they convulse to try to get their record to stop skipping but nothing works.

So they put on their makeup, take a deep breath and step outside into a world that they believe hates them, and as far as they're concerned, it's time for the rest of us to make it up to them. Time for us to pay their piper. Their pain is going to be yours, by hook or by crook.

If you ever find yourself working with someone like that, get out fast and stay quiet. Get fired- it's as easy as telling them how you feel, so do it, because if you quit, you don't get paid. Be professional; don't slander them, even if it gets back to you that they've been slandering you in one of the lowest, least professional ways.

Pain is a living thing that wants to spread. When you get hurt by someone, you want to hurt them back. You might even want to hurt others. But can break the cycle if you choose to break it. Feel the pain, feel the urge to spread it, and realize that the person who hurt you, by definition, is overflowing with it. They don't need to be punished because they're already serving a life sentence. It is no concern of yours, even if they keep talking shit and it keeps getting back to you.

DAN HARMON

Don't blog about it. Don't post anything about it in any forums. My friend Dino once posted details about working with a certain fading starlet, and her celebrity husband, while burying the hatchet with him over drinks, confided that they had flirted with the notion of taking up their Brazilian masseuse's offer to hire thugs to physically beat him senseless. They had a whole plan. They had thought about it enough to plan it. In their minds, it was what Dino deserved. For talking about them. In a way they didn't want to be talked about. In a way not approved by their publicist.

Don't talk about these people. Let them talk about you, let them say what they want to say and hope the truth will find a way to the surface.

Just take the opportunity to improve yourself. God knows you're not perfect. Practice counterintuitive actions: forgive the unforgiveable, love the poisonous, empathize with the unbelievably psychotic. You're not exactly sane yourself, you know. Nobody is, and if you can accept that, you can grow.

The universe comes predisposed for balance; if you want bad people to feel bad, it's as easy as doing nothing.

Like honesty, it's hard at first, but in time, it's as easy as *just not lying*.

THE BLOG

- July 28th, 2006 -

testing

I've had Mencia's allegedly irreverent mind on my mind the last few days, not just because Awesome Wade Randolph blogged about him but because Comedy Central really seems to be getting behind his show in a way that I would hope they will be getting behind the Sarah Silverman Programme.

My personal experience with Sarah aside, I want her show to be good and I want it to succeed. I have a lot more love and pride tied up in that show than in Monster House, and, every time I look up in traffic and see a giant Mencia billboard, I think, "you better do that for Sarah's show," and I'm afraid they won't.

Here's why.

When you make a TV pilot, as you probably know, the network runs it over to a testing facility. This is a room containing 50 people, assembled by an intern standing in a mall and saying, "excuse me, do you watch TV?"

People that say "yes" have two things in common: they're morons and they represent you in focus groups.

Comedy Central, by the way, doesn't just say "excuse me, do you watch TV?" They say, "do you watch Comedy Central," opting for a business model traditionally reserved for *failing* businesses in the wake of a scandal, in which attention is focused on keeping existing customers.

You may have noticed Comedy Central's aesthetic and demographic sliding in a specific direction over the last 5 years. The reason why is a bit of a chicken and egg. Nothing really happens first. The chicken is that it takes a certain kind of person, in 2006, to admit to watching Comedy Central programming. The egg is that these are the people that make it into that testing facility.

I still watch Comedy Central frequently, because there's still some shows on there that predate their current generation of suits- shows like Daily Show and South Park, which retain 100 percent control over their productions, one of them going so far as to ban the head of development from their set.

DAN HARMON

But in spite of Daily Show and South Park, I wave the Comedy Central flag a lot less vehemently in 2006 than I did in 2001, because they've gone from Upright Citizens to Hollow Men, from Politically Incorrect to Tough Crowd and from Insomniac to Wanda Does It. Even if I didn't work in the industry, I'd be scared to volunteer for a Comedy Central focus group because if Con, Drawn Together, Distraction and Shorties Watching Shorties are go projects, then what, in their mind, is still "iffy?" I guess I might see something genius bound for their trash can, but is it worth the more likely probability of sitting through something sub-Mencia?

Within the context of the shows they DO air, their testing determines what they spend money promoting. Mencia, for instance, tests very well. Mencia is therefore given the go-ahead by the advertising arm of the network. Mencia is therefore well-promoted. Mencia is either therefore or, by coincidence, their second highest rated show under South Park.

South Park's audience, meanwhile, is self-generated. Their show predates everyone currently working at the network, which is why they have 100 percent control and why they have 0 percent internal support. Comedy Central execs, while paying their electric bills with South Park, and while swearing allegiance to it in front of their owners, are secretly waiting for it to die. How can that paradox be? Executives don't make a name for themselves and move up to better networks by supporting a longstanding success. They make a name for themselves and move upward by carefully saying nothing in particular about shows in development, and then vehemently pointing out how responsible they were for the ones that succeed. A friend of mine was recently told, in a pitch meeting with a Comedy Central executive, "if you pitched us South Park right now, we wouldn't buy it."

And so, the Sarah Silverman Programme, from which I was fired, but which I wrote several episodes of, and which my best friend is directing, and which several of my friends are in, hovers, currently, in that neutral zone, with the executives neither supporting it nor killing it. When the six episodes are finished, they will test them, and the results of those tests will determine that show's time slot, its advertising budget, and if it ever sees any more light of day than Stella.

THE BLOG

And if you want to know who's going to be in that room when they test that show, take a nice, long look at that Mind of Mencia billboard outside your window, and imagine the one guy in your neighborhood looking at the same thing and saying "kick ass."

Believe me, I want to be proven wrong.

DAN HARMON

- July 30th, 2006 -

morning surprise

I have a small sandbox in my office. I got the idea from Jung, who felt he awakened his unconscious by repeating childhood activities. The theory is that dragging my fingers through a box full of sand establishes a two-way connection, via sense memory, between my 33 year old self, who understands society, and my 6 year old self, who understands the universe.

I also have a cat.

Everybody that's ever been in my apartment, *inlcuding me* , saw the events of this morning coming.

I feel like the stubborn bureaucrat in a 70's disaster film, only instead of being incinerated by lava or eaten by tarantulas in a building I refused to evacuate, I just got done rolling a spongy clump of sand between my fingers, saying "what's this?" out loud.

What do you think it is, you fucking idiot. You live alone, you have a cat, and there's something other than an army man in your sand box. Call off Scotland Yard and wash your hands.

THE BLOG

- August 9th, 2006 -

Signs that you may be in Hollywood

A woman from Sony called to find out if I had received any correspondence recently from a man that thinks Monster House was created by the FBI to suck thoughts out of his mind. She says they've been getting a lot of disturbing emails and letters from him. She asked if he had been in contact with me. I said "no," and she said "oh, good," in a tone so relieved I felt she was pleasantly surprised I hadn't been murdered, yet. This is a big milestone for my writing. I've affected my first schizophrenic.

I was at a party last night- or maybe it wasn't a party, maybe it was just the residents of the Roosevelt Hotel celebrating their occupancy. I know there was a drink in my hand and I was surrounded by pretty people affecting dissatisfaction. I was introduced to a girl named Minty. Three minutes later, next to the same pool, five feet from Minty, I met a girl named Julip.
Yes, I introduced them.

Yes, it was anticlimactic.

DAN HARMON

- August 22nd, 2006 -

Prepare for Lift Off

I'm naked in my office waiting for a town car to come pick me up. The car will take me, J.D. Ryznar and Drew Hancock to a private jet, which is flying us to New York, where we'll be writing Jack Black's material for the MTV Video Music Awards.

I've never done an award show. It's already an amazing experience in that the show is airing live in nine days and has yet to be assembled. You plan a game of paintball further in advance than these people plan this bazillion dollar production. If you think about it, I'm sure most of the attendees have already put together their outfits, but the event to which they're wearing them, right now, is nothing more than a thought. An empty room at Radio City. I thought I was the only one that worked like this.

I've been seeing a girl. A woman, I guess we're supposed to call them in our thirties. We're taking it slowly. My goal is to reduce the rate at which I plunge into a relationship until it's actually slower than the rate at which I get sick of someone. One of my biggest problems, throughout my life, has been a simple matter of slight mislabeling. For instance, you know that feeling you feel when you're kissing someone, and it's great, and you want to kiss them some more? In my head, that was labeled "I love you." It's now relabeled "I like kissing you." It took me 33 years to figure that one out. Seven therapists have squinted and shrugged at my brain and I fixed it with a piece of masking tape and a sharpie. To all the girls I've loved before: I meant "I like you."

My bad, as they say.

THE BLOG

- September 5th, 2006 -

Blog your heart out

"The way you portray yourself in your blogs and your emails -- it's bizarre how perceptive you are with everyone but yourself."

That's a line from an email I got from my special friend, the one who fired me.

For all the live TV craziness that happened at the Video Music Awards- Jack reading L'il Kim's teleprompter dialogue; the completely stoned Black Eyed Peas stomping an innocent bit to death- for me, the most interesting thing that happened in New York was running into her for the first time since she fired me.

I was heading for the pool table and she was coming in the door. I had a window of opportunity to keep walking, and the size of the party would have afforded us mutual avoidance, but my God, who some of you call Yahweh and who I call Ketel One, told me to do the more difficult thing and plant my feet.

Was it difficult? Have I ever done anything difficult in my life? This is a person I admire creatively. This is someone I have often called one of the funniest comedians alive. This is someone who has cried and screamed with me, and someone with whom Rob and I committed the single most intimate act humanly possible: we made a healthy, bouncing TV show. And here I was, not on speaking terms with her. My universe was being unnaturally defied. Talking to her was, in the cosmic sense, the easiest thing to do. All it took was a little bit of letting go.

What transpired was nice. We talked for a while. It was human and vulnerable. She'd been reading my blog. We were both crazy. We missed working together. Maybe we should do a Channel 101 pilot together.

Wouldn't it be neat if it was based on what had happened, etcetera. I stared at my cocktail glass. Too afraid to look at her. For the record, I hereby insist, with my hand on an unopened bottle, that I've never wanted to fuck her. But I agree with something that a lot of men say about her: She hypnotizes. She beguiles. She flips a switch behind her ear and her eyes get round as saucers and you start forgetting where you put your car keys. I didn't want to reconcile with that version of her, I wanted to make peace with the one that fired me, so I stared at my glass.

DAN HARMON

Peace was more than made. I was drunk and she was high and so we agreed to follow up on the summit when sober, and we parted ways. And that ended one of the best nights of my life. Yes, it was fun to write and broadcast a live television event from the biggest city in the world. Yes, it was great that Ira Glass was hanging out in Jack's dressing room. Sure, it was neat when another network's vice president dropped by that same dressing room to tell us that another of our projects had been picked up for 8 episodes. Yes, it was interesting to be standing within six feet of Axl Rose, but for me, the thing that made that week a true miracle was running into my special friend that fired me and patching things up with her.

Rather than repeat its message in different words, I'll paste the email I sent her when I got back to L.A. Buckle up, by the way, a story is happening, and it doesn't have any heroes:

9/2/2006

Subject: I'm sober now and I hate you again.

Just kidding. I want to make it official that I meant everything I said in New York and I hope you did, too.

We were a good team that got broken up for the very reason it was good- because we're passionate people. Those "eggshells" on which we were both walking weren't the fault of either one of us. They were there because we were fans of each other and we could scare each other a little (I know that's super presumptuous to say but I'm risking saying it because I think it's true).

Nobody wants to think that someone they like doesn't like them, and nobody likes themselves very much when they're working so hard. We were writing like an episode a day and that energy between us got overheated. It happens to normal people all the time but if you and I were normal we would be out of a job.

THE BLOG

It's behind us, now, if you want. We don't have to talk about it ever again.

I hadn't seen your face, not even on TV, since the last writer's meeting. And when you came out and did your Paris Hilton thing, I just kept thinking, "This is the person that I think is the funniest woman in the world, and she was my friend, and now she's not. "

It's amazing to think about how close we came to NOT running into each other. And how, if we hadn't, I wouldn't be writing this. I spent six months wondering what I'd do when I saw you, but the one thing I never thought would happen is that I'd just be happy to see you.

We're both fine separately; we could both have perfectly fulfilling careers and lives without each other; we could never speak to each other again and we could still die happy people and the world would keep turning without us and the price of tea wouldn't change.

But we only have one lifetime, and I don't want to spend mine wasting any energy. I'm really lazy that way. Forcing myself to not like you was a big waste of energy because it wasn't a natural thing. I am a fan and I like you by default. It's the easy thing to do.

Would you still like to do a Channel 101 pilot with me for this month? I could write something and bounce it off you.

I can't wait to see the show, Jeff Davis told me there was a screening of the stuff at Cinespace and that the daughter episode was genius. Have a good weekend.

Your friend,

Dan Harmon

DAN HARMON

I clicked send and thought about how much happier my world was going to be. We were heading for a time when we might both have shows on the air, both good, both staffed with numerous friends, interweaving lives and careers, and now none of those people would have to pick emotional sides. It never felt right, her and I being at odds.

Two days went by.

And I got this:

9/4/2006

Subject: (no subject)

A weird thing happened. I had written an email back to you but hadn't sent it yet. I was happy.

Was online reading blogs and went back and read some of yours that I'd missed. The one about black nerds in particular.

Then I went back and read the last couple emails you sent me.

If you want to be friendly, that would be great. But as for working together, I'm gonna pass.

All I can think is THANK GOD I read that blog before sending you the email I had written. I wonder who you think you're talking about when you say,

"Unconsciously, they know there is a reason why nobody will work with them, in spite of their talent and charm"

Bummer.

s

THE BLOG

So I sent this:

9/4/2006

Subject: RE: (no subject)

If you want to go back in time, and rehash the worst thing I ever said about you in July, then be honest with yourself and put it alongside the worst thing you ever said about me back then. For instance, I wrote that entry in a boiling rage when I found out you were telling people you fired me because of my drug problem.

I forgave you for that in New York. I forgave you for a lot of things. Wanted to wipe the record clean. That means wiping it clean from that night. Unfortunately, I keep a public diary. Where you can peek back a month and see me hating you.

I was looking forward to posting a new entry talking about how I had reconciled with this special person. How angry I had been, how hard it had it been to hate this person, and how happy I was, now, and what an important lesson this had been.

But I waited to write that entry until I got a confirmation back from you. I guess, like you, something in the back of my head told me to wait.

Something told me that you were going to blow my mind. I guess you felt the same way. I guess were lucky we stalled. Or incredibly unlucky.

Isn't all this drama because we hurt each other? And isn't the thing that hurt us the most thinking that the other person didn't like us? And isn't all that fear there because we think of the other person as a source of power? Isn't knowing that,

DAN HARMON

admitting that, enough to create a REAL friendship? Where we lower our shields?

Maybe it's too volatile between us to ever function professionally. Seems a waste to me.

My position remains this: I am happy to be your friend, and would be ecstatic to do some project with you in the future. Frankly, I'm not going to be much of a friend unless we are doing creative stuff together, because that's what I do with my friends.

But I'm glad I ran into you. I've been able to release all the energy I was wasting hating you. When I see you next, I'll be comfortable. That's the important thing.

So she sent this:

9/4/2006

Subject: (no subject)

I never said I fired you because you had a drug problem. That's not true. Besides the fact that anyone who reads your blog knows every detail about any drugs you use, I didn't give a shit if you did all the drugs in the world as long as it didn't effect your work.

My problem with you was professional. I didn't want to work with someone who missed deadlines that THEY laid out themselves -- and the tantrum emails were unacceptable. That's all.

The way you portray yourself in your blogs and your emails -- it's bizarre how perceptive you are with everyone but yourself.

THE BLOG

The bottom line is this:

I don't believe you can work FOR someone and not grow to hate and resent them.

I have no desire to be that person, or work with someone that creates that dynamic. You can "not buy what I'm selling" all you want, but it's the truth and I sleep well knowing that it's the truth.

Blog your heart out,

s

And I sent this:

9/5/2006

Subject: RE: (no subject)

Oh, shit! Duh. I was working FOR you. This is so simple. This is why there was so much tension. You kept wondering why your employee was being such a dick and I kept wondering why my friend and creative partner had become an insufferable twat. You're actually right, it's bizarre how unaware I can be.

I really am crazy. I'm looking at that tantrum email I sent you. "I love and respect you... you have the power to hurt my feelings... if you care about that, you should be nicer.." Blah blah blah. Boo hoo. I sent THAT email... to you. Have you ever seen the documentary "Grizzly Man?"

Oh, well. Made sense at the time. Not to defend myself, but just to explain: I was thinking that your position as my employer was a technical, contractual matter, superseded by the unbreakable bond that exists between collaborators. I

DAN HARMON

was also thinking of the character you play as just being a character.

For all my supposed genius, in a lot of ways, I'm not too bright.

Getting smarter, though. Every day. Be patient.
We're friends, now.

Harmon

Like I said, no heroes. Not much of a story, come to think of it.

I post all this because I don't want to walk around with it. I hate having secrets and fears, I hate being confused. I don't know the difference between truth and spin anymore. All I know is I don't like myself very much right now, and saying so makes it better.

This "relationship" I had with my friend that fired me, its "breakup," and my various methods of coping with it, from honest to dishonest, remind me very much of what I did with Io.

I tortured Io with my obsession, got dumped for it, then tortured her with my obsession some more. I don't want to be a predictable person. I want to move on to the next version of my personality. I want this stuff to end.

These words in particular stick with me:

"The way you portray yourself in your blogs and your emails -- it's bizarre how perceptive you are with everyone but yourself."

Have I been lying, in this blog, about who I really am? In turn, lying to myself?
Revising my personal history?

It's easy enough, apparently, to tell you I rub a mannequin leg on my nipple when I jerk off. But what about the things that aren't easy for me?

THE BLOG

Surely there's a reason I haven't actually gone back and read the "tantrum email" that got me fired. And why I've never really shared it with anyone. It can't be because I'm proud of it.

And if I've been glamourizing myself in this blog, and in private conversations, leaving out select moments and embellishing others, to make it look like I'm the only sane man in a mad world, then I'm a criminal by my own standards. And I have no right to judge others. Which I have. And I need to be punished for it.

You need to understand, in case you don't already, that I'm an obsessive man. I have a mental problem. I obsess. And it helps me in my work, and it hurts me in my work. And it helps me in love, and it hurts me in love. It bewilders me in traffic, it suffocates me at the bank, it lets me jump over certain skyscrapers and it keeps me from tying my shoes. I'm not a hero. I'd like to think I'm not a villain, but I am not a hero. I am just another crazy person.

And here is the email that got me fired. All those months ago. Well, here's the part that got me fired. I'm not going to give you any context because I want to maximize my crucifixion. Never mind her supposed crimes, this is how I talked to my boss before she fired me. This is how I would talk to you if I were working for you...especially, I'm thinking, if you were a *woman*.

3/29/06

I don't mind you insinuating that we may have lost sight of your character. I think it's weird that you had that reaction to one line in #3. You're a special person, nobody is ever going to be thinking exactly what you're thinking 100 percent of the time. That would be weird. You touching your breasts isn't me losing sight of your character, it's me typing that you touched your breasts and it's easy to fix.

I guess we almost made it through this phase without a major fight, but I don't understand why sometimes it's okay that something I write is not your cup of tea and you simply suggest a fix, but then other times it's like the end of the

DAN HARMON

world and your character is in jeopardy and you don't know what to do because I'm such a hack.

And if that wasn't the message you sometimes try to send, then I'm crazy, in which case, I'm fucking crazy, and I'm not going to get un-crazy any time soon. And by the way, I hope this doesn't blow your mind, but you're fucking BAT SHIT INSANE and I adjust and I have fun and I am honored to write for you. So you need to know that I'm a little crazy, too, in certain specific ways, and adjust how you communicate with me, and if you're not willing to do that, then tell me, and I'll adjust to you even more.

In case you care, you have the power to say things that deflate me, make me hate myself, make me want to cry. Do you remember how you felt after we wrapped on the last day of shooting the pilot? That's me right now, I'm at the center, I'm under pressure, coming face to face at every moment with my limitations. This is my difficult time. I almost got through it with my mind in one piece, it's Wednesday, we have two scripts to go. Now my fucking spirit is broken. Maybe it's not your fault, maybe you just put a straw on the camel's back at the right time. Maybe I just needed to blow up and heal.

I'm sorry I said it was better than deadwood. I didn't mean if there's anything wrong with this script, then you should be bewildered and depressed. I meant, hey, thanks for cutting and pasting something together that really inspired me. I have high hopes for this episode after you and I get done writing it. I was joining in with your woo hoos.

I'm not asking you to sugar coat your notes, so please don't punish and humiliate me by prefacing every single sentence in the future with "I don't want to make you cry, but..." I'm saying please take ten extra seconds before you click send on your emails and scan for any instances where you talk to

THE BLOG

me like Im a Starbucks employee that spilled something on you. I think there's a clear enough line there, when we have more time, maybe I can show you and we can learn to work together better. Its great 97 percent of the time and then you fucking kidney punch me, that's how I feel.

Yes, I will be sitting here with my stomach in knots going through it.

By the way, after we perfect this draft, its going to go to the network and the network is going to say, "lose the bees and the flashbacks." At which point maybe I won't be the bad guy as much.

I'm sure I'll regret sending this to you but this is how I feel right now. I wouldn't get so upset about it if I didn't love and respect you.

End of file. End of mystery. That was my relationship with my special friend who fired me. Now it's in the record. Now I get better or I stay the same.

DAN HARMON

- September 6th, 2006 -

hot nights, double chins

Until two weeks ago, the sole reflective surface in my universe was a 2 foot medicine chest framing my face, by the light of a bulb with strategically low wattage. I knew I was gaining weight, but who cares when you can take off twenty pounds just by craning your neck and squinting.

While working at Radio City, my office was a Rockettes dressing room. I didn't know it was scientifically possible in these lower dimensions, but for nine days, no matter where I looked, I saw my ass. I learned three things in New York. The Black Eyed Peas aren't exactly Albert Brooks, sidewalks are for pissing and I have become a bowling pin.

I texted the intrepid Kelly, who began disassembling the crate of shame to make room for an exercise bike in my home office. Yes, while I was in New York, Kelly saw and touched the contents of my crate. Why Kelly, you ask. Kelly this, Kelly that, when did Kelly become Queeny McSidekick with her all access pass. It's simple. Through a series of rigorous tests- I'm sorry, "shared experiences," I've found that her codependent personality disorder- or rather her "friendship"- is so severe, er, "unconditional," that her capacity for betrayal is crippled- I mean, "my trust in her is boundless." So while you chide her behind her back for her brazen sycophantism, think about this: maybe if you were ALL a little more like Kelly, you ALL could have overseen the disposal of my partially disintegrated latex sex doll. You reap what you sow, all right?

I had dinner last night with "takin' it slow," the most beautiful woman in the world. Thank God I recently relabeled the wires in my brain or I think I'd be building her a log cabin by now. I'm assuming she'd like a log cabin, I don't really know her that well, yet- we're takin' it slow. I just know my bloodstream has been flooded with green clovers and purple horseshoes again. Which, thanks to my relabeling, means "I enjoy kissing her." No patterns here, everybody. Just a guy takin' it slow with another perfect woman.

I know she enjoys running, yoga and swimming across entire oceans, which is a good match, because I sometimes masturbate to 80's aerobics tapes and I once

THE BLOG

broke into a full trot from the checkout aisle to the ice cream section (forgot something). We're going to have a great time together. She can climb Mount Everest and I'll be right there next to her, assuming someone gives me enough drugs to get in the helicopter. Wait, now I'm a nineties comic. I think I just accidentally sold a sitcom to Regency.

Speaking of which, have you seen the ads for "Til Death?" Finally. Take that, marriage!

I learned last night that a chai tea latte is not actually a coffee drink with chai tea flavor in it. I've been drinking them for 10 years. I thought a "latte" was a "milky coffee drink," and a "chai tea latte" was a "milky coffee drink with yummy chai tea flavoring in it." It's not. It's a "milky tea drink with yummy chai flavoring in it." There's no coffee involved. I learned this in front of my date. I felt like Jessica Simpson finding out that, despite their name, buffalo wings come from chickens.

Oh, well. Fine, I've been drinking tea and thinking it was coffee, now I know everything. What do you know about the Aquatic Ape Theory?

DAN HARMON

- September 11th, 2006 -

Dane Cook's closer

Just caught the tail end of Dane Cook's *Vicious Circle* concert on HBO. As you know, HBO has been a conduit for standup comedy's *creme de la creme* for twenty years.

Mr. Cook's closer:

"Of course, when you're masturbating with a girl, you have to be careful you don't start doing what you do when you're alone. I start singing the Super Mario Brothers music from Nintendo. [sings theme while miming masturbating] Then I disappear in a giant pipe. [pantomimes going down a Mario pipe] And I collect coins in my basement. I want to thank you very much for coming to the show tonight..."

For an encore, he comes back to the stage and gives the audience the "super finger." He then clasps his hands together in front of his heart. It goes to slo-mo on his proud, grateful smile as we fade to black.

Title:

In memory of my mother

DONNA COOK

...who once told me,

"You embrace that which defines you."

THE BLOG

- September 19th, 2006 -

2006 Friends List Purge!

I got my friends list down from 220+ to like 170 by eliminating the following categories:

1. people I don't recognize
2. people I only had to be friends with because of my ex-girlfriend
3. acquaintances so distant I'm willing to risk the offense
4. Sarah Silverman
5. female strangers poached from friends' lists in a lonely frenzy
6. actors who appeared in one 2003 Channel 101 show I didn't even make
7. people I added because their message said "I know you won't add me" and I wanted to teach them a lesson, and now the lesson is over
8. Jennifer Chiba's cat
9. Gene Siskel's Ghost
10. girls who kissed me once and then explained that they were sexually complicated people that would love to work on any TV shows I produce
11. promotional campaigns for bands and comedy shows
12. comedians I don't know, even if I like them
13. my friends doing bits and characters
14. people with ".com" in their names
15. cute girls that wrote to me and said "oh my god, I can't believe it's really you, will you add me as a friend," who I immediately hit on, only to realize that they hadn't been hitting on me, they just liked something I did, and they're ten years younger than me, and I'm fat, and Gary Coleman had fans, too, but that didn't make him Johnny Depp.

Exceptions to my purge:

1. ONE Justin Roiland character (spilly sheets!)
2. melinda hill's chat room
3. people I don't like but who would call me on the phone or guilt me at parties if I dropped them
4. ex-girlfriends of friends who seem like fine people.

DAN HARMON

Congratulations if you made the cut. It means my cold gaze swept over you and my mind calculated that I gain more than I lose by keeping you on my list. If you respect my tastes, that must be flattering.

If you feel you've been unjustifiably cut, and you care, drop me a line.

THE BLOG

- September 21st, 2006 -

Numero Libre

Twice this has happened.

Quarter to six in the morning.

Phone rings.

I pull myself from bed and get over to the phone, just in time to see that the call is coming from Jack Black's old cell phone number, but not in time to answer.

I call the number back, bewildered.

A sleepy Mexican man answers- look, I'm not being racist, he's sleepy because it's 5:45.

"Mmmm...bueno?"

"Hello? Did you just call me?"

"Ai....bueno..."

"Um...okay. Bye."

Twice this has happened. Quarter to six in the morning both times. Is this a *Twilight Zone*? Does this end with a crane shot lowering to find a sparking phone line on the grave of my deceased Mexican husband?

Who answers the phone "bueno?" I only took a semester of Spanish, but doesn't that mean "good?" Is he the Mexican version of the Verizon "can you hear me now" guy? Am I interrupting the world's sleepest pie-eating contest? Why is it *Jack's old number*?!

Too tired to type about it. Going back to bed. Was having awesome dreams.

DAN HARMON

By the way, while I'm typing: my ex-lover is fucking the guy she used to fuck before me, which is good closure because it's less like losing something than it is like having it repossessed- that guy didn't mind when I asked him if I could fuck her, which means I don't have to mind him fucking her at all. The net number of dicks hasn't even changed. Also, it either means they're soul mates or she ain't too bright. In either case, he doesn't just have my unnecessary blessing, he has my eternal gratitude.

All in all, I guess it probably means she gets lonely, too. Maybe we're not so different after all. Dino's her usual toe-hold in that circle and he's been pretty busy.

Speaking of understandable: Because I was stupid enough to ask over dinner, I found out that my new lady friend, who I call "Takin' it Slow," is takin' it slowly in a couple different directions, including but not limited to mine. I don't know why it surprised me slightly to find that out. I don't know what I thought "takin' it slow" meant. That she was going to slowly marry me? That doesn't really count as takin' it slow, come to think of it. I guess you're either just fucking one person, in which case, no matter what you call it, you're in a relationship, and you're not takin' it slow, or you're fucking more than one person, in which case you're not in a relationship, and you're takin' it slow. Uh-duh. That's a sincere "uh-duh," not a sarcastic one. I'm a mudmonster on shore leave. I've been here thirty three years and I'm still learning obvious shit every day.

I guess it was dumb to ask but I'm glad I did. I was already getting attached without realizing it. Now I'm allowed, and forced, to find the wire called "give a shit" in my brain and yank it out for good. This is not Tomorrow-Morrow World with its high-scrapers and telly-visions. This is the wasteland, where faggots like I used to be get strapped to the hoods of dune buggies driven by *men like I've become*. This is the new Dan Harmon. I love fucking women that are fucking other dudes. I'll push their hips together. I'll fuck the other dude. I'll fuck her cat and make her watch. The new Dan Harmon has no laws, no guilt, no loyalty, just a hockey mask, two hard nipples and a thirst for petrol.

Come to me, ladies. Let me protect my heart with your vaginas. Stack them around it like a wall of sandbags.

THE BLOG

Okay, way too much humanity for this inhuman hour. Good night.

Or good morning.

Oh. Now I get it. "Bueno." He couldn't decide, either.

Maybe we're not so different after all.

DAN HARMON

- September 22nd, 2006 -

Boring Exercise Bike Blog 001

Each morning, no matter what else I have to do that day, I will do at least twenty minutes on this exercise bike while thumbing a blog entry into my phone. These may not be the greatest entries in the world. I'll give them special labels so you can skip them.

I got to do another "roundtable" session for the last two days. A roundtable is when you sit with a script that's already greenlit and punch it up with a group of writers.

In this case, the group of writers included the brothers who were making the film. They're famous for making gross romantic comedies, you know the ones. Super friendly guys, as I guess you'd imagine they would be, but beyond that, very sincere, very warm. Just good people. I ate delicious room service and drank Patton Oswalt's 16 year old scotch and I probably contributed about 5% to the roundtable and .05% to the film, and I'm not going to tell you what you get paid per day to do these things because there are substitute teachers and registered nurses reading this for whose existential tailspins I care not to be the catalyst. Just know that I'm still an underdog because I have a lot of credit card debt.

It was another great experience in a life that I still feel is being handed to me through no action of my own. I told Takin' it Slow that luck makes me feel guilty and she asked me if there was an alternative to that. I said I don't think so because guilt is what drives me to do good things and she said what about gratitude.

It's brilliant. Just be grateful. You'd probably feel more compelled to do good things if you were just grateful. She may be blowin' another dude but she's also blowin' my mind, yo.

After we were done, we ended up talking about movies and Patton gave the brothers some very high compliments about one of their films, which we were surprised to learn was a failure at the box office. They told the story with inspiring humanity. Patton and the brothers listed all the great comedies that had horrible

THE BLOG

opening weekends. It made me want to get started on the Heat Vision and Jack feature right away.

Excercise is over. Don't expect these things to be poetic. "They told the story with inspiring humanity?" What does that even mean, now you know what I look like unedited. Don't read these entries, just admire me for my lack of pride.

DAN HARMON

- September 24th, 2006 -

Boring Exercise Bike Blog 002

Listening to that sigur ros stuff that drew hancock is gay for. Getting gay for it too. Wondering if anyone's going to come to Channel 101 tonight. I tried really hard to be mean to io last time I saw her. I want to prove she's a bad person so that her dumping me will mean I'm good. It's not enough for everyone to tell me I'm a good person.. There's got to be proof out there somewhere. Have to think of a title for my sketch show on VH1. It was going to be The People's Republic of Television but then I found out I must have ripped that off of Michael Moore's Awful Truth. Good one, Harmon. I have to write the Heat Vision movie.

I have to write a scene for Roiland to animate. I have to learn to speak the fictional jibberish language of Hopelandic so Hancock and I can really rock out to this shit. I bought a playstation solely for guitar hero...I'm going to fake like it was a present for Kelly. "Hey, I bet you thought I hadn't noticed how hard you'd been working and how easy my life has become, but I totally did, and I got you this thing that I knew you'd enjoy."

Twenty minutes left. If this was an edited blog entry, you'd be in the belly of the whale right now, having entered a special new set of circumstances. Instead, I thought you might enjoy that line break. I wonder if they make a wireless keyboard so wireless that I could prop it up on the dashboard of this exercise bike and type. If I wrote a half hour a day instead of a half hour a month I'd make thirty times as much money as I do now. That typo back there is going to haunt me. I bet there's a lot of typos back there but I'm resolved not to edit these exercise bike entries. I should learn to live my life like that, remove the backspace key, stay in the moment.

Fifteen minutes left...this is your meeting with the goddess. This is where you achieve weightlessness, as I was just explaining, presumptuously enough, to the Farrelly Brothers. Next time you guys see a horse cumming on Ben Stiller, it's really going to resonate with mankind's mythic rhythms. See that typo back there? That missing L in "really?" Not my fault. This little thumb keyboard skips letters sometimes. I mean letters. I didn't do that on purpose.

THE BLOG

Oh man, the sigur ros is getting loud...that would be funny if my lebanese landlord's daughter downstairs started banging on the ceiling with her fucking broomstick again. Atonement with the Father. I hate that woman so much. She is so unaware of herself. She actually equated three cigarette butts on the pavement with her concern that her father might not make it back from Lebanon alive. Poor baby. So much to care about with your big fat fucking heart. You can't decide which is more important, busting my balls about three cigarette butts or the life of your loved ones. She looks like Tony Soprano's sister. I really fucking hate her. I reserve hate for so few.

My definition of hate is when I wish someone had never been born.

I wonder how many people have thought that about me. Apotheosis. Eight minutes left. Forcing Apotheosis. I wonder how many people I've hurt or depressed or irritated so much that they wished I didn't exist. I guess that's my worst nightmare. I guess that's a lousy worst nightmare. I guess Martin Luther King is saying "waY to go right now." I forgot to close those quotes but I guess it made the line funnier.

I guess people not liking you, not loving you, those are typos, and you have to move on and hope that sometimes they make the line of your life funnier.

Master of Both Worlds, maybe? Master of the exercise bike blog, master of my own unconscious labyrinth? Master of perfection and failure.

Gotta name that fucking show and write that fucking Roiland scene. You'd think my life was hard from watching me avoid living it.

Three minutes left. Freedom to Live. Hope this thing helps me lose weight. Afraid to weigh myself. I'm going to fat and I'm going to be on TV.

I know you don't care. I know the last thing you want a guy like me to care about is...anything. I care, though, niggies. I care. About my weight. Not about you. Especially not Kelly. I bought Guitar Hero for me. I'm going to go take a shower and I'm going to play Iron Man dripping wet with my pendulous testicles swinging to the beat.

Time's up. Everyone come to the screening tonight at Cinespace.

DAN HARMON

- September 24th, 2006 -

Boring Exercise Bike Blog 003

Here I am again...this shit is addictive. The only bad part is trying to figure what to thumb into this thing.

I wonder what it's like to die. I wonder how i'm going to die. I wonder why, knowing that we're going to die, we're not all freaking out more than we are. I guess because we're not all going to die at the same time. I read once that women, after giving birth, have a special chemical released in their brain that makes them forget how painful it was so that they have more children. Maybe we have a chemical that makes us just afraid of death enough to go to work but not afraid of death enough to not go to work. I remember god in the book of genesis telling eve that her birth would be painful, and I remember reading somewhere else that the reason birth is painful is because of the unusual tilt of our pelvis, which allows us to walk, freeing our hands to use tools...or making it easier for us to wade and swim, according to elaine morgan. I believe that mythology is a blueprint for survival etched into our DNA by the nature of its own assembly. I believe that human DNA, moreso than chimps, and chimp DNA, moreso than squirrels, and squirrel DNA, moreso than fish and insects, contains a directive for risk and adaptation. I believe that the book of genesis and the creation myths like it all over the world, have survived because of their resonance with something older than even our brains, the story of how to survive in a world where god doesn't exactly babysit you all the time, and most of the time actually seems to be taking great pains to kill you. The solution is to become god, to wrest the universe from his grip, to make our hand become his hand, to atone with him so that we can help ourselves and each other. the irony being that we won't need any help at that point, but try telling that to your DNA. Progress is the only directive we have that supercedes our will to live. Every day, thousands of people die doing shit that's supposedly going to pay off one day for humanity.

i'm boring myself. I don't know what to talk about. I'm on level 4 sweating like a pig. Fourteen minutes left. I wonder what happens when we die. I wonder how i'm going to die. I'll guarantee you one thing, it won't be in a shark attack. If I am ever eaten by sharks I will give you a million billion dollars. I'm just never going to be in water more than eight feet deep.

THE BLOG

You're saying sharks can attack in three feet of water. I'm talking about the deep end of a pool, asshole. You going to put a shark in my fucking pool? I didn't think so.

I guess TV's manimal could attack me. I guess if I invited manimal over to my place and he turned into a shark while I wasn't looking, then I could die in a shark attack. But why would manimal ever do that to me? I'm not a villain. I'm certainly not a hero but i'm no villain. Manimal only turned into a shark one time and that was to scare a villain at the end of the pilot. I am not going to stop typing until my exercise is over I am going to keep typing at a constant rate I wonder what it's like to die I wonder how and when i'm going to die I wonder if anyone will remember me for very long, I wonder what my funeral will be like I suppose nobody will even speak at it because they'll all be afraid i'll sit up in my coffin and talk about how overwritten and poorly structured their eulogy is. This seems like a good time to let everyone know I think I would like to be cremated. I'm too scared that your consciousness stays with whatever's left so I don't want anything left. Burn me up and dump the ashes...not sure where. I don't want to create a big trek for anybody but there's a field in milwaukee near a film lab where my dad used to work...my mom knows where it is. There's a place ..or was a place, callled lurie glass company, across from that is a loading dock, and between there and a railroad crossing there is a place that used to be a small pond, the termination of a creek. I went back there about ten years ago and it's become more like a puddle of industrial waste, there's a pipe dripping goo into it and and a huge pipe that goes underneath the railroad tracks. Anyways, dump my ashes somewhere around there, it's where I used to hunt for crayfish.

Don't make a big deal out of the memorial, just have like five people say something and the person that gives the best eulogy gets all my books. Then have a party where people can buy any of my shit they want and give that money to whatever country we're bombing at the time. And give ryan ridley all my wigs and hats so he can do goofy characters.

Time's up.

DAN HARMON

- September 26th, 2006 -

anybody ever do this?

Wanted to see if a certain girl I just met was on myspace. Typed her first and last name in a myspace search...that didn't get a hit, so, without reading what the next screen said, I typed in her email address...

...accidentally *inviting her to join myspace*, via email, which, in case you don't know, feels really lame, especially when you're 33.

And you can't follow it up with a "that was an accident" email, because then you're effectively saying "whoops, sorry, I didn't want to interact with you, I just wanted to scope you out."

I'll be 50,000 years old in January. I'm like Peter Pan but I can't fly and I look like Randy Quaid.

THE BLOG

- October 25th, 2006 -

I'm back..with a long description of a dream.

I know dreams are boring, but I also know I haven't blogged in a month, so at this point, you'll take anything. Besides, it's my blog, so any expectations you have are unreasonable.

Here's my dream. I am eating lunch with Jeff Davis in the garden of an organic Asian restaurant to which I've never been in real life.

I leave the table and find myself standing in my childhood living room. The second episode of a Bob Odenkirk sketch show is on the television. I know it's the second episode because Bob is hosting, and keeps talking about how hard the first episode was to do. He's showing clips from it to support his point.

A sketch comes on and I realize that my ex-girlfriend is in it. She's sitting in a chair and playing straight man to a friend of mine, the guy she was fucking before and after she dated me.

Her performance is lifeless and dry, which is alluring to me. She's reclined sideways in a large wicker sun chair and she's wearing her denim skirt and black tights and I become aroused.

I pause the television because someone is making noise outside my front door. I look through a picture window in the kitchen and see that Morgan Murphy is on my porch. I startle her through the window; she smiles and indicates with pantomime that she was only here to retrieve her laptop and that she didn't mean to disturb me.

Eager to jerk off to my ex-girlfriend, I go back into the living room and close the venetian blinds.

When I turn around, my ex is in my living room, reclining on the same chair. I touch her nylon clad legs, then I kiss them. I remove her shoes and kiss her feet. I touch her face. She says she missed me. I break down and confess, I miss her, too,

DAN HARMON

etc. We move to a mattress on the floor and make love. At one point, she's wearing a nylon bodysuit.

I ask her if she's broken up with our mutual friend, she chides me for caring. "I don't know, I haven't seen him for a few weeks, is that what you need to know to be happy?" I realize that getting to be with her is going to entail feeling one thing and saying another.

She says she's hungry, so I take her back to the restaurant where we sit with Jeff. She then says she's expecting a friend to join us, so I move to a different chair, leaving the one next to her empty. I'm not happy that she's there, Jeff is quiet, the soup is cold. I wake up.

If someone told me they had this dream, I might accuse them of polishing it or fabricating it entirely, because it's so seamlessly structured and clear in its symbology. Nevertheless, I will bore you further by analyzing my own dream.

When we dream of unknown locations, we are dreaming about our future, or possibilities. The organic asian garden restaurant is a place of perfect health, a place to which I have never been.

The childhood living room is a world I know all too well. It's the desert to the restaurant's eden, where pain, pleasure, reward and punishment are separate and must be sorted out.

The television contains two specific wishes, one career-oriented and respectable, one childish and shameful. Odenkirk is what Campbell would call a brother figure, a yard-stick by which I measure my career, a Fortinbras to my Hamlet. In my dream, he's having a difficult time running a sketch show. This is a job I'll be tackling for the first time in less than a week, a source of excitement and anxiety for me.

The fact that my ex-girlfriend is IN the sketch show is reflective of my secret, primal feeling that becoming successful at my job will lead to women. The woman my id wants the most is the one that dumped me the hardest, the least thoughtful, least intimate, most unfeeling one, the closest I ever came to a corpse without the use of a shovel.

THE BLOG

Morgan Murphy is a potential distraction. She, too, is dry, but all too human, too respectful toward me, and has too much personal aspiration (laptop) to be controlled. She departs silently and platonically and I return eagerly to the prospect of masturbating [selfish] to a bad comedy sketch [lies] starring my lifeless, nylon-clad ex-girlfriend [distance] and her new boyfriend [humiliation]. But first I have to close the blinds [shame].

Voyeurism, masturbation, pseudo-necrophilia and nylon encasement are seemingly disparate fetishes, but they intersect at the libido of a man who fears intimacy- not hates it, fears it. I sometimes put myself above women, sometimes below, but always outside. I am aroused by things that separate people and by things that are NOT people- clothing, mannequins, hair, women on TVs, girlfriends cheating on me, etc. I rush into monogamous relationships and objectify women because women terrify me. I'm not comfortable thinking of myself as a normal, sexy person, capable of making his own decisions about who he desires. I think of myself as an ugly monster with a little dick waiting for a woman to do me the favor of desiring me, and while they do it, if they don't maintain some distance, I become distrustful of them, because in my mind, to be turned on by me is to have bad judgment. This is why my ex was the best match for all the worst parts of me; a numb, scarred, stationary, abused figure whose only desire was to not be desired. I could have "loved" her for the rest of my life, without ever being happy, and if anyone was ever going to put a stop to it, it was going to have to be her, and I'm grateful that she was smart enough to see that.

But in this dream, I get her back. I get to touch her again, subjugate myself, be a little baby, be accepted. She comes out of the TV, granting my shameful wish.

And after a roll in the hay, I'm immediately compromised, verbally and intellectually. And like pinocchio, having become human, she becomes needful, hungry. And I become responsible. So I take her to my healthy place, I take her into my future, the place I haven't been, yet. A place where we do not belong together. She's waiting for someone else, and I'm not myself, and my friends are bummed out that we're together.

When I woke up, the first thing I thought was oh shit, that was a dream, I didn't get back together with my ex-girlfriend. Then I thought, holy shit, my unconscious mind has such a clearer picture of the bullet we both dodged by

DAN HARMON

breaking up. We were sometimes happy but often bored and mostly miserable. As with all my relationships. As with relationships in general. It's easy to forget that when you hate yourself.

It's also easy, when you hate yourself, to have a difficult time doing a sketch show. This dream was a warning and an encouragement, a bush set ablaze by my unconscious Yahweh. Thou shalt not covet, not at this crucial time. Make babies later, make TV while you're still slightly potent.

THE BLOG

- October 31st, 2006 -

I Had to Fire Kelly

For the last three months, Kelly Kubik has been the worst and only personal assistant I've ever had. She rubbed tastefully colored paint all over many of my walls. She somehow managed to misplace most if not all of my filth.

My favorite shirts have buttons all over them. Two years of paperwork has been scattered throughout labeled folders in a cabinet. My 2004 and 2005 taxes somehow ended up at the IRS, which has begun mailing me checks, which I then have to send her to the bank to deposit. There's a chalkboard in my office. There's a television hanging from my living room wall like a fucking painting. My refrigerator is inundated with snacks and beverages.

There's curtains everywhere. I don't even want to ask what she did to the printer, all I know is that instead of giving me the usual errors, it now prints things.

I can't sit here and itemize every little thing she's done. Unlike her, I'm not that kind of person. She's the one making lists of every single need I have.

She's a nosy busy body. She has to know every little appointment and phone number and career goal in your head. Don't hire her unless you want your life to be run for you. I have talked to people about things that need to be done and they've said "oh, Kelly already called me about that." What the fuck?

I don't know if my life will ever be able to go back to the way it was. Kelly, if you're reading this, you are fired. No more washing my shitty underwear.

No more buying my special creams. I am demoting you to Associate Producer on my new TV show. Maybe you can handle that.

DAN HARMON

- November 1st, 2006 -

I guess it's safe by now to tell you:

My parents came to visit me in Los Angeles a month or so ago.

They didn't want me to blog about it because they were concerned that someone could read that they were in Los Angeles, and go rob their house in Florida.

As a man raised by these parents, allow me to inform you that this world is apparently filled with highly intrepid, very cowardly agoraphobic house robbers. The only reason my parents have never had a single one of their homes robbed is because they've been very discreet about their travel plans.

And the only reason all home robbery happens in urban areas is because those people all live very close together and they always know when their neighbors are taking a cruise.

We could reduce the crime rate to zero if we all simply adopted a strict "need to know" policy regarding our vacations. I mean, let's really be honest with each other. We all WANT to rob my parents. It's one of those primal urges we never talk about. The thing that keeps us from robbing them is not their burglar alarm, and it's not the criminal justice system, and it's not the ten commandments. The thing that keeps us from going over there right now and looting their luxurious trove of ceramic animals and Betamax tapes is the fact that they're home. We know that while we hold my father's stained glass butterflies in our gloved hands, estimating their street value by head-mounted flashlight, they'll be standing there reciting storylines from Everybody Loves Raymond and asking us when we're going to get married. And that's enough to make us think twice. It keeps honest people honest.

Speaking of marriage, I went to Chris Tallman's wedding in Chicago last weekend. That does not mean he's on his honeymoon so please swallow your temptation to head for his apartment with your suction cups and glass cutters.

I've never cried at a wedding, for the same reason I've never cried while getting an oil change. A guy checking your brake fluid, two people mumbling through promises to cherish, they go in the same drawer of my emotional filing cabinet.

THE BLOG

Same folder, really. But at the reception, Tallman's little brother Matt got up and talked about the day Chris moved out of the childhood bedroom they shared, and my eyes got wet. Then Tallman's Dad got up andI can't even summarize it, it would sound stupid if I did; he referenced a scene from Finding Nemo and he talked about his kid leaving the nest. It was all in the delivery. Water squirted out of my tear ducts and halfway across the dance floor. I kept my head really still and didn't wipe so that nobody behind me would know I was crying. Then the toast was over and I quickly dabbed my face with a napkin, and when I turned back to the table, a room of a hundred fifty or so people were weeping in silence.

I got drunk and hit on an old friend at that wedding. She wisely turned me down.

I hit on four or five women at the party after the Channel 101 show on Sunday. One at a time. Bing, bang, boom. Want to go out? You're here because you enjoy Channel 101, right? Well, Dan Harmon of Channel 101 is hitting on you. You're welcome. What do you say? Okay, nice talking to you, bye. Very lonely. Very horny.

Doesn't matter. What's the point of being with someone, anyway. Best case scenario, you mumble some vows into a bad sound system, your Dad makes everyone cry, the DJ plays "Hey Yah," you have children, you go to their wedding, you make everyone cry, you go home and find out you've been robbed.

DAN HARMON

- November 2nd, 2006 -

Correction

Jeff Davis confronted me tonight about the fact that my "exercise bike" blogs abruptly halted after number 3. I calmly explained to Jeff that I have been on my exercise bike since the number 3 blog, and that it's perfectly possible to exercise without doing an exercise bike blog entry. He suggested that I might need to clarify that for people. So I'm clarifying that for you people, whoever you are.

In addition to the three times I've blogged while on it, I have been on my exercise bike one time.

But it could have been a million. You didn't know.

THE BLOG

- November 7th, 2006 -

boring exercise bike blog 005

been working on the vh1 show for a week. best writer's room in tv, i'm sure of it. just seasoned enough to be helpful, just green enough to be enthused, each writer hand picked from my fascist orchard, where i have been selectively cross breeding my definition of "fruit bearer" for over 3 years.

to most people, channel 101 is a festival, or a contest, or a clique of nerds. to me, it is a taoist monastery where the seeming contradictions of the art of entertainment are united and where certain lost crafts can be meditated upon with the pace and intensity chosen by the individual. In comedy, at least as far as I'm allowed to pontificate, true ego is true humility and failure is the path to success. To know oneself is to hate oneself is to love oneself is to know oneself is to know the world and for the world to know you. The tightrope walking, the dynamite handling, the knife throwing, none of it can be taught by anyone but an audience, and none of it can be learned by anyone who doesn't just do it. Seems like a long spiritual walk to take for a fart joke but that's how I roll.

Already, the pilot we delivered seems like ancient, clumsy hackery. Overwritten, unfocused, unfunny garbage. It's embarrassing to watch, as is sarah's pilot, as is heat vision, as is monster house, as they all should be, not because they're really bad or good, not because there's any such thing as badness or goodness, but because they're finished. in terms of career, just as with women, ice cream and bowel movements, I hate the things I've done and I love the things I haven't, and if that weren't the case, I wouldn't do anything.

I am surrounded by the like-minded here. Which brings new levels of comfort and anxiety. No mommies or daddies anywhere in sight, which means nobody to blame but myself, nobody to send "tantrum emails" to.

You don't run a sketch show more than once per lifetime. I'm doing something now that I've never done before and will never do again. I want to make sure I don't fuck up, which, as most of us over 25 know, largely entails not making sure you don't fuck up. It largely entails making sure you do fuck up.

Which Is why it's fortunate that chris romano is on my staff.

DAN HARMON

- November 8th, 2006 -

boring exercise bike blog 006

Trying to figure out if it's a good thing or a bad thing that my drunk blog from last night got erased. I remember thinking "this is the best blog ever" but how can you trust a drunk guy.

You might notice I'm dropping letters. Last night (While sober), I smashed my cell phone in my car door. It exploded. So I'm typing on the old one. What old one. Look, by the time I explain it, I'll have biked all seven miles, let's make this time together count.

We'll need 32 decent sketches, baby pilots, to start production on the VH1 show. We've got something like 150 ideas, but that's counting Chris Romano's masterstroke *Deja Blue* ("Wait, I've seen this before...but it was blue."). Please don't steal that just yet, you never know what we'll end up needing.

We could make an entire separate sketch show called "shows that rhyme with existing shows" and we'd have enough for ten seasons. We have a bulletin board with every single idea pinned to it and I know the line producer is going to read them, because she's got to be curious, and I just hope her morale isn't irreversibly lowered when she sees cards like "*Queeros*" or "*Sopranos Shrunk Down and Injected Into a Rabbit*."

But that's the stage we're in, the No Wrong Answers Stage. We'll get picky soon enough. And today we'll see how picky we can afford to get.

I made up my mind I'd do seven miles every morning and I've only done 4.9...I think I have to put down the phone and hustle. Later.

THE BLOG

- November 10th, 2006 -

boring exercise bike blog 007

the challenge is getting on this thing when you've got shit to do. and when your legs are still sore from yesterday. and before you ask, yes i did get on this thing yesterday. i did three miles without you. i don't have to check in with you. you're not my mother. well, some of you are.

went to the pick of destiny premiere last night. shout out to my last minute date, who did very well. made me look like hot stuff. dropped me off like a sack of potatoes. it's what i am, really. a sack of potatoes. yeah, right- if potatoes are today's hits. That's right. I'm an adult contemporary radio station. I don't even know what the fuck I'm talking about. my legs are noodles. I'm sweating like a politician, here.

i gave my staff the day off to shoot music videos for schrab's birthday "rave" tomorrow night. a lot of young ladies have been asking me what one wears to an ironically rave-themed outdoor winter dance party. well, it's november, and it gets chilly, so maybe a sweater. a soft sweater. and tights.

and a skirt, something in a denim or at least pleated, you know, to trap and channel warm air. and dye your hair a warm color, like a red, or a reddish blonde, or a chestnutty, crimson color, really, there's a thousand ways to go, just look like the little mermaid and dress like a 1987 high school cheerleader and you should be fine.

i'm just now reading that and realizing the public declaration of my fetishes is going to lose a little charm in my mid thirties. At some point, you're just an old fat pervert.

well, an old pervert....not fat for long, bitch. i biked 3.8 miles while telling you how to dress. what did you do while judging me? you ate another bon-bon. fuck you, fatty. i'm not like you. i turn my thin back on you.

what else is going on. airline food is back in the news.

DAN HARMON

oh, congratulations to all you democrats for "taking back" congress. i know you'll do a great job because you really proved your heroism after 9 11.

Now that you've learned that cowering and whimpering eventually pays off, and only costs the arms and legs of poor people's children, i'm sure you'll be an incredibly activated political party. next time someone wants to invade a country for absolutely no reason, i know you'll jump up in the aisle and make them drag you away. because you're the principled party. right?

you're not just capitalizing on tyranny by standing next to it and rolling your eyes. you're good people. all politicians are. i'm honored and happy to hand my children's future to you. Heroes sit quietly and wait their turns, isn't that what our mothers taught us? it's the american way. i can't wait to throw ticker tape at the "pulling out of iraq in the nick of time" parade.

i will get behind that obama guy, just to join in the fun. People wonder if a black man could ever be president. dude. isn't the real question: could a MAN ever be president? this guy seems like a man to me. he's smart and articulate. he's in the wrong profession. that's the best endorsement i could give someone. oh, by the way, his middle name is hussein. and his last name is obama. i don't know if you noticed, but it- well, hey, that won't matter, it's a smart country. we're all smart people. look what we vote for.

we're smart, good people. he'll get elected. sarcasm. i don't mean to be a wet blanket, but, seriously. sar. ca. sm.

that's it, seven miles. in your fucking faces. my fucking legs.

THE BLOG

- November 15th, 2006 -

boring exercise bike blog 008

so i wrote a "diary" blog entry last time. nobody can see it but me. first i'll answer rob's question, posed in my comments section. why bother making a private blog entry. why not "write it on paper and hold it up to a mirror."
good one. oh, then kelly asked me, too.

i'll tell you why. because i wanted to talk about something that was on my mind and there's no point in talking if you're not talking to someone and I wanted to talk to everyone but i didn't want anyone reading it. and it's nice to have a single collection of sequential log entries, and i've tried to keep a private journal, and it never works, but for some reason, that works.

and you'd take it away from me.

as long as we're trading questions and trying to understand each other, here's one I usually don't bother to ask because I don't want to be a BUZZ KILL: why do you guys go to therapy? do you realize that sometimes the problems you have with the world around you are invitations to change the world? Do you understand that you're talking about your problems with someone who doesn't believe in changing the world? do you realize that all therapists, regardless of discipline, are allied in the belief that the best we can do is change ourselves to fit the world, and that you're talking to someone who decided the way they could best fit would be to become a therapist? have you noticed that your therapist's solution to every problem with which you struggle is that it's normal to struggle and you should come back next week? do you understand that this person doesn't get paid unless you come back? that there's no difference between talking to this person and talking to a fry cook? do you realize you're talking out your problems in front of a human television whose rent is dependent on your addiction to them? why don't you just talk to a mirror, or a candle?

i'll tell you why. because it's not what you feel like doing. and it's nobody's place to tell you to feel otherwise.

and that's fine with me. just don't ever question me again.

DAN HARMON

fuck, i'm ahead of schedule. 3.4 miles in 13 minutes. i'm getting better you guys. rile me up some more. tour de fucking france, nigger!

i want to try to stop saying nigger constantly behind closed doors. i say it every other word, now. when kelly hung up my chalk board in my office, I said something like "class is in session, nigger," and she wrote it on the chalkboard. two days later, Brandon came over and one point said "so, what's the first lesson?" and i realized it was still up there, and spent the next 20 minutes explaining that yes, i'm obsessed with the word, but it's perfectly excusable because it's totally genius and ironic and proves how racist i'm not.

not that he wasn't fine with it or anything, he's not a prude (fuckin' black prudes) but i'm sick of seeing my ironic racism through the eyes of people who don't have the luxury of being so tickled by it because their race doesn't own the earth. my production coordinator is a delightful, happy african american woman that's very nice to everyone and she's going to be in the kitchen toasting a bagel and one of my 6 white male writers is going to walk around the corner saying, "i want some coffee, nigga!" and i'm going to blow my fucking brains out because it's going to be my fault.

okay, i'm not going to say the n word ironically for a full week. Maybe that'll help me lose weight. I bet saying the n word is like eating a doughnut. sure feels like it. mmmmm, i love it so much. wait a minute.

maybe a better diet would be if i rewarded myself for not eating doughnuts by allowing myself to say the n word. Well, I'm back on atkins, so I don't eat doughnuts. and i'm already saying the n word about as many times a week as i might've eaten a doughnut, so i guess i'm fine. maybe if i stop saying the n word i'll gain weight. okay, nothing changes.

1.2 miles to go. what do you want to talk about guys? want to judge me some more? question me? mock me? you'll never get away with it. you'll all pay.

the thing that pisses me off is that when i die of a heart attack, everyone's going to blame the atkins diet and nobody's going to question this fucking exercise bike. fuck this thing. i'm dying here and you fucking black prudes are reading it over breakfast like it's a fucking cereal box. call the police.
no, don't call them, there's a bong in my living room. call an ambulance.

THE BLOG

but wait, don't call one yet, wait to see if i'm dying.

okay, line break. i'm not dying. oikay, .3 miles left. .2 while i typed that.
not dying. just getting thin. beautiful. like the women on desperate housewives.
must...resemble....housewife....

done.

jesus fucking christ. holy shit. christ. jesus. 7 miles in 28 minutes. Fuck you. fuck
you for judging me. try judging me when i can slide under doors like a hamster.
you mother fuckers.

holy shitting christ. i'm not being sacreligious, i'm having an actual spiritual
moment. everyone's going to love me, now.

DAN HARMON

- November 21st, 2006 -

America's Crazy Neighbor

Michael Richards just made white America feel a lot better about their ironic use of the 'n' word. He went up at the Laugh Factory, got heckled by two black guys, and used the 'n' word....let's say non-ironically. As in "you shouldn't be heckling me because you're a n_____." I'm paraphrasing but that was the message.

It's a yard stick the rest of us can use to be reassured that it's okay to sing "I'm a mustard loving n_____" to ourselves while we make a sandwich on a sunday afternoon. I know I'm feeling particularly not-racist today.

Now, next time I see Brandon, I can say, "wow, how about that Michael Richards?" and we will roll our eyes together and embrace because of our mutual recognition of the real enemy. That will make up for the chalk board. Thank you, Michael Richards, you racist Christ figure, bringing the rest of us together.

Wait, he's jewish, right?

See, this is the thing I keep trying to explain. Jews are racist. Genuine white people aren't.

You have to look closer at the white race, there's a rainbow within it. Italians and jews are more racist than other whites because their blood is more mongrelized. You can tell by their noses and hair.

I'd have to say if there's any form of white person that's the least racist, it's got to be the Germanic peoples. We just have a natural gift for order. Let us help you wipe racism from the face of the planet. We will tell you which people are racist and which aren't, and we will separate them, and we will- well, look, I don't have to tell you what we'll do, you have my card.

I'm flashing back to an argument I had with Brandon on a set about six months ago. He and Wyatt Cenac were talking about Chapelle's "black man in a dress" theory- the theory that the caucasoid entertainment industry and/or audience "encourages" male black comics to do gags that emasculate them. I remember

THE BLOG

losing my cool a little, because I hate that theory, I hate being involuntarily lumped in with anything because of the color of my skin.

But I really can't defend white people anymore. Especially after seeing Borat. I'm just a full-blown self-loathing white person, now. I hate this cursed racist blood in my beautiful aryan veins.

You know, I'm not THAT white. I have a lot of polish blood, the poles are a downtrodden people. I'm practically black.

Please let me be black with you. There's nothing to whiteness anymore. It's a sinking ship, don't make me go down with it.

I want to curl up in front of a fireplace with my beautiful black wife and listen to jazz. On some kind of black people's furniture, like a bean bag or a chair shaped like a fist. I want to rub her bare chocolate shoulders and kiss the nape of her slender nubian neck and say "baby, you know what you do to me?" And when I say it, I want to sound like a seventies DJ. I don't want to sound like there's something jammed up my pale, potato-shaped nose. I don't want to sound like Doogie Howser. I want to sound like a deep clap of African desert thunder. I want to sound like Barack Obama.

And then I want to take my elegant queen into our bedroom, which will be tastefully furnished with expensive items bought from local black merchants, because we keep our money black, and when I remove my clothing, I don't want to look like a 200 pound baby ostrich. I want to look like Panthro from the Thundercats.

And I want to lay this woman down. I want to lay her down til the break of dawn. And in the morning, I want to walk to the kitchen naked, dragging my giant cock across the floor like a fire hose, and I want to make that bitch a beautiful omelette filled with black people's ingredients.

Oh, shit, I'm late for work. Snap out of it, Harmon, it's a pipe dream.

DAN HARMON

By the way, please note that if any white people leave comments under this where they try to "help me out" with my bit, I'm not responsible for their lack of craftsmanship.

THE BLOG

- November 22nd, 2006 -

Transcript of Phone Call 8:15 AM

Hello?

I'm looking for Daniel Harmon.

This is.

Daniel, I'm calling regarding your outstanding debt on a Comp USA account, do you know which one I'm talking about?

Yeah, the one I just made a payment on.

When did you make a payment?

Okay, let me GET OUT OF BED, and PUT MY CLOTHES ON, and I'll go over to my computer and tell you.

All right.

Okay. Good morning to you, by the way.

Good morning.

Here it is. 2,289.72 taken out of my checking account on November 15th. Redline Recovery services.

That's the name of this agency.

The plot...thickens?

We don't have any record of that transaction.

Well, you have my money, so it's not a total loss.

DAN HARMON

I'm not showing that we do. I'm confused.

I'm looking at it right now.

How was that payment made?

I don't know, my assistant took the call. She must have done some kind of over-the-phone payment.

Well, sir, I am very confused.

That's like the one thing you don't have to tell me.

Hold on, Daniel, I'm going to put you on with my supervisor.

Mmmmm.

Hello, Daniel?

Hi.

This is Bob.

Good morning, Bob.

So, you are claiming that you made a payment?

I prefer to look at it as verifying that I made a payment.

Well, we are not showing any record of that payment.

Well, you ARE a supervisor, so I guess that's settled.

Do you have a bank statement?

I do. An electronic one.

THE BLOG

Can you fax us a copy?

Now wait a minute. Comedy's over. You guys can't keep track of where you put thousands of dollars and your solution is that I should send you personal banking information?

Well, sir, I need proof that a payment was made before I look into this.

Dude, the proof comes from you looking into it.

But I can't look into it without some documented proof.

No.

Then the account stays open.

What's your name?

Bob.

Bob what?

Suspenski.

Fake name. What's your extension number?

4819.

Okay, Bob fake-last name,-

-That is not a fake name-

I'm going to look into this and do your job for you.

Thank you.

You're welcome. Expect a fax. Jack ass.

DAN HARMON

- November 28th, 2006 -

Where Do You Get Off Not Enjoying My Company?

To whom it may concern: Why did you leave my followup "I had a good time" email twisting in the wind like a loser chime? Who does that?

"I had a good time last night, thanks."

Cricket, cricket.

Mother of Christ, I didn't even know that was an option.

Have I ever done that? Just cold shouldered someone? I guess I have. I bet I have. You know when I've done that? When I have not been interested AT ALL in someone. When I had bigger fish on my plate.

So, let me get this straight. You're not interested. In me. You've got bigger fish on your plate than...Dan Harmon.

Come on. Please forgive my complete disbelief, but you've got to be fucking kidding me.

There are men with better bodies, yes. There are men with larger penises, to be sure, I've seen them on DVD. There are men that are more considerate, more talented and yes, I'll say it, there are men that are smarter than me, I'm assuming, just based on the fact that, you know, we landed on the moon and stuff.

But there's no other total package like me out there. This is the stuff your mother hoped you'd stumble upon when she helped you pack. You blew it when you decided not to like me.

First of all, for how smart I am, I'm really good looking. Yes, my nose looks like a potato. Yes, I have a receding chin and bad posture and my ears are low and my lips are too thin, but seriously, have you seen my eyebrows?

THE BLOG

I mean, did you even LOOK AT MY EYEBROWS. Ewan McGregor much? Paging Jude Law, your eyebrows are calling? Yeah. You're welcome. I'm saying you're welcome because you should have thanked me for having these eyebrows.

You wouldn't be the FIRST, just so you know that.

What's that? What are you asking? No, I don't tweeze them. That's an understandable question, but no, I don't spend hours grooming my eyebrows. I don't do anything with them. I look in the mirror once a day when I brush my teeth. You know why? Not a vain person. Pretty deep dude. Deeper than your shallow non-message-returning ass. There's an ocean behind this forehead. There's shit I think about that I don't even understand.

Like, for instance, how you could be so cute and not like me.

This is the most ridiculous year of my romantic career. I got dumped for the first time since high school. Then I got blown off by my friend's girlfriend's sister. Now I've been inexplicably stonewalled by a girl so young she probably doesn't know what a Ghostbuster is. I know there's more shit, I just can't remember it right now.

I'm making my New Year's resolution early. Seriously. No more women. I mean no more trying. I don't care if you're an adorable redhead, I'm not asking you out. If I continue to subject myself to this monkey business, I'm the idiot.

I weighed myself today because we decided to have a weight loss contest at the office and I've been on Atkins for a few weeks and I've been feeling thinner. I got on that scale with a big smirk on my face. Dude. I weigh 213 pounds. I am 30 pounds over my ideal weight.

But, also, I just sold another show to Comedy Central. So...still, you are a dumb ass for not liking me.

And you know what? I had such a crush on you that I skipped right to "I hope she likes me," and now that I know you don't, I'm giving it some thought, and I maybe I wouldn't have liked you. How are those delicious apples? I liked the idea of you.

DAN HARMON

The idea of you is still out there somewhere in the form of someone that's familiar with common courtesy.

Your loss, I'm amazing, I have 3 TV shows and an Xbox, so fuck you.

THE BLOG

- November 29th, 2006 -

Give me five minutes

Kelly needs a ride to work today and she's making me wait five minutes to pick her up so here is something I want to get off my chest:

I saw a guy spamming in the comment section underneath Patton Oswalt's blog today. There's Patton talking about his dog shitting on his treadmill and underneath it is a guy saying "I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT AMAZING BOOK, IT IS A BOOK YOU CAN BE IN IF YOU ORDER THE BOOK, FIRST 200 PEOPLE GET TO BE IN THE BOOK IF THEY ORDER THE BOOK, GO TO WWW.ITSYOURBOOK.COM."

So, here's what I want to get off my chest. You guys. Money is supposed to be a "standard of exchange." you're supposed to use it to facilitate the trade of goods and services.

If we do not start generating some goods and some services, this country is going to collapse. America is a fat man being paid by Hostess to watch himself eating a Twinkie on his webcam.

We are depleting equity that was built up by the baby boomers. I'm not saying the baby boomers aren't a bunch of self-centered, lazy shit faces, I'm just saying they didn't have this technology. We have it, and we are using it to eat ourselves. We are a society of politicians without politics, celebrities without shows, racists without race and entrepreneurs without ideas. We keep selling ourselves money and fame, and every time we buy it, we get a little more broke and a little more obscure.

We have to start creating a culture again. There are no movies left to remake. There is nothing left to watch on TV. The people you think are famous are just regular, stupid people riding on Cary Grant's momentum. Here's the plan. Everybody get a TV show on basic cable.

Oops, Kelly's waiting outside, I'll tell you more about my plan later. Just start getting a show on basic cable right now.

DAN HARMON

- December 8th, 2006 -

Some Unattractive Things About Me

I have these heart flutters. They come and they go. Doesn't hurt, but it feels like my heart stops for just a moment. It happens for twenty minutes, then it goes away for a year, then it happens for a week, then it goes away again.

I've been to the emergency room, I've been to a general physician, and I've had my heart scanned with sonographic heart-scanning technology. They've all told me the same thing: that there's nothing wrong with my heart and this is a common condition brought on by "stress."

I've explained to them that I'm not under any stress because my life is like a vacation and my job is a joke and if anything, I don't work hard enough because I never really work at all and there are other people out there who would do more with what I've been given- at which point they usually cut me off and refer me to a psychologist.

The psychologists tell me that I was probably raised in an environment of what I perceived as conditional love, and that my brain is wired to associate value with affection and need with weakness. Then they ask about my childhood, and I describe it to them, and they start crying, at which point I realize they're too weak to fix my problem and therefore are of no value to me.

I have a slight strain of hemophilia. I get nosebleeds if I get too dehydrated, and I bruise easily and don't clot as well as normal people.

I don't like it when people get sick or injured. I wish that they weren't sick, and since there's nothing I can do to control it, I end up wishing they didn't exist. It's kind of the same as hating people for needing love.

I am an ultra-elitist.

Not politically, because I don't believe in people ruling people, but I also don't believe that all men are created equal.

THE BLOG

I believe that each individual has a unique brain and an optimal function. I don't believe that someone was "designed" to collect my garbage, but I believe that the men who collect my garbage are designed for something so obsolete, futuristic or taboo that they are forced by the limited scope of our society to collect my garbage.

Our bodies, including our brains, have been this exact make and model for 130,000 years, and ripping someone's throat out with your teeth has been frowned upon for less than 1% of that time. You can put a necktie on a barbarian but his DNA isn't just going to go into cubicle mode because Microsoft said so. Hence, prison.

Well, I'm not naive. I know we put socially responsible black men in prison for having big dicks and being poor, but I also know there's plenty of people in prison whose crime is that they were born to hunt woolly mammoth and couldn't find any in aisle seven by the hot pockets.

The people we call mentally ill are being diagnosed by the people whose job they used to have- magicians, witch doctors, headshrinkers, shamanic priests with one foot here and one foot elsewhere. We used to take our children to their huts when they were sick. Now we pat our pockets and shrug when we walk by them. Sorry, no change. Not because we're bad people, or they're bad people, but because for now, it's a world of no change.

Anyways, why does that make me elitist, I sound like a De La Soul album. What makes me elitist is that I lump all of our specialized functions into a handful of larger categories and I tend to place myself conveniently in the smallest ones.

I believe 85% of all people are rank-and-file types who feel most comfortable when they've been assigned a function. I believe that if you tell these people to be racist, they will hang black people from trees, and that if you tell them that anti-racism is the new racism, they will hang racist men from trees, and if you tell them that hanging people from trees is bad, they'll start hanging trees from trees.

I believe this 85% of us (or should I say you) are essentially free of blame and potential because their minds are not designed to distinguish between right and wrong, only designed to receive and execute directives. This is where the idea of

DAN HARMON

"being offended" comes in. If seven writers tell you that the word "waffle" is bad, and one writer says "waffle," you're very comfortable, you know writer #8 is offensive. If it's four and four, you're dizzy, and when it's finally okay to say "waffle," it will be because you were told it was okay, not because the word ever changed.

I believe that 10% of all people are just smart enough to tell that 85% what to do and think, and just dumb enough to think it's acceptable to do so. This 10% of you abuse stupidity for profit and regularly use the programmability of the 85% to support a convenient philosophy of moral relativism.

I look at myself and my favorite people as belonging to the remaining 5%, an elite group of enlightened people who lead by example, never by force, and who choose to pursue their own perfection, and thereby the perfection of humanity, in spite of being constantly impeded, tripped up, interrogated, threatened, tricked, maligned and generally compromised by a slightly dumber, angrier, more jealous elite class that outnumber them 2 to 1 in any situation and who use the 85% to get their way. I believe that the 85% are enamoured with the 5% but constantly confused and blackmailed into bitter subjugation by the 10%. I believe it is the 10% that live in constant fear of losing their position and spread that fear to the 85% by establishing artificial strata among them- racial strata, political strata, economic strata, demographic strata, any kind of line they can use to draw attention from what would otherwise be the more obvious, real lines that divide us. Like the lines between the honest and the dishonest, the lines between the decent and the vile.

By the way, if this philosophy sounds familiar, it's because I stole it from a 1960s Nation of Islam splinter group and bent it to suit my own caucasoid psychological needs. Those guys would definitely have called me a 10 percenter. They believed that a 5 percenter's job was to "save" the 85 percenters from the 10 percenters. I say a 5 percenter should be smart enough to know that you can't change an 85 percenter; you can only move them from position to position, and if good deeds aren't done by choice, then why are they good?

They would have said that's exactly how a 10 percenter talks. They would say that by sitting here and watching the wheels go round, I'm living off the blood and sweat of occupied countries and slave labor. I'm exploiting the 85 percent. They

THE BLOG

heat my home and grow my food while I play my Xbox and write garbage. Eh, maybe they're right. Or maybe they're just jealous of my alabaster skin and tiny weiner. Fuckin' 1960s Islamic Harlem prudes. Someone should assassinate their leader. Oh, someone did.

Speaking of writing badly and having a tiny weiner, I think I mentioned I took a deal to write another Comedy Central pilot. And later, I realized you must have been asking yourself, "wait a minute, weren't you just blogging about how Comedy Central's programming and business model have been sliding into the toilet for five years via focus groups?" Well, yes. And if doing another pilot with me doesn't close that case, what does? Clearly they've lost their minds.

What I specifically remember saying was that I hoped they would get behind my ex-friend Sarah's show the way they got behind their best friend Carlos "Ned" Mencia's show, because, in spite of my experience with her, I consider Sarah a unique, surgically precise comedian who deserves a chance to see if a large audience agrees. There's no true science to predicting this stuff, but give her a billboard and give her a decent time slot, because IF you believe those things make a difference, SHE'S worth the possibilities. That's what I said. I also said that I was afraid the Comedy Central I had come to know (as a viewer) wouldn't give her show a chance.

And being a glamorous insider, at first, I heard they were thinking of airing her show in a less than cordial time slot. Then I heard that a higher-up watched Sarah's show, went crazy for it, and gave it what sounds like the most ridiculously cordial time slot in the history of television. Like, a Seinfeldian slot. Like, balanced on the tip of a pyramid during a full planetary alignment time slot. Like, I think your tivo automatically records it and jerks you off while you watch it.

More irony? The higher-up in question was the same guy that was in charge of FOX in '99 when Heat Vision and Jack didn't make it onto the air.

It was the first time anyone had ever said "no" to me and I literally curled up in a ball in the corner of my apartment and cried. I didn't go outside for a month, I'm not exaggerating. When I ran out of toilet paper, I wiped my ass with old tee shirts. I patched that hole in my emotional roof by arriving at the conclusion that this man had bad judgment. Now, because I want Sarah's show to be successful, I have to believe his judgment is sound. So I have a choice in believing that Heat

DAN HARMON

Vision was bad, or Sarah's show is bad, or believing that even executives change, or believing in a universe of pure chaos where all matters of creativity are subjective. I don't know, maybe they roll dice.

So, look, sometimes these people are monsters and sometimes they're gods. They make it rain, they make the sun shine, they make rainbows, they poop on your head, they do it all at the same time. It's easy to hate on them, they control what we watch. Well, they did 3 years ago. Now they control 5% of the stolen clips we watch and some guy in Nebraska lighting his farts does the rest.

You want to put a human face on these people? Allow me. You know what I heard? Everybody at Comedy Central reads my blog. Hearing that made me proud. It made me feel like I have a Jungian designation.

Then I heard that everyone at Comedy Central includes a person you or I would normally think of as being too powerful to have feelings; a person I accidentally singled out by mentioning this or that show that they developed, or this or that time period of their programming, etc. This person was affected negatively by what I said and they didn't want to let me write the Andy Dick show. But let me finish the story: They DID let me write it. Would you have? Would I have? What is this new world I'm joining, where these people are just people?

The truth is, when I heard that I had offended this someone, I felt bad, which made me feel defensive, which made me want to get on here and say "gee whiz, what a weird time for YOU to get a sense of shame." Another bridge burnt, another hand bit. But that would have been coming from a need to protect my pride. Because, like every human being on the planet, I just want other people to like me. I want them to think I'm good at my job. So do Comedy Central executives. Which is why, in spite of what you may think about me, if I ever learned I had hurt someone's feelings, executive or not, I would apologize.

Which is what I'm doing now. Sorry. I wasn't talking about you. And if I see you in person, and you bring it up, I'll apologize then, too, but I also support your right to have never read this and give you your space and your dignity.

The thing is, I'm assuming people read blogs because of the voyeuristic rush of peeking inside someone's life and mind, and I'm assuming the better blogs are the

THE BLOG

ones that don't put too many filters between the reader and the mind. And out of respect for the privacy of the people I work with and the many beautiful women to whom I masturbate, I try to confine my blog to speaking about myself, my experiences, my feelings and my opinions about myself. I'm not trying to be Howard Stern, I'm not putting on a show, I don't want to defame people or compete with them or outrage them or shock them. I just want to keep a public diary, because it keeps my heart from fluttering; it keeps me connected to people in spite of my psychological inability to connect to people.

Anyways, forgive me and let's make a good pilot. Excuse me while I get back to my other hit show.

DAN HARMON

- December 18th, 2006 -

A Letter From the Future

Dear Dan:

Merry Christmas. It's me, Dan! I'm writing you this letter from December 18th, 2006. That's right. It's ten years later and you're still alive.

I guess I should go in order of importance. You don't marry Allyson, or your next five girlfriends. A movie you sort-of write gets nominated for a Golden Globe. Your weight fluctuates between 185 and 230. In 2001, Islamic fundamentalists fly 2 passenger jets into the towers of the World Trade Center. And you buy this amazing coffee table.

You find it at Ikea. It has a giant glass top, and then underneath that, there's a whole secondary surface. It's like an auxilliary coffee table, visible through the top layer. When company comes over, you can just move things from layer 1 to layer 2 and it becomes like a museum exhibit. It's great. People tell you it's too big, and they complain when they smash their knees on its sharp, transparent corners. They're jealous because they covet its place in your heart.

Unlike the coffee table, the terrorist attack isn't such a huge part of your life. People just sort of jump on the rubble and sell it to each other in differently shaped packages, depending on whatever they were doing beforehand. The Republicans use it to justify being gross. The Democrats use it to pretend they're not Republicans. The Oliver Stone movie is greenlit before they're done counting the corpses. Human life gets a little cheaper, speech, gas and health get a little less free. None of it affects you very much. For all I know, you profit from it.

If my calculations are correct, you are a comic book writer, and you sleep on a bare, cum-stained mattress in an unfurnished bedroom in Koreatown, surrounded by issues of Club International. You spend your nights smoking cigarettes, drinking Budweiser and lurking in internet chat rooms. You're trying to finish a spec script about giant ants. You're wondering how long you can last before you have to go back to Milwaukee.

THE BLOG

Directly between us, in 2001, is this line. On your side of it, although you won't admit it, you think you're Christ, half man, half god, here to save the world with your work. It's that assumption that makes it so difficult for you to get anything done.

On the other side, you're just a man, and the world's not worth saving. You work when you're hungry, like a spider spins a web, and at the risk of implying that we're good, your stuff gets better at that point. I don't think that you were put on Earth to do things, you seem to accomplish more through laziness and selfishness than you ever have through hard work.

For instance, having never broken a real sweat over the last ten years, I'm nevertheless writing to you from your office on a small studio lot. There's a cast and crew down the hall, taping a promotional video for a new sketch show you're running. Your own show. Your dream show. All the people working on it are people who were drawn to you and Rob by similar ambitions, philosophies and talents. By following your own satisfaction, somewhere along the way, you've created a little Camelot, a roundtable of autonomous geniuses; better people than you, good people, happy people, honest people. It's that family, that kingdom, that I'm positive is your only decent accomplishment, moreso than anything you'll ever write.

That's why I wrote to you, not to tell you to change anything about the way you do things, but just to tell you to take it easy. Nothing you do matters as much as you think. Your greatest achievements aren't yours at all, they're accidents and jokes. You're a puppet, the universe does the work, and it gets the most done when you're moving the least. Surrender, flow, relax.

Don't be hard on yourself, don't put pressure on yourself, life is just a chain of experiments and results, and you'll be perfect when you're dead.

Over the next ten years, there are women you hurt and there are women who hurt you. There are times when you're a sexy genius and there are times when you're an ugly idiot, times when you're broke, times when you're rich, it's never up to you and it has no correlation with your happiness; the best years of your life are spent in abject poverty.

DAN HARMON

It's up and it's down but overall, ever so gradually, it's up. Your life is never in any danger. You just sort of slip between raindrops and coast on what you're given, and everyone that has a problem with you tends to burst into flames.

I'm actually convinced, now more than ever, that your life is not real, that you lived once on Earth as some very brave, unfortunate, hard working man, and what you're living now is that man's afterlife, a reward for his time served. You spend most of it laughing, surrounded by friends, being thanked, praised and envied. The only way I could ever justify it karmically would be to assume there's something horrible in store for us, or to assume we've done something wonderful we don't remember.

You're wondering what is this thing that happens in 2001 that changes our outlook so much. You want to know if it's the coffee table or the planes hitting the towers. I guess more the latter than the former, so maybe I was lying when I said it didn't affect you. There is/was this one night after the towers fall, when you and Jeff Davis are driving down Franklin avenue, and the streets are lined with college kids holding candles, waving flags and shouting "USA!" like they're at a hockey game. It makes you hate your country and your species. It pushes you over a threshold, forces you, in pursuit of logic, to take your hands off the wheel. These are not your people, you have nothing in common with them. There's a night when you bolt upright in bed, and you can't breathe, and you're so angry and confused.

You're shouting. The government has failed, those poor people in their cubicles, looking at their Dilbert cartoons, suddenly being murdered by strangers, paying the price for goods someone else received, where is their apology, why aren't we changing anything, etc. Your girlfriend tells you to go back to sleep, and you do, and when you wake up, everything is fine.

And you dare to ask yourself, "what would I do if I found a million dollars?" The answer isn't that you'd buy a million dollar typewriter. You'd get a house with a fireplace and you'd sit down and have a glass of scotch.

It's at that moment, when you realize your job is just a job, that you start doing it again, and doing it decently.

So, like I said: just relax. These things just happen. Your life unfolds. It's not a maze where you turn left or right, it's just a little ride where you're buckled in and then it's over.

THE BLOG

Anyways, it's that time of year, time to be nice to the strangers and friends we like. You were the first person off the top of my head in both categories. I admire and respect you. Just kidding. I do like you, though. You're my kind of guy. Merry Christmas!

Dan Harmon

DAN HARMON

- December 19th, 2006 -

Standards and Practices Joke Challenge 001

Hi, everybody! Here's a joke I tried to tell at my job as comedy writer. The MTV Networks S&P department would like it "reworked," and I know my blog is read by a lot of comedy people, so I thought you could help.

The first draft of joke 001 was:

"I don't like TV because you can't say [bleep]. Unless you're black. Or racist. And if I was either of those, I'd kill myself."

I should explain that yes, the [bleep] is written that way in the script, it's a bleep sound.

S&P response:

Please rework this bit to be more vague. As is, it is very provocative stuff, a la Mind of Mencia or Chappelle (both restricted shows.)

Here's our re-working:

"I don't like TV because you can't say [bleep]. Unless you're a minority. Or racist. And if I was either of those, I'd kill myself."

Which I actually think is funnier, by the way, and more vague, and so you see, it pays to work within restrictions, which is why I'm never a dick to S&P.

Their response to "minority" version:

Unfort, this bit still poses a problem for us. We're still calling out minorities here, not to mention saying that he'd kill himself if he was one. Yes, he's kidding, but this is the kind of tone (coupled with such a hot button topic right now) that we'd like to avoid. Can we re-work to take the racist commentary aspect out of it completely?

THE BLOG

Up until this point, my line producer and network execs had been going back and forth with S&P on my behalf (a lot of people are surprised to learn that the suits with whom you develop your TV shows are actually on YOUR side of the S&P line. They want their shows to be 'provocative,' whereas S&P is an independently operating body that wants the corporation to not get sued, boycotted or fined, in this case, ostensibly by a consortium of... minorities). So I tried jumping into the email exchange to save time, because we are shooting this joke this morning:

Can he say "Phillipino" instead of "minority?" Is there a group obscure or absurd enough for him to hate?

Keeping in mind that this guy is also saying he'd kill himself if he were racist. It's already absurd, we all realize that, right?

Can he say "Indonesian?"
"Southeast Asian?"
"Eskimo?"

Can he say "handicapped?"

I'm assuming "homosexual" is just as bad.

Is there anything anyone can think of? I don't want to just be lazy and kill a joke until I've tried my best to re-work it.

Thanks!

By the way, if you get a lot of emails from people with "Thanks!" at the bottom, be ashamed of your station in life. It doesn't actually mean "thank you," it means "there is very little room for honesty in this relationship."

Their one-line response, which, given the amount of questions I threw out, is kind of confusing:

Not really. The reason we get away with hating racists is because being a racist is considered a bad thing.

DAN HARMON

Given her line of work, I'm assuming she's not trying to be funny. Nevertheless, I am very confused. The network wisely told me that they'd do all the talking to S&P. I am more than happy to oblige, it's just that...we're shooting this joke this morning.

So, here's the joke challenge. You know all those times you try to be funny or clever in the comments section under my blog? Now's your chance to do so legitimately.

Re-work this joke in a way that is

- 1) funny
- 2) not provocative
- 3) does not deal with hot button topics
- 4) has no racist commentary aspect
- 5) avoids the tone they'd like to avoid
- 6) and is still funny.

By the way, if you need something to work with, it's still okay to hate racists. Not...particularly funny, but you're free and clear to do so in all time slots.

THE BLOG

- January 3rd, 2007 -

Happy Birthday to Me

On this very day in 1973, a depressed 25 year old girl was taking the ornaments off her Christmas tree when her uterus contracted and the man Time Magazine would call "fired by Sarah Silverman" started sliding out of her vagina.

It was a birth that would pay off for that 25 year old girl in ways that none of her planned pregnancies ever did. I imagine a single tear running down her unconscious cheek while the doctors appraised her newest baby for symptoms of her previous child's degenerative mental condition. I picture my young father giving a sigh of relief while being told that this one probably wouldn't be retarded, perhaps smiling as he hung up the phone and got back to work. I'm sure it was a busy day at the office, but I like to think he found time to slip off to the men's room, look at himself in the mirror and think, "Now I have three children."

My Mom always calls to ask what I want for my birthday, which she has always been careful to separate from the other seasonal holidays, in a futile attempt to circumvent my Christ complex.

I always tell her, "Mom, you already gave me the greatest gift that can be given. You raised me in a family so dysfunctional that my blunt, mediocre talents adopted the illusion of a slight edge and allowed me to make money without working very hard."

Also, there's that gift of life thing, too, but judging from the date of my birth, I'm guessing the thank-you card for that goes to the Supreme Court.

Can you imagine a world without me? And can you imagine a decision of that magnitude left to...a woman?

You girls wonder how a man can be misogynist. Don't you see, every man trying to control you started life as a bag of jelly in a woman's stomach.

Ruling the world is our compensation for the fact that you rule our lives. I was at my best, then. Drug free, no bad scripts, spine like rubber. All potential, no

DAN HARMON

failure, universally loveable. And yet, if it weren't for the all-male government of my pre-natal era, some crazy bitch could've killed me in my sleep.

I'm kidding. I'm pro-choice, because although I was unplanned, and although I've had a perfect life, my favorite parts of that perfect life have been the parts during which I was asleep. You know what an abortion is?

It's letting a young writer get some sleep. Don't let some Republican tell you what a fetus wants. I am as close as you'll ever get to a conversation with a fetus. On behalf of all of us: We don't want to live. We want pussy and sleep.

Give me that for my birthday. Also, don't let me forget I have a doctor's appointment on Monday at 10:15.

THE BLOG

- Jan 13, 2007 -

TV Fights Back!

A couple of Channel 101 guys were "nominated" for best viral whatever on this show called Web Junk 20. I hadn't seen it, I had only heard of this show back when they were broadcasting *Kicked in the Nuts* without permission.

So I went to their website, because I was curious, how's the legitimate industry been coping with this revolution, what messages is it getting from a fleeing audience, and is it adjusting its philosophies accordingly?

I also wanted to take in some fresh stuff, because I'm often reminded while working on MY show that we have to be careful to always be fresh with our comedy. For instance, when I pitched a show about an emotionally high-maintenance barbarian, they asked for the point of reference. When I sheepishly said "Hercules?" They said, "okay, kind of old," with all the swagger of the prom committee at David Spade High. I had to add a Jack Black cameo just to make the network realize how much they liked the writing. Made me feel, you know...hack. I hate that feeling. So I wanted to watch a fresh, funny show, and Web Junk 20 is as fresh as they come. It's post-youtube TV.

Web Junk 20 takes viral clips from the internet, runs them through standards and practices, clears them with legal, edits them down to their best 20 seconds, adds music from the network's licensed library, launches each clip with a graphic and intercuts them with a host doing what appears to be third takes of spontaneous comments.

So, for example, a stewardess voice will tell you that you're about to watch a video of the world's angriest cat. The voice says stuff like, "you've all seen this clip on the internet!" Which I'm wondering if they considered as a title.

Cut to a pixelated MP4 of camcorder POV walking through a humane society, set to an added track of Canadian indie rock sound-alike music, ostensibly so you don't panic and switch channels.

The POV stops on the cat, which hisses and yowls.

DAN HARMON

Cut to someone who I think might be the guy who did "Goat Boy" on SNL. He yowls like the cat...well, kind of like the cat. I don't know if he hadn't seen the clip, or if he was just tired. The cat's doing a 10, goat boy is doing like a 3.

Then, within that same shot, it jump cuts to goat boy saying "I think this cat is trying to say something."

The music twangs.

Cut to the cat yowling on a loop.

Cat freezes.

Green screened goat boy slides in from frame right: "Like, uh, maybe 'get the [bleep] out of here?'"

Cat yowls some more.

Goat boy says "get the [bleep] out of here" seven more times, Canadian Dave Matthews reaches a crescendo, and we're on to the next clip.

The freshest thing about this show is that it has a web component, I mean, this is 2007, yo. No Hercules spoofin' up in this mother [bleep]er.

So you can go to the internet after the TV show and watch what TV feels are the best internet clips from 2006 on the convenience of your internet device- edited down, with bleeps, Clairol commercials and Goat Boy added in, ostensibly so that you don't panic and run back to your TV.

You can watch them all in a row, in which case, the Clairol ad runs every 3 clips, or you can click around looking for your favorite stuff, in which case the Clairol ad runs before every clip. My redhead fetish had me figuring that out pretty quick.

In navigating, you have, of course, the thumbnails to guide you. One small quirk: because, like on Youtube, the thumbnails are pulled automatically from the clip's center, and because a majority of each clip contains shots of goat boy, when you look down the list of clips, 8% of them are represented by a shot from the source

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material, and the other 92% have little shots of goat boy making different expressions next to them. "Katana Slip:" Goat boy squinting. "Grape Fall:" Goat boy with his mouth open. "Dog Accident:" A shot of a dog. "Angry RV Salesman:" Goat boy tilting his head.

Of course, my immediate reaction was, "we have to do a version of this show on our show."

To which Drew Hancock replied, "someone already did that."

"They did?"

"Yeah, I think it was either SNL or Mad TV, they did a spoof of I love the eighties where the comics are reviewing clips of themselves reviewing clips or something."

Shit.

Maybe they'll put it on the internet so I can see it on TV.

DAN HARMON

- January 14th, 2007 -

Proof That God is a Development Executive

Earth: gay title, hard to spell.

Demands faith, demonstrates none.

Cannot be fired by anyone you're able to reach, but may stop existing if ignored, which explains all the noise and destruction.

Earth: originally much smaller and hotter, ended up ten times bigger and watered down.

"Yahweh?" Jew alert.

Demands weekly meetings, never shows up.

Keeps other projects separate so that nobody can compare notes.

Claims to have created Earth in six days, backs everything with that credit.
In reality, Earth assembled itself and took a billion times longer to do so because fuck face had to sign off on everything.

Supposedly liberal, owned by conservatives, lives in a giant house and jerks off to murder while someone else raises his children.

Doesn't use any of his powers to do anything good for anyone. Period.

THE BLOG

- January 16th, 2007 -

Back off, Webster

Sometimes I click around Myspace randomly, you know... you leave me a comment, I go to your page, I read one of your friends' comments, I go to their page, and two clicks later, I'm in a sea of strangers, kind of gawking and judging or, every once in a while, touching my crotch, I'm sure we all do it. I'm positive several of you do it right here.

This morning, I found myself at the page of a girl in Dayton, Ohio. She likes indie rock, Saturday Night Live and Erma Bombeck. And under heroes, she says:

"Heros are people who go to work everyday to make a life for their family. My dad was that kind of hero. My husband is that kind of hero. Hero's fight all kinds of obsticals to be above the things that are too hard in life. Single moms trying to keep things going and streaching out a pound of hamburger for 3 days. Old folks waiting on the bus in horrible weather just to get to the store. People who have the integrity to remain someones friend when others have abandon them. Heros pick up the phone instead of waiting to be called. Heros listen to God and act on it. Heros overcome stage fright to entertain others. Heros remain to be gentle when others mistake them for being weak."

This is a pet peeve of mine. Don't define things for me. You and I and whoever designed Myspace all know that there's a popular agreement that a "hero" is someone you admire. If you're saying you admire people who call you on the phone, believe me, I completely understand, because you're clearly an insufferable pinhead and I'd rather slay a minotaur than have a conversation with you.

But don't tell me how to think. That's not what we asked. Just say your father is your hero. That's fine. You can even tell us why. Can I suggest why? You use guilt and self-pity to leverage people and I think you learned it from your mother and I think that's why she didn't make the cut even though old people on a bus stop did. I think that in your unconscious mythology, women are succubi and men change their tires and you're ashamed of that so your definition of a hero is a dude that doesn't acknowledge his own needs by, for instance, leaving you.

DAN HARMON

I don't trust your value system if you have to assert it. It's my first indication that you don't believe what you're saying. If I'm at a party, and I ask what your favorite movie is, and you tell me your favorite movie is real life and you don't like movies because they remove you from the more important story of humanity, I don't believe you, and it's not because I'm a cynic, it's because if you really felt that way, it would have been easier for you to say, "I don't know" or "Star Wars" so we could get on with the actual human interaction you love so fucking much.

What am I doing? Oh, I'm procrastinating. I'm supposed to be finishing the Heat Vision movie, that's why I'm sniping some oaf in Ohio and pontificating about how she shouldn't pontificate.

Heroes pick up the phone instead of waiting to be called. Come on.

Yeah, that was my favorite issue of Superman. "The Man of Steel Defeats The Urge to Ignore His High Maintenance Friend."

Electra complex.

Sorry. Honestly, I'm just procrastinating. I don't want to finish this screenplay, then it's done and it's either good or bad. I'm more comfortable being the guy that's never finished. It's not this dumb twat's fault, I apologize if you're her friend.

THE BLOG

- January 21st, 2007 -

Best Dream Ever

I had to get out of bed to transcribe this dream.

In the dream, I was awakened to discover that Rob Schrab and the head of VH1's scripted series department had been let into my apartment by my landlord. They started searching my bedroom for something, which was embarrassing, because there were pantyhose-clad mannequin legs everywhere.

After a while, Maggie, the VH1 exec, sat in a chair, fuming, while a very worried Rob continued scouring my bedroom. I asked Rob what was going on.

He explained to me that a long time ago, he had given me a tape of "a certain person doing a certain thing," and that Viacom wanted the tape.

I sought specifics from Maggie and she just glared at me, as if I knew fully well what they were talking about. "A certain someone," she said, "who is rumored to be a fan of animals."

At that point, I knew the tape she was talking about. Rob had shown me a VHS tape back in Milwaukee of a woman fellating a horse. And I remembered we had joked that it looked a little like a certain celebrity, but I couldn't remember who.

"She was a G.I.," said Maggie.

"Demi Moore?" I said.

Maggie shook her head no.

"Goldie Hawn?" I guessed.

"Look, let's just find the tape and give it back to Viacom and let's get on with our lives, okay?"

I helped Rob look while he quietly filled in more details:

DAN HARMON

"You know that guy Sandeep from Channel 101?" he said.

"Sure."

"He's in the army reserves. And so is this actress. They were playing truth or dare in the barracks and she confessed that she had made this tape when she was younger, and Sandeep blurted out that you had it."

I felt so bad. This poor actress, whoever she was.

But seriously, if someone would just tell me her name.

"If you seriously don't remember who it was," said Maggie, "why would we want to jog your memory? The whole point is to rid the world of this thing, memories and all."

I started expressing irritation. "Well, Maggie, if I can picture her face, I might remember the tape better, it might help me locate this thing you want to destroy, okay? Who is it?"

She glared at me more like, you know god damn well who we're talking about.

I shrugged. "It was Ally Sheedy, right?"

Maggie became exasperated, then leaned in and spoke very quietly:

"Jamie. Lee. Curtis."

"Ooooooooooh. Okay, yeah, I remember that tape. Jamie Lee Curtis blowing a horse. Wow. So it really was her? That's pretty funny."

"You listen to me," Maggie said. "If you're going to work at VH1, you need to grow up."

end of dream.

THE BLOG

- January 21st, 2007 -

A Laxative "Effect."

Kelly Kubik saw a box of Russell Stover's Zero Carb Chocolates at Rite Aid and thought of me, because she's a good friend. She's such a good friend, she even pointed out the fine print on the box that said, "excessive consumption may have a laxative effect."

I ate one. Mmm, pretty good. Kept writing Heat Vision.

Lot of coffee. Stimulates the hunger. Oh, there's an open box of chocolates next to the keyboard.

Ate another one. Mmmm. These are really good for being zero carbs.

I ate five of them.

Is that excessive? I wasn't sure. It was excessively delicious, I knew that for sure.

Twenty minutes later, my tummy gurgled a little. You know tummies, sometimes they gurgle.

About a half hour ago, I was pacing the kitchen, thinking about the trailer for the Heat Vision and Jack movie, and rehearsing the Charlie Rose interview in my head. And my appearance as a famous screenwriter on Bill Maher's show, where I explained that government was wrong and told Robin Williams to shut the fuck up. That's how I write. I pace and I fantasize. It loosens the sphincter that separates the conscious and unconscious mind.

And then I gave a little cough, you know, to clear my throat.

And poop sprayed out of my butt like Windex.

And, Mister Stover, if you're out there, can I call you Russel? There's poop in my underwear, and there's poop in my pajamas, and on my bathroom floor, but, you know, you did warn me, so thank you, not your fault.

DAN HARMON

- January 28th, 2007 -

2007 begins

I'm having one of those 25 moments we all get to have, where we feel so happy it's almost scary, because where could things go but down. And I didn't want to waste a high by worrying, so I wanted to take a picture of it here and then just wrap my arms around it and ride it into the ground. If I die tonight, I died one of the happiest people in the world. My life is perfect.

Channel 101 is the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I am so happy to have a show back in prime time. I hope it runs forever, or gets cancelled so I can make a new one.

I'm surrounded by amazing people. I can't wait to see the new stuff. See you guys at Cinespace.

THE BLOG

- February 10th, 2007 -

I Have the Power to Release You From Anna Nicole Guilt

Unfortunately, it involves reminding you that 55,000 Anna Nicoles have overdosed on bullets you prescribed to Iraq with your taxes. And I don't want to be that guy. Let's talk about my TV show.

Which one, you're saying. Didn't you [help] create The Sarah Silverman Program, the premiere of which was the highest rated show on television for males 18-24? Yes, but Johnny Appleseed didn't fuck trees, people, he planted and he moved. Especially when chased off by shotgun-toting [apple loving] farmers.

I'm talking about Acceptable.TV, my emmy-bound sketch show on Video Hits One, the adult contemporary comedy station that loves and/or hates the 80s, 90s and today (I am contractually obligated to refer to them that way). The website for it is here. Enter the Doritos contest.

For serious? This show is going to be pretty fucking good. Wait, I shouldn't say that, anything could go wrong, nobody's ever done a show like this. I'll stick with what I know:

First off, my writing staff is the best in television. You're saying "that's very patriotic of you but it's not a logical assertion, you have no way to back that claim." Okay, fine, technically, you're right, there's no empirical way to measure a writing staff's quality. But I can certainly tell you that you could take any writer from any show in the past, present or future, and put them on my staff, and no matter how good they were, they would be the worst guy on the staff- the slowest and the weakest- for the simple reason that we have invented our own craft over here, and I have hired that craft's experts.

I could go down a big list, now, of every department on my show. I could tell you the locations guy is the best locations guy, etc. I could tell you that, and I would be sincere, and I would be right. But it wouldn't sound that way, it would sound like a pep talk. It would sound like I was rallying the troops before cameras started rolling, which they do on Monday. You wouldn't file it as truth, you'd file it as agenda.

DAN HARMON

So let's skip to this part. This is something I've been waiting to say for a very, very long time, and with this show, I finally have the opportunity:

Judge me as a person on this show's success or failure. That's what I want.

I would not have said that before production on Heat Vision or Sarah's show. I am proud of those, very proud, and those shows have my heart and soul in them, but this is my show. I don't mean "mine" like I'm not being assisted by a thousand people above and below. I don't mean "mine" like I consider my opinions more valuable than anyone else's, or that I suffer the illusion that I am in full control. I mean "mine" like if this show is bad, I will voluntarily take the blame, 100%, and I will probably quietly retire from TV comedy, because I am operating in virtual freedom here (in all the ways that matter), and if this show sucks then I suck at making shows. I fully and gladly stake my ego and my identity on this show. Every frame of every episode. If there were a way I thought I could protect this show, and if that way of protecting it put my career or my finances or my physical body in danger, I wouldn't think about it.

It's not bravery, it's pride. This is my baby. Its joy will be my value, its hardship my weakness.

So, cameras roll on Monday. And they're going to keep rolling for a month, and when they're done, this show hits the air and then cameras roll even more. If you need me, I will be on a cot in my office, with a gun under my pillow and one eye open.

I know, I know, who cares about this petty shit, these rich people's games, there are babies getting run over by tanks. There is real pain in the world, there are real things to care about.

I don't know. Not for me. Sorry. I'll never be able to care about anything else. I know that makes me a bad person but I want to die the best bad person I can be.

So, here we go. Again. Here we go. I fucking love it.

THE BLOG

- February 10th, 2007 -

Supplemental

I have ants in an ant farm, Kelly gave them to me. They- I'm really drunk, just so you know- they live in a habitat of pure nutrient gel. It was developed by astronauts because they wanted to take ant farms into space but the vibration from the space shuttle always made their little ant tunnels collapse. Solution? Nutrient gel. "It tastes like baby food." "Knock yourself out." <--- Miguel Ferrer.

I met Miguel Ferrer. I guess I didn't meet him, he walked by me and Schrab at the Playboy mansion. It was great because Schrab and I were like, well, we reacted the way you honestly would if Miguel Ferrer walked by you at a party. We kind of chuckled, and Rob was like, "hey hey hey, look who's here," and Miguel Ferrer's response was to smile and nod back at us, as if to say, "Miguel Ferrer, that's who." Like, the way you would wear being Miguel Ferrer if you were him for five minutes.

Oh, I'm tired. Good night. "Bitches leave." - Kurtwood Smith. So sleepy. Going to the Annie Awards tomorrow. Rented tux.

DAN HARMON

- February 13th, 2007 -

I won't be reading any reviews from march until may.

Here's why. Read the first few paragraphs of this article:

http://featuresblogs.chicagotribune.com/entertainment_tv/2007/01/its_never_a_goo.html#comments

Then scroll to the bottom and look at the comment I apparently had to leave.

I'm no hero. Why am I googling "The Sarah Silverman Program?" Why am I skimming over good reviews and looking for bad ones? Because I'm a masochist and I'm retarded, that's why.

When someone tells me I'm bad, I say "you have bad taste" and deep down, I'm thinking, "you're right."

When someone tells me I'm good, I say "you're right," and deep down, I'm thinking, "you have bad taste."

So what's the point of reading reviews. For me? There is none. If people like something I do, it will get back to me in its own special way.

Oh, by the way, here's the FIRST DRAFT of what I wrote to that reviewer:

I just read the beginning of your article. Then I stopped.

In the scene you're describing, the police are chuckling at the futility of Sarah's stated goal to find another way around the wheelchair marathon.

They're not explaining that the "molten lava" joke was funny.

You actually had to alter the script for your critique to apply. You had to skip a line of dialogue and change the meaning.

THE BLOG

Were you just not paying attention, or are you dishonest, and in either case, how did you get a job telling anyone what's funny?

Look at the title of your column, Maureen. "The Watcher?" If you're a watcher, why are you writing, and if you're a writer, why are you watching?

You're living off my chops. You're on writer's welfare, and I'm paying for it. I create things for you to write about disliking over ambrosia salad. You're welcome.

Have you looked at the photo of yourself next to your column's heading?

You look like an idiot. I don't mean God shaped you like an idiot, I mean you're making choices with your face that an idiot would make. I'm looking into the 3 pixels that represent your eyes and right into your unremarkable soul. I can see all the craving for recognition, I can see all the swallowed dreams nestled in the ulcerated lining of your stomach.

I would recommend suicide, but there's a chance you'd do it, because my words tend to have an effect. Not bragging. Observing.

I know what you're thinking: "Oh, but my words affected you, and you're an effective person, so that makes me effective."

No. That makes me sensitive. Which, incidentally, is what makes me effective.

So, that's about it. Soak this up. Something special just brushed across you. Odds are it will never happen again.

I wish you good watching.

DAN HARMON

- February 14th, 2007 -

A wall of cards

For all you jerks who ever questioned the logic or value of blogging:

My desktop computer exploded a few weeks ago, taking with it every scrap of everything I've ever written. For ten years, I've transferred everything from one computer to the next, and this one just died, hard drive and all. It doesn't exist anymore. All 70 drafts of my Ancient Greek Epic Screenplay. All my redheads and cheerleaders. And every attempt at a private journal I had ever bothered to keep.

I barely batted an eye when it happened, because I've never really gained anything from anything I've kept, and, more importantly, I have this stupid Myspace blog, which has been as close to a real record of my life as I've ever had.

This morning, I took a moment to back through it a bit. And I was able to see things like this:

I'm sitting in the downstairs lounge of our production offices. It's four in the morning. Sona, Sevan, Ben and Chunn are hammering on a set in the garage. Kelly is asleep in a chair.

I think I'm going to be alone for a very long time this time.

It was less than a year ago. We were working on the 100,000 dollar pilot for what would become a 4.5 million dollar TV series. The "kids," as I had sometimes called them, had stayed up all night building one of the sets.

Graphic designers hammering nails. Writers gluing cardboard. Me, the executive producer of thin air, alienated again, fired from a show I created, hero to myself again, slumped in a chair, my heart fluttering over a woman whose face I can't picture anymore.

Whether they were actually kids or not, they're all grown up, now. The idea that I had any hand in that...in fact, typing the idea that I had any hand in that, makes me cry very real tears.

THE BLOG

Drew Hancock is out shooting another 3 minute show. Third day of production, third mini pilot in the can. Drew is a brilliant, efficient director and I often walk away from his sets and "executive produce" things while he works and I never really worry. But this is a first for me: there's an entire crew going out on location while I stay in the office. It's freaky and weird. But I can help the show most by staying here and finishing the last of our scripts.

I keep looking at the board of note cards on my office wall and I keep thinking this is the best written show on TV. It's the chemicals in my brain that make me what I am; it's my job, it's how God shaped my brain, I get proud and passionate about whatever I'm working on. My chest gets warm, my eyes get shiny, my thoughts speed up. It's like being in love, only it's worthwhile in the end.

I know it's just chemicals, but you know what? I haven't been proud and passionate about certain things I've done, and those things have sucked. Have I said this before? Haven't I written this exact blog entry already? I feel like I have. It was on the set of Sarah's pilot. Same exact feeling. I feel like I'm working on something great, then I get ashamed for feeling that. Whatever. In any case. All I can know is what I feel. I'm looking at this wall, and I'm thinking, "Best show on TV."

I at least need to record these thoughts so I can make fun of myself later.

Great, I made myself late for work by typing about how great work is going.

DAN HARMON

- February 16th, 2007 -

When in Rome, Suck

I don't have to watch more than 5 minutes of HBO's Rome to know it's bad.

Wait a minute. Who's this redhead with the British accent. I love this show.

Did I ever tell you about the guy that thinks I stole Monster House out of his brain? Sony's legal department called me to tell me he's resurfaced, I suppose because of the Oscar nomination. This time, they told me they were going to furnish me with all his correspondences, I suppose to wash their hands of me legally. Now that I have this packet, if this guy slashes my face with a razor, I can't sue Sony for withholding important information.

So I get this packet, about 20 pages. It's mostly classic, harmless schizophrenic symptomology; he notices meaningful similarities between the first act of Monster House and the hit and run death of his son. There's a hidden code in the movie based on the repeated mention of certain words and the inversion of his son's initials, something like that. He says Pamela Pettler and I killed his kid or tried to kill his kid's friend and stole the idea for Monster House and then recreated the murder in the first 20 minutes of the movie in order to taunt him.

Which, by the way, offends me. If I'm going to murder your son, I'm not going to collaborate on it with Pamela Pettler.

Then he starts talking about how Dan Harmon calls him on the phone all the time. Apparently, I tease him about how much money I'm making off his idea, and his dead son, and I threaten to rape his daughter and kill him.

I mentioned this to an agent at UTA, whose immediate response around a mouthful of noodles was: "Sounds like he's working up a self defense case." Well, I hope THAT'S not true.

Nevertheless, while I don't mind being the subject of a delusion (how often do you get that chance), I don't want to be the voice in someone's head. If I become

THE BLOG

this guy's Red Dragon painting, and he falls in love with a blind woman, he's going to want to eat me.

And now I'm scared he's reading my blog and thinking the above paragraph was another hidden message. Hey, buddy, if you're here, take it easy, it's a reference to another bad movie.

Oh, great, now I'm talking to him through his computer. That'll help soothe his delusional mind. What the fuck am I doing? Aimee Mann told me never to engage them in anything they could perceive as a personal relationship. Yes, I talk to Aimee Mann about our mutual burdens as artists, why are you acting like THAT'S important? I sit on her piano drinking a gimlet that Michael Penn made for me and I say, "Aimee, however do you deal with the people who are driven to obsession by your art?" And she says, "Daniel, I'm glad you asked that, and I'm going to answer you with a song," and so on. It's just another day in Los Angeles, stop gawking like a tourist.

The other weird thing is how he focuses on me and Pamela Pettler, and leaves Schrab completely out of it. Schrab's the one that came up with the fucking idea. I didn't even want to do it. Now I'm going to get stabbed. But before I do, I'm going to make love to this redhead in HBO's Rome.

Speaking of redheads, I've been meaning to ask you something:

Do you think Isla Fisher reads my blog? Do you think that while Sacha Baron Cohen brushes his teeth in the bathroom, she grabs her little laptop and sits on the sofa in her oversized pajamas, twisting a lock of her red hair, gingerly sucking her lower lip, her perfect face lit by the soft glow from the bright spots between my black words? Do you think Borat would be so eager to marry her if he knew how much I turned her on? I think if he could read her mind he'd be furious. "I'm trying to marry you!! Stop thinking about kissing Dan Harmon again!!"

My head is so fucking fat. They're going to call Acceptable.TV the "well written show starring the guy with the enormous gross head." I've seen the dailies. I know. There's one hole left in the stack of sketches. I'm going to write a sketch about how fat I am. I deserve to get killed by a schizophrenic stalker just based on the size of my ass.

DAN HARMON

All right, now I'm just making up reasons to keep typing. I'm a very handsome person. It's 7:30 AM. I'm so fucking fat. I have to go to work.

THE BLOG

- February 22nd, 2007 -

Dan Harmon to Wardrobe

Eight mini-pilots in the can: Four assembled, two locked. All good. I think.

We're taking publicity photos today. It makes you feel famous, then the fraud complex kicks in and you just feel embarrassed. Why am I saying "you," it's me.

DAN HARMON

- May 17th, 2007 -

The Presidio

So, I did this TV show for a while. And this morning, after a lot of strange dreams, I woke up in a hotel room in downtown Phoenix. Which means that even if we skip the TV show, we have some catching up to do.

I'm on a road trip of indeterminate length and no physical purpose. I think it was known as a "vision quest" to ancient people like Matthew Modine. I call it untangling the phone cord.

Just so you know, a long time ago, phones had coiled cords that connected the handset to the base, and over time, they would get all knotted and twisted, so, every once in a while, you had to unplug the base, hold the cord and watch the handset spin and tumble as the cord untangled itself. Then you'd plug back in and you were all ready for six more months of defying God's will.

I'm already doing my vision quest way wrong. The original idea was to rent a car, pick a direction and drive. Get lost. Then J.D. Ryznar told me there was a Yacht Rock screening on a boat in Austin, Texas, so now I'm racing to get there by Friday night.

But, you know, humans are goal oriented animals, and Campbell's heroes (mmm mmm good) usually target some kind of goddess- an oasis, a princess, a bag of detonators- and even if that goddess is chosen for bad reasons, "well able is Allah to save." So I'll spin in that direction and let Allah hold the cord.

The kindly old valet guy here looked a little bit like Sean Connery- just a LITTLE. Not a lot. He had a shaved head and a grey beard. And I was so hungry for human interaction after a day of driving that I was considering saying to him, "you know you look a little like Sean Connery."

Then, while filling out my valet ticket, he said, "last name, please," and I said "Harmon."

THE BLOG

And without missing a beat, he launched into the worst Sean Connery impression I've ever heard- the WORST- and said, "Ah, Harmon, like Mark Harmon, he starred in 'the Presidio' with me."

I looked straight down at the pavement, all bummed out, and said, "yeah, I was going to mention the resemblance."

Whore.

DAN HARMON

- May 23rd, 2007 -

aids

I'm going to write a short story one day set in a world in which it's required that people be deep. If you get in an elevator with someone and they talk about the weather, you can turn them in and they'll be imprisoned or murdered. In my world, every conversation is required by law to be meaningful. As a result, of course, there are perfunctoral versions of deep conversation that make up everyday parlance. For instance, in my world, the proper thing to say when you greet strangers on an elevator is "what do you fear?" The strangers' response needs to be "I fear being shallow." If they just want to talk about the view from your hotel room, you can call 911 and have their testicles zapped by a satellite. The higher your income, the faster the satellite's reaction time and the higher its volgage.

The hero of my short story is a man whose job is to write television shows about deep, everyday people who experiment with shallowness and are punished for it. He leaves his home and travels around the country having secret, shallow conversations everywhere he goes, spreading rebellion like a cancer. Every time he stops to fill his gas tank, he talks about his mileage with the man at the next pump. Every time he gets in an elevator, he talks about the view from his room. He moves from state to state, talking about nothing with everyone.

Finally, he is caught and electrocuted, but within the crowd gathered outside the penitentiary, a little girl turns to a little boy and says it's been humid lately. We crane up on a world of hope.

I'm in Kansas City. I'm bored.

THE BLOG

- June 24th, 2007 -

At long last! My next blog entry!

Everyone come to the Channel 101 screening tonight. It's 101's fourth anniversary. It's free. Suck it!

<http://www.channel101.com/screenings/index.php>

DAN HARMON

- July 29th, 2007 -

I cannot remember what I was going to ask.

This happens to me a lot. Probably more often as time goes by, but measuring that would require memory. I was going to do a quickie blog and ask a question, but I can't...Oh, I remember! I remember what I wanted to ask!

Has anyone seen "Employee of the Month," and does anyone give anyone the "super finger" in it?

Come to Channel 101 tonight.

THE BLOG

- August 2nd, 2007 -

Mork, Andy, Coke and Ketchup

If you are a person that I met at a party and you sent me a message, and your profile is set to private, I'm not being aloof, I just can't send you a message because I don't know your last name.

I probably did know it at one time. We're probably old friends. I probably owe your brother a kidney. Maybe I am your brother. My brain's TiVo buffer is about 12 hours long.

Sometimes there's something in that buffer that gets moved to long term storage, but it erodes pretty fast, which is why I should never have stopped blogging. For instance, I remember Robin Williams dumping Andy Dick off in front of my apartment before speeding away in his minivan. But so many of the details are already pixelated, and soon the whole event will be deleted to make room for a Law and Order rerun.

It was about a month ago. I was in my pajamas. I was ready for bed. Dino, who had previously left, called me and said, in a sincerely beleaguered tone, "Andy Dick wants to know if he can come over to your apartment with Robin Williams." It was the only time I'd ever been asked that, and I was embarrassed to find out the answer was yes.

If you don't live in Los Angeles, you don't know how unforgivable it is to be a starfucker. Celebrities here are horses, and the goal is to be an informed, discriminating equestrian- not a little girl who loves horses.

Groom them, ride them, collect them, sell them, have your favorites and know them front to back, but don't draw them on the cover of your math notebook. Raw fascination denotes unfamiliarity, which can be dangerous and unprofitable inside a busy stable, therefore it is a crime. That is why, when you come to visit your friend in L.A., and you point out that Billy Bob Thornton is eating sushi behind him, your friend might seem less interested than he should. He might even shoot you a look that makes you feel a little tacky. Don't be mad at him. We've all been indoctrinated, usually by some painfully embarrassing transgression for which we ourselves were once chided.

DAN HARMON

The point being, as a citizen of Los Angeles, I should have said, "no, it's not okay for Robin Williams to come over. I'm in my pajamas and I'm going to bed."

Now that I'm outed as an unrehabilitated starfucker, who else gets my midwestern red carpet rolled out for them just for being who they are? For whom else would I scramble into my clothes and clear the coffee table?

Aaron Eckhart: nope. Brad Pitt: yes. Billy Crystal: absolutely not. Bruce Willis: duh. Julia Roberts: No fucking way. Gwyneth Paltrow: Sure, come on over. Catherine Zeta Jones: Okay, but just for a minute, I have to "work in the morning." Isla Fisher: Move in with me. I know we can't be together, but I'll watch you fuck Borat while I eat low carb ice cream and cry. Judy Dench: Maybe, but I need to smoke a bowl first. I don't want some old British lady frowning at my Hudson Hawk Criterion Collection while I'm sober.

Readers of my blog will be interested to know that I saw Isla Fisher, or, as I call her, Isla Harmon, at the Hot Rod premiere. I was standing next to my agent, who asked that I never put his name in my blog, which I found touchingly vulnerable for an agent. So, there I was, standing next to Jay Gassner, and Isla walked up and stood three feet away from me for at least 45 seconds.

I turned my back. Why, you ask. Easy. Because blogging about wanting to go to bed with someone is only funny until you know them. After that, it's...well, I believe it's literally criminal. Certainly creepy.

I refer you to one of my favorite jokes, in which an 85 year old man comes across a frog who promises, if kissed, to become a beautiful princess, after which she will make passionate love to her liberator. The old man picks her up and puts her in his pocket, explaining over her confused protests that at his age, it's more interesting to have a talking frog. I found something else to look at until Isla Fisher walked away, because I'm smart [cowardly] enough to sacrifice one awkward conversation for a lifetime of fantasy.

Wanting to fuck her is part of who I am. I don't want to be her friend.

Gross.

And yet, Robin Williams is welcome in my home at three in the morning when I'm already in my pajamas.

THE BLOG

Why?

I guess because, if Robin Williams came into my home, no matter what he did, I would have a story. If all he did was say "it's chilly in here," my living room would become The Living Room That Was Too Chilly For Robin Williams. Twenty years from now, I'd be sitting at a bar, and he'd be on the hologram screen on the wall, and I'd say, "I hope it's not too chilly in that hologram for that guy." And the almond-eyed Latino Asian with the cybernetic jaw next to me would say "huh?" And I'd say, "Eh, he came over to my place, once, and I guess it was kind of chilly. We turned on the heater." Then I'd take a hit of "Nuke" and we'd swap jokes about the Virginia Tech massacre, which will be hilarious in 2027.

It makes you feel sorry for famous people. Everywhere they go, they become part of meaningless stories, their every ordinary action becoming an unintentional statement of nothing in particular, like a dirty sock on the wall of the Guggenheim. When Rob and I first moved here, a producer gave us Lakers tickets, and halfway through the game, Rob said, "man, Jim Carrey really likes those peanuts." Sure enough, there he was, right across the court. Peanut eating doofus. Do you know how many people I've seen eat peanuts since then? I sure the fuck don't. I don't know the eye color of the last girl I kissed, but every time I see a bag of peanuts, a hard wood floor or a tall black man, I think "All righty then."

So, let's all shed a tear for our rotating pantheon of deified cheeseballs, and I am so very sorry that I am a starfucker, but seriously, Moscow on the Hudson was in a van outside my apartment and I'm going to write it down before it's gone.

I went down to the street and there was Robin Williams in his minivan, and Andy Dick was in the back seat with some girl who I think we can assume had a pretty bad father, and Mr. Williams, I call him Robin, said, "celebrity limousine service!" And I, being a comedy writer, said, "I asked for Sean Connery." And Andy cackled, and repeated what I said, and it's too bad, because as his cackle subsided, I caught just the TAIL END of Robin Williams' Sean Connery impression, and I'll never know what Sean Connery phrase he used, which makes my story VERY incomplete.

DAN HARMON

Andy struggled to get out of the van, which was hard because he was on crutches, apparently having fallen off a telephone pole earlier in the week.

Andy swears he fell out of a tree (because falling off a telephone pole would be silly), and I say, if you're drunk enough that you fell out of or off of something, you're the only person I'm not going to for the facts. So I say it was a telephone pole.

Andy said some more stuff, and Robin looked uncomfortable, and I read the face he was making as, "listen, I don't want to be an asshole but I'm sober and it's been a long night and I want this guy out of my car," and Andy said something outlandish I can't remember, and Robin said, "sure, go have a drink," and then said to me, "I'm sorry, is that enabling?" And I said, "thank you for giving him a ride," and Robin said "celebrity limousine service" again, which I found odd, and I think there was a little more Algonquin Sidewalk back-and-forths, but I didn't blog about it soon enough, because I didn't want to be a starfucker, so now I forgot a lot of it.

At some point, Dino pulled up in his hybrid, and Andy started screaming and hitting Dino's windshield with his crutches. Dino sped away, and Robin Williams pulled away, and Andy fell in the street and rolled around, waving his crutches, shrieking in pain, and the girl kept saying, "Andy, get up," and Robin Williams' minivan, having made a quick Y-turn, drove past at about 50 mph, and Robin glanced at me as he passed, as if to say, "Nanu nanu, asshole!" And I stood over Andy, scouring the inside of my heart for wires I know are supposed to be there, coming up short as always, because I grew up in a family of melodramatics, so now when someone tells me they have Leukemia I think "oh grow up," and when Andy Dick is rolling around screaming on the pavement, all I can do is look around my neighborhood at the silhouettes appearing in windows, feeling like I've entered a game of Hogan's Alley without a gun.

And we went upstairs, and Dino came back for a little while, and throughout the night, strangers kept knocking on my door and saying, "are you Dan Harmon? Andy Dick told us to come here," and it turned into a tiny party, and there was a girl that couldn't have been much older than 22, and she wanted to tell me about her ketchup commercial. She was going to make a ketchup commercial for a contest on YouTube. It's a very exciting new era for artists. And she had it all figured out. And she asked if she could describe it to me, and I said of course, and

THE BLOG

she layed it all out. And it was fine. And listen, I created Channel 101, and it's not my place to do anything but support anyone that endeavors to create, so I told her it sounded like a very good ketchup commercial, but she didn't believe me, so I went through it with her and verified that it hit all the points a good ketchup commercial needs to hit, and she said "but you didn't laugh," and the more I tried to explain that "it's not your ketchup commercial, it's me," the more it sounded like I was trying to be polite, and the more nervous she got, which led, an hour later, to a moment which will surely outlast Robin Williams in my mental TiVo, when I walked past the kitchen and overheard her saying to a group of friends, "he doesn't like my ketchup commercial!

HE DOESN'T LIKE IT!" with the panicked, near sobbing intensity of Dale in the Flash Gordon movie trying to flip the giant inverted hour glass so that Flash could stay alive for one more moment.

And I had a moment of clarity about cocaine. Which is that I would never do it again.

With Andy Dick.

And Andy, if you're reading this, no, that is completely unrelated to my mysterious withdrawal from our friendship. Dino told me that you were wondering why I wasn't picking up the phone lately. I don't know if I have a reason that makes sense on paper. The important thing is, it wasn't because I don't think you're talented or smart or funny or bankable. I wanted to be a poor man's Thomas Wolfe to your poor man's Ken Kesey, and shoot your circus from an angle that revealed the real clowns. The vapid assholes that hold on-air interventions between commercial breaks. The suits playing you like a shuffleboard puck, scoring points off an edge they paid to install. The police that watch you urinate on the sidewalk. The promoters that invite you to club openings so you can be photographed getting kicked out. The undiscovered, maxed-out actresses that race to sit in your lap and whisper in your ear, only to run shrieking from the booth five minutes later, flushed with excitement to discover their first boundaries. Their boyfriends who march over protective and march away bisexual. I wanted to put you at the end of a pointed finger and then focus on the three fingers underneath it. But if nobody's paying me to observe the circus, and I'm not in the audience, then I'm a clown, too. I lose diplomatic immunity and I become another freelance, B-string auteur following you around with his laptop satchel, doing bumps to stay

DAN HARMON

awake so I can chatter about how you need help. I'm no good to you or myself if we're working "on spec." So, forgive me, and I love you, and I like hanging out with you, but I have a full plate and I hate saying no to you, so I took the path of least resistance and just didn't answer the phone. Anyways, that was a tangent.

Where was I? Oh. Robin Williams. Yes. Well, he drove away. And we never hung out again. He's out there somewhere eating peanuts with Ace Ventura. Fags.

THE BLOG

- August 2nd, 2007 -

The future

I just saw high definition footage of myself from behind with my shirt off. I don't know how this is possible, but it's even worse than in the mirror. I wish it would be either MORE or LESS hairy. It's just this ...pattern of hair...I'm like a bear dying of radiation poisoning.

DAN HARMON

- August 11th, 2007 -

I Would Love to Photograph Your Band

When you pool all your money to have your awesome rock band photos taken, can I take them? I have a great idea. I would like to have everyone in your band stand with their arms at their sides and stare at the camera with vacant looks in their eyes. If there's more than four people in your band, we'll do it in some stark wilderness setting, but if there's four or less, I'd like to shoot you indoors with harsh lighting so it feels a little like you're characters from *The Shining*. Or characters from the cover of a band's cd.

You'll be really close to being the first band to do it, especially if you find a time machine and go back to 1999. But even today, you'll only be like the five hundredth band to do it, and since there's 1 band for every 4 people in the world, being 500th to do anything is pretty sweet!

Can I ask you guys some questions while I take your *Shining* style cd photographs? How many chords do you guys know? Wow, that's more than the last band I photographed, and they were great. I mean, they must have been great, they paid me. That's a lot of chords. Let's see, I'm calculating on my fingers, I think you could play nine songs with that many chords. And you can double that number if you count different tempos of the same melody as two different songs. I like being able to sing the lyrics to a band's slow songs along with their fast ones. If you split all your songs like that, that's 18 songs! Slow down, McCartney!

Hey, can I ask you guys another question? And don't be shy about answering this, I know a lot of bands don't want to answer this and I always have to drag it out of people: Are you playing anywhere any time soon?

Like, if I get sick of listening to your 9 songs on this CD, is there any way I could come hear them in a sloppier, louder way, and listen to you talk and practice chords in between?

What? You're playing on Wednesday? Holy shit, what are the odds that I would ask that question on the same week that you're playing? Oh, you play somewhere about once a week? Wow. Well, you must have a thousand songs by now! Oh, just the nine still? Well, you must be really good at playing them. I can't wait.

THE BLOG

When you play out, do you play really loud? I only like loud music. I like loud music because back before electricity, in the days of harpsichords and things, if your music was loud, it meant you were playing hard. These days, of course, it mainly means that you turned a knob, but it's an important symbolic gesture.

Okay, the photo session is done. Yes, I only took one picture. It's not like there's a "right" or "wrong" way to stare vacantly into the camera from a forest clearing or creepy hallway. I guess that's what I love most about it.

No risk. If I can let you in on a little secret: I'm not a very passionate photographer. I grew up looking at other people's photos and, out of the tiny amount of energy I spend on photography, I spend most of it trying to figure out how my work can seem like the work that I've seen.

But...you guys wouldn't know anything about that. You're a rock band. That makes you passionate. Here's your awesome photo. Can I have eight hundred dollars, please?

DAN HARMON

- August 11th, 2007 -

Finally. A Roast of Flava Flav!

They're going to make a real fool out of that guy!

To my comedian friends, if they haven't taped the roast yet, and you're doing it, you can use this set, but you have to keep it intact, from start to finish, and you have to storm off the stage afterward while the mic feeds back.

Hey, Flav. I can't say it's good to see you tonight, but I can say it's a challenge. Let's have a hand for this lighting crew, folks. Such heart in the face of defeat. I don't want to say Flava Flav is black, and I don't have to.

When he sits around the house, it's not a big surprise! So fucking dark skinned! We are standing next to a man that Stephen Hawking has yet to prove! I was talking to Flav before the show and a space station got sucked into him, he is a very, very black man, ladies and gentlemen! Pause while camera cuts to Sinbad slamming the table, oh, I'm sorry, I'm reading my stage directions.

I kid you, Flav. I kid you because I was asked to by Comedy Central, a network with the strange honor of profaning the roast. You know why Comedy Central started producing their own roasts? They watched the Friar's Club Chevy Chase roast, and they said, "not shitty enough." So here we are, ladies and gentlemen, gathered to "make fun" of a man whose first job was saying "yeah boyeeeeee" and who has gone downhill from there. He now exists as a pioneer in social reform, the only man that can make African Americans blush. I think you skipped a step, Flav, shouldn't you have gone back into the studio to let us know we should start believing the hype? Tonight, we'll be hearing a lot of humorous takes on why Flava Flav wears a clock around his neck. I'll tell you the truth. Flav needs to remind you "what time it is" Because otherwise, you'd think it was 1955. If this guy stays on TV much longer, not only are we all going to need a lot more clocks and calendars, we're going to need to have the thirteenth ammendment tattooed on the backs of our hands. Write your own tag line about tattoos on black people. Go ahead, you don't need people like me anymore, there's no irony in being crass anymore. Be racist on your own.

Flava Flav makes it easy. That's what you've become, Flav. You're a Promethean effigy, a stereotype in a barrel, exhibit A at humanity's trial, a piece of human shit

THE BLOG

dropped from the ass of an exploited, mentally unstable nation, in a reality show hosted by a God that was big in the eighties. Good night!

Who are they going to roast next? Let's play a game. I'm mixing my candidates for future Comedy Central roastees with actual previous Comedy Central roastees AND my grocery list. See if you can sort them.

Answers below:

Ron Jeremy
O.J. Simpson
Three pounds of ground beef
Jeff Foxworthy
John Wayne Bobbit
Latoya Jackson
A stick of butter
Pamela Anderson
Dungeons and Dragons creator Gary Gygax
The guy from the iphone videos at apple.com
String Cheese
Carrot Top
Denis Leary
Gum

Answers: Ground beef, butter, string cheese and gum are groceries. Jeff Foxworthy, Pam Anderson and Denis Leary have all been "roasted" by Comedy Central. The other things are jokes.

Remember jokes, TV? We told them before we became them.

DAN HARMON

- Aug 13th, 2007 -

When your "bit" is being an asshole, it's not a bit.

Why can't anyone like something without being a twat anymore?

Can't you just say something is "good?"

Just because there's a blinking cursor and a blank space in front of you DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY.

Everything has to be "good considering it's a spoof of a reality show" or "surprisingly good for a show about a talking motorcycle" or "actually pretty enjoyable even though I don't like Sarah Silverman" or "heart warming at moments until you remember it's a fart joke" or "possessing of an unexpected" this or "betraying a charm beneath its" that.

The people who DON'T LIKE WHAT I DO are so much MORE POLITE TO ME.

I don't want your approval anymore because it never comes unmitigated, and that makes it dishonest, and when you "compliment" me in your backhanded, roundabout, topsy turvy fucking way, you soil my soul with your shameful, lying, poisonous shit.

I DON'T WANT YOU TO ENJOY ANYTHING I DO EVER AGAIN.

And now that you'll be joining the billions of people who have never enjoyed my work, you can finally do what they do and shut the fuck up.

Look at the entire country of China. They don't know me. They don't care about me. Do you hear them condescending to me? Shhh. Listen real careful. Nope. Be Chinese. Fuck off. Stop gracing me with your tense version of witty analysis, your glib, forgiving embrace of what you perceive as my flaws, and your misdirected self hatred in the form of a "fan letter."

THE BLOG

I think I've gotten like THREE actual fan letters in my life. Three emails that I read and thought, "oh, that's awfully nice of them, they didn't have to take the time to write that, but they did. Reading that made me feel good."

The other 997 letters were....kind of fan letters? From...some kind of self-styled...colleague? Giving me advice? Or an attempt to initiate some kind of...epistolary sparring match? By somebegrudging....adversary? I'm using a lot of question marks, because ...honestly....regardless of who you think I am...who in the fuck do you think you are?

This is an example of a "normal" fan letter, and I put normal in quotes because these are barely existent, I consider them "normal" because they're the kind I've written: Dear So and So, I'm just writing to let you know that I enjoyed this and that very much, I especially liked this or that part, keep doing what you're doing, my wife or friend and I watched such and such together and we still quote it whenever we're in this or that situation and we look forward to whatever you do next. Thanks for your time.

This, on the other hand, ladies and gentlemen, you'll be quite shocked to learn, is not what I consider a "fan letter:"

My Dear Sir Mr. So and So, if I may be so honored as to call you that, er, before you disregard this as the ramblings of a typical ass-kissing fan, let me assure you that I absolutely detested this and that, my friends kept insisting that such and such was good but I held out as long as possible until I saw this or that, and, as one who dabbles in the vocation of the literary arts, allow me to say bravo, sir, although next time might I recommend if only for the sake of this and that that you do such and such differently. I originally discovered your work, oddly enough, during a strange time in my life. You see, throughout my teenage years I was something of a -

- STOP. STOP. OH MY GOD, JESUS IN HEAVEN, STOP. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU. I HATE YOU.

And the fact that you like me makes me hate myself. Why are my only 3,000 fans all...

DAN HARMON

....Angry, raving, compulsively ironic pseudo-intellectuals?

Oh, Jesus. I walked into that one. 34 years for that epiphany. Whoops.

Fine. I get it.

Dear God, I'm writing to let you know I enjoy the karmic comedy of my life. I especially enjoyed the part where I realized my fans were self-obsessed, approval-craving, pseudo-intellectual assholes because that's what I am. I look forward to whatever you do next, thanks for your time. Dick.

Fine. Someone's breaking the cycle. It's me. I resolve: I am never going to write anything for anyone but myself ever again. With all due apologies to your royal fucking highnesses, may God save the queen and every armchair fucking Ebert in this Walmart encrusted turd of a country. Suck my fucking small-to-medium sized dick depending on who you ask.

It had to happen at some point. Divorce. Maybe it's an artistic puberty, or midlife crisis, or maybe it's sour grapes because you didn't watch Acceptable TV and you didn't buy tickets to my friends' movie and I'm trying to write the Heat Vision movie and everything I've ever done just sort of floats to the middle of the tank and nothing has ever broken the surface and I have no reason to suspect any of it ever will, and I'm not Tom Hulce in that movie about Amadeus, I'm F. Murray Abraham. I'm a bitter, rule-bound, lukewarm politician with bad taste.

Then again, who but an arrogant maniac speculates with such gravity about the supposedly dire possibility of his mediocrity. I'm a lazy, flagrant, self-destructive solopsist, so even if I am F. Murray Abraham, I've got my Tom Hulce act down and 99 percent of you will never know the difference.

You're the fucking idiots that can't put together a simple statement of support without soaking it in transparently ambitious stupid-sauce.

All right, so this is good. This is healthy: Dear audience, whether I'm actually talented or not, I hate you. You are my enemy, and I'd gladly sacrifice my pathetic career for the satisfaction of contributing to your dissatisfaction with whatever I write next, you ineffectual, voiceless, fussy cunts. Nothing that makes you happy can be worth a shit, and I'm worth a shit, so fuck you, fuck you straight through

THE BLOG

the crusty teeth that ring your circular, slime-coated mouths, you godless, worthless, artless fucking lampreys. Not Yours Truly, and Never Yours Again, Dan Harmon.

I always do this when I'm on a deadline, just ignore it. I think it's like the big loud sound a truck makes when it slows down to take a corner.

DAN HARMON

- August 14th, 2007 -

in my last entry

I wasn't really talking to any of you.

THE BLOG

- August 15th, 2007 -

I Hate Writers

"The important point that I'm trying to make is that storytelling has nothing, whatsoever, to do with logic. Logic is a limping stepchild of the true process of the spirit. It's an illusion. It's a defective little parlor trick. Associations are the way that we perceive. Electrical connections caused by the juxtaposition of experience. That's the way we are really built, and storytelling takes into account that truth."

That's David Milch, creator of *John: From Cincinnati*.

It seems like explaining your important point in an interview is an activity based more in logic than spirit. So I'm guessing the Milch in this interview is off the clock. I suppose he only sheds his logic when he sits down to write his television show.

Or does he sit? How can I even assume that? Maybe he stands when he writes. I wonder if he takes his shirt off.

I'll tell you one thing: I'd like to know. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to write a story about David Milch. A logical one. I think it could be the greatest, most classically structured story ever written since The New Testament. Here you have this intelligent, articulate writer that inherits the power to transcend logic. He starts blurring the line between story and life, questioning the value of entertainment, creating TV the likes of which no man has ever enjoyed.

Of course, the world is not ready, and so he is obstructed, maligned, interrogated for the things that make him unique. You know, like a character in the kinds of stories he doesn't write.

On page 70 of my trite, predictable, limping stepchild of a hero's journey, David Milch is sitting in a room with an interviewer, and he has an epiphany. He's never going to be able to make people understand that understanding things is wrong. It's a paradox.

DAN HARMON

As the music swells- which David Milch would hate- David Milch the character stops expressing his important point in coherent Frasier-speak, and just starts repeating the word "gorgleflog" over and over until the interviewer gets frustrated and leaves the room. Then, in a fit of non-logic, Milch teleports to the roof of the Sears Tower, sticks a baby seal up his ass and leaps to his death.

Everyone in the world stops their logical lives and says, "why did David Milch do that?" And this time, they are answered only by silence.

And it is that silence, from David Milch's flattened, newly effective corpse, that becomes his crowning achievement. In death, he redeems us all. And because we no longer need to understand, the John From Cincinatti box set becomes the new bible, and we pull back to see that the entire story was taking place in Rebecca De Mornay's vagina. Because that doesn't make sense.

But since it makes sense that the David Milch Story would make no sense, we then pull further back to reveal that Rebecca De Mornay's vagina is on the set of David Milch's next show, which will be logic-based, and good, like Deadwood.

I like that story because it chains events together with cause and effect, which I have this weird thing for.

Of course, if I sell it as a TV show, I'll need to pick a staff of writers. And I know who I'm not going to hire.

THE BLOG

- August 30th, 2007 -

You Don't Have to be High to Watch The Price is Right

But it doesn't hurt. My old friend from Milwaukee (I mean, he's like 50), Bob Orvis, is in Los Angeles and we wanted to make sure he got a taste of the glamorous life, so Jeff got Drew Carey to put us on the guest list for a Price is Right taping. I smoked a bowl before we headed out the door, just for old time's sake.

For me, The Price is Right is synonymous with marijuana. It's 1993, I'm twenty, I've just made my first bong out of a maple syrup bottle, I found a perfect couch on the sidewalk, it's 11AM and my "job," which is improvising rap lyrics based on the suggestion of either "bratwurst" or "chia pet," doesn't start until 6pm. It pays 20 bucks a show and if I do 3 shows a week, I'm fucking set because my rent is 275. And sometimes, thanks to Bob Orvis, who ran the ComedySportz road shows, I would get "remotes," which were private shows you did for local companies, and which could pay fifty, eighty bucks or more. I still miss it. My real life ended the day Dreamworks gave me a three thousand dollar check. Then came the car payments, the Lebanese landlords, the heart palpitations, the deadlines, the frigid bass players, the cholesterol warnings, the lower back pain, the prom kings in suits, the pill-popping princesses, the guilds, the envy, the lonely, the grey hairs in my red beard. Back then, fifty bucks was real and beer tasted good.

I know for a fact I got depressed back then. I have vague recollections of trying to write plays and radio sketches while freezing air gushed through the holes in the plastic lined windows; I made a point of mentally bookmarking the morning when my plastic ice chisel snapped in half on my windshield and the handle of my car door broke off in my hand because the climate in which I lived had been deemed unviable by a metal hinge. I know that nine months out of the year saw me fishtailing a salt-eaten honda down the same slippery, shit lined street in time to load equipment into a van with comics that intimidated me and I know that every night saw me laying on a bare, cum stained mattress, wrapped in two comforters, smoking marlboro lights, staring at a water stain on the ceiling that I pretended was a palm tree. I know I hated myself for every choice I'd ever made and not made, and I know I knew I was going to die looking at snow. Those are post-it

DAN HARMON

notes in my brain, strings around my finger that say "don't go back, you weren't happy." But the real memories I have, the things I didn't have to consciously store, are of big laughs, cold beer, cheap pot, first kisses, cheating the system, walking between rain drops, renting bad movies with Schrab and watching The Price is Right with my roommate while loading the maple syrup bong.

For those who share my nostalgia, before you ask, yes, at the taping I attended, they did play the yodeling mountain climby guy game. And yes, he did stop like one or two dollars before plummeting off the cliff, and yes, several housewives won new cars, and yes, the black ones did dance when it happened.

So did I. I was out of my seat several times- they do imply that it would be nice if you were as excited as possible, but they didn't have to ask twice, because there's no more satisfying a story than watching a little old lady put the cat litter to the left of the bubble gum and then finding out that because she did, she's going to Monte Carlo in a fucking speedboat. I hate the empty darkness, the polished chrome and muted neon of the new prime time Logan's Run game shows. It's all adrenaline and no hospitality. The Price is Right still has the white linoleum floor, the pastel flowers, the Goodson font logo, the rotating panels and sliding doors, and the awesomely gay ass music. It was there when I was home sick from school eating saltines and 7up, hating that it wasn't a cartoon, it was there when I was a baked college dropout, pointing at the screen and shrieking at the absurdity of capitalism, and it was still there yesterday when I sat down right behind the fucking bidders. People were "coming on down" all around me, hugging my friend and spinning the wheel.

Best part of a Price is Right taping? I'm pretty sure it took less time than if I watched it on TV, because there were no commercials. No pickup shots, no warmup comic, no lectures about what you can't do, no instructions about how to pretend you're enjoying something. Granted, as a guest, you don't have to stand in line all day, but if you're one of those people, given the size of the room and the number of contestants, I'm guessing you have about a 10% chance of ending up on the show. Which is why everyone around me was so excited, and why half of them had been at the previous taping, and why, when I walked in, they were high fiving each other and singing along with the pre-show music without having been prompted to do so.

THE BLOG

It was a nice way to leave the apartment. And Drew is happy, and everyone's happy to have him, and everyone's winning over there.

Special note: I have recently begun accepting friend requests from strangers, which means strangers will be commenting on my blog entries.

To my real friends, I am sorry. The rest of you may now commence with your amateurishly cynical or desperately absurd chimings-in that add nothing, express nothing and accomplish nothing. Thanks in advance for your cleverness, your shame, your pride, your wit, your sarcasm, your complete lack of self awareness, your embarrassment of yourself and your weakening of my character by association.

DAN HARMON

- September 2nd, 2007 -

A Blog Written by Every Woman I'm Supposed to Marry

I Had to Do Something Work Related Today

I was just forced to do something interesting at my job. Sigh. My boss needed me to do this thing, and I did it. The reason he had to make me do it is because I am indispensable. I suppose I could have said no, but what would my life be without the little adventures that people ask me to undertake?

Last week, they told me my job would be easier if I carried a clipboard. If you know me, you know how funny the image of me carrying a clipboard is. The only thing I carry is my scarf/hat/mitten/goldfish in a bag. It's very special to me because I'm very special because of it. I found it in a place for old people or children.

I'm creative; you wouldn't know it from anything I've ever said or done, but that's because I'm so busy with this thankless job. If I had any free time at all, I'd write, shoot and paint one thousand movies, mostly about vampires. But until I receive my big break, society will know me by my 1) indispensability in my thankless job and 2) my old people's mittens.

My blog is the diary I imagine would be written by the person I'm supposed to be. I'm going to become that person, entry by constipated, "blog becomes eclectic" entry. Everything you will read here was written with the intention of getting a stranger to know I didn't vote for Bush while keeping them from knowing I want to kill myself. After my 2002 abortion, I decided that anything that comes out of me needs to be unregrettable.

There are things I don't know- I don't know why the horoscope works so well, I don't know why black women are so mean and I don't know who I am- but I know this: you can count on me to be the most worldly fucking bore that ever sipped from an NPR coffee mug. Have you ever been to the North Pole? I have. I'm a fucking idiot.

THE BLOG

My wealthy, divorced parents, who, in their late fifties, now both uncannily resemble Dustin Hoffman, gave me time-outs instead of beating me, so I need to pay extra attention to bands, movies and TV because I'm hoping to get a "contact personality." I like to say that the Depeche Roses sticker/shirt/mitten/actionfigure/tattoo I keep on my desk/laptop/ass/dog/hat is getting a lot of strange looks at the office, but, like many things I like to say, it's not true. Not much I do gets strange looks. I exert a tremendous amount of effort keeping the woodwork from sucking me in. Do you have any pot? I'm not going to smoke it, it would hinder my productivity, I just find that asking makes me visible in a socially acceptable way.

Sometimes, and by sometimes, I mean twice a week, I want to kill myself. And not in that post-abortion cry for help way. Like for realies. I guess that would be interesting to write about, in a Judy Blume kind of way, so you won't be reading that here. Here, you'll be reading the menu behind the counter at McDonald's: a lot of colorful, constantly rearranged words about a lot of dead flesh. I am open for business. I opened for business on prom night and I will close when some wet sock of a man helps me buy the home, car and coffin to which I am entitled.

Oh, by the way, when I'm not working, I'm a girl! Teedly tee! Exclamation point time! My girlfriends and I are going to go totally awesome rock out this weekend because that's when real men stay indoors. I'm going to dance and scream with my girlfriends and celebrate the seven year holiday between our proms and weddings. In Los Angeles, that holiday is actually nine years long because there's a lot of money here so the men take longer to fuck us all. I like to say that I don't want to have children, but, like I said, I kind of lie when I exhale. I can't wait to become impregnated with a four foot eleven reality show producer's 1.8 shrieking, pink larvae. I'm going to shit it out of my pussy and hand it to a Mexican and eat a well-deserved lunch with the one girlfriend who made it to my tax bracket and whisper to her about dildos. But enough about other people. Let me get back to saying nothing about me. Oh, shit, Judging Heather is on, it's one of my 391 guilty pleasures. TTFN.

DAN HARMON

- September 2nd, 2007 -

Asshole's Log Supplemental

A friend of mine recently broke off a lengthy monogamous relationship because she realized she liked hanging out, feeling pretty, kissing boys, staying out past curfew, doing drugs, you know, all that stuff that only a guarantee of alimony would be worth dropping.

I'm not hopelessly cynical, I believe real happiness with someone else is possible; I just think good things are rare and when you ask me if you should break up, I'm going to start with "no" for the sake of statistics- and because, in relationships, as a rule of thumb, if you have to ask...

The only happy couples I've ever met are the obnoxious siamese twats joined at the nothing, the ones that talk to each other like babies and drop off the face of the Earth so they can shuffle up and down the concrete riverbank in their Tweety Bird shirts learning to avoid topics outside Will Ferrel. It's the puke brains, the froth, the registered voters, the tax payers, the cop-callers, the water brains, those are the only people who are going to make it to any kind of anniversary because they're "compatible." With each other, with others, with the sky and the dirt. They're the tan slacks of humanity. They're sticky. They're boogery blobs of rubber cement. They just kind of find a way to work with whatever's going on. I always have to go to a therapist in order to fuck one. They always say it's my fault it's not working because I'm not working hard enough and they're always absolutely right and I'm fucking proud of it. Who did you think was going to work for the honor of keeping you? Lower your standards, you're a bowl of shredded wheat.

So, anyways, I always get tricked into talking people out of their failing relationships, just so they can go have good makeup sex and then give me weird looks at the next party because now I'm the guy that doesn't approve of their union. I hate it, but I understand it. I've done it. What else can you do, pace your apartment saying "should I break up" to the thin air?

Someone's got to listen, and what I should really do is realize that I'm just supposed to listen. But sometimes people get this look on their face when I'm talking, like I'm giving them something they really need, and I like it, so I keep doing it.

THE BLOG

Anyways, it's three days later and she called her ex and judging from her toe-diggin' Little Rascals speech pattern, she'll probably be getting back together with the guy, who is, after all, not a bad guy.

Plus, he has a pool. And it was really hot in Los Angeles today, and, as Dino pointed out, at some point between missing this guy and heading over to his place, she had bothered to put a bikini on underneath her drinking clothes. And he wondered jokingly if the ex would be able to hear her saying "I love you" mid-dive. But I'm not that cynical. I think there's other pools out there and she doesn't want to be alone any more than the rest of us.

Then the power went out at the Rustic, and we talked about how funny it would be if you were so depressed you jumped off a building, and on the way down, you realized you loved skydiving. And how it would be even funnier if you were smart enough to prepare for that contingency, and went parachute shopping before your suicide- just in case jumping off a building made you want to live again. And I thought it was especially funny because if there's such a thing as a parachute store, I'm sure they have cheap parachutes and expensive ones, and the expensive ones are probably more prone to work properly, but you'd only waste the money on it if it didn't matter, and the cheap chute might be the last and biggest mistake you ever made in your shitty life (which would probably be kind of depressing, in which case you might hit the pavement with a newfound resolve, if you had time to think it all through, so now I'm thinking the most important choice is the height of the building).

Sleepy!

DAN HARMON

- September 5th, 2007 -

Wade Randolph:

I got a call today from Washington Mutual fraud prevention, a call I'm used to getting, because sometimes, I realize I need a new computer over a steak dinner. Only this time, they weren't just calling because I was spending my money in ways that only someone stealing from me would spend it. This time, somebody had tried to spend a hundred dollars on my card at a record shop in New York. And it was declined, and they called me.

I can't believe the world is so fucked that I'm celebrating the fact that my electronic mugging wasn't entirely successful. But, it beats having to be the guy that killed and cooked my steak dinner.

Anyways, it's my fault that this happened. A couple weeks ago, I "needed" certain software so badly, and I was so incapable of waiting to finish downloading a pirated copy through the usual network, and so unwilling to wait for the stores to open, I signed up for one of those web sites where you can have as much software as you want forever for twenty dollars. That's right. I gave my fucking credit card number...to a bunch of thieves. For the purpose of stealing. And was shocked when they robbed me.

So, um, don't do that, okay, everybody? Also don't eat glass and don't stick a fork in your dick hole. What would you do without me.

Anyway, I wanted to let Wade Randolph know because I just read in his blog that someone used his credit card to buy shoes in New York. Fucking New York. Make your own money, you bunch of fucking crowded ass mass transit pee skating tree lighting dip shits.

THE BLOG

- September 5th, 2007 -

6am

Since the last 101 screening, when I pulled an all nighter (and blew it anyway), my body can't even think about going to sleep before 6am. I wake up and want to chat over coffee when everyone's exhausted. I was blending into society better when I was drinking every day. When I was in high school, I would sometimes stay up all night, go to class in the morning, then come home and sleep from 3 to midnight. I guess now is the time in my life when I can do it without getting yelled at, but it makes a solitary lifestyle moreso. When I'm alone for too long, my brain starts rattling. I wouldn't last a week on a desert island; nobody to impress with my specialness, nobody to blow off, nobody to jerk off to, nobody to ask me how to write and nobody to ask me why I'm not writing.

I just ate like the five hundredth colby cheese stick in a row. I can feel cheese in every inch of my body. Ever have diet cherry 7up? Pretty good. Kelly put a bar between the video games in my kitchen, and she bought some diet cherry 7up. This is going to make me happy, I can tell.

I myspaced a girl I got a crush on, asked her to dinner, she said how about coffee, I said sure I'll call you, didn't call her for a week. Take that! She was just supposed to say "no." Coffee is "no" plus a friend that could end up getting cancer or needing a ride to the airport.

One script about a talking motorcycle stands between me and self actualization. This'll be the one that makes me happy. One more deadline and then it's smooth sailing for the rest of my life.

SmoothER sailing. I guess I've pretty much managed to define smooth sailing so far. So what's wrong? It's the cheese sticks, I finally killed myself. There's cheese in my heart. I have to start eating a fucking vegetable or something.

A guy wanted me to write a piece for Vanity Fair, I told him I would love to, haven't called him for two months. Take that!

DAN HARMON

I'm out of my god damned mind. There's colby cheese in my brain. Well, what do you talk about over coffee, and what do you write for Vanity Fair?
If it's not about not writing, I don't know anything about it.

THE BLOG

- September 7th, 2007 -

Alternate Titles for Superman Returns

I guess I should say "Spoilers!" Spoilers. Don't let me...spoil Superman Returns for you, but I fell asleep last time I watched it, and it was just on HD cable while I was procrastinating. It occurred to me while watching it wide awake, that there were better titles for it:

The Drama Queen from Space

Clark Kent Stands Behind Someone at a Computer for 45 Minutes

Shoot Me in the Eye All You Want, I'll Never Stop Crying

Faggotman

Supergirl

My Real Kryptonite is Not Receiving That to Which I Feel Entitled

Dark Costume, Light Structure

The Mystery of Lex Luthor's Spoooooooky Black Island

The Adventures of Seaplane Pilot and His Shitty, Lying Family

Superman Returns, Editor Leaves

Oh, Great, What Am I Supposed to Do, Find A New Girlfriend? WHERE?!

The Perfect Storm 2: This Time it's Inconsequential

The Day Seven Things Needed to be Caught and/or Lifted

Your Kryptonite Island Killed Me So I Lifted It. Check Mate?

DAN HARMON

Stephen King's Heavyobjectcatcher

It's a Faller! It's a Lifter! It's a Catcher! It's Liftercatch!

Superman Returns, and Clark Kent Returns at the Exact Same Time to the Hour,
but Fuck it, it's a Comic Book

Wait, if it's a Comic Book, Why is Everyone Crying

The Fourth Best Superman Including Quest For Peace

Superman 5: The Quest for Catching and Lifting

I Actually Wish Richard Pryor Would Return

Now Kryptonite Doesn't Kill Me. Maybe I'm Just a Werewolf or Something

Thank God My Six Year Old Son is Also a Superman, Now We Have an
Advantage

Get Ready to Root for...uh, I'll Get Back to You

They Say Kevin Spacey Would be Compelling While Reading a Phone Book.
Let's Find Out

Don't Break Into His Fortress, it Makes Him Flying Back to His Office Mad!

Superman in a Dark, Modern, Realistic Context, But Let's Face it, You Can't
Catch or Lift Genocide

Clark, Snap Out of it, Even if You Don't Want to Save Your Friends, Someone
Must Be Being Raped in Pakistan

Your Grandpa Will Love This Movie, Assuming He's a Woman and a Nerd

Superman: You Will Believe a Man Can Fly, What You Won't Believe is That a
Flying Man Can Bore You

THE BLOG

Sure, I Wish He Was Fighting Three Evil Supermen in the Street, But Listen, if Something's Falling on Me, I Want it Caught

Superman, Where Have You Been All This Time? The World Has Suffered Too Long Under the Yoke of Faulty Aircraft and Precarious Architecture

Superman versus Lex Luthor: The Villain Who, Left to His Own Devices, Fails

Yes, I'm a Floating Immortal That Everyone Loves, But Your wife Makes My Cock Hard, Do You Think This is Easy For Me?

DAN HARMON

- September 8th, 2007 -

America Undercover: The Harmon Youth

..> ..>

From: Joshua Joshua

myspace.com/jmanfilms

Date: Sep 7, 2007 12:39 PM

Flag as Spam or Report Abuse [?]

Subject: HEY MY HIGHSCHOOL FRIENDS AND I ALLWAYS ENJOY YOUR MOVIES .

Body: YOUR MOVIES ARE ALL GREAT STUFF .I LOVED YOUR MOVIES EXPOSER THE SERIES IS MY FAVORATE BECAUSE I CAN REALLY RELATE TO HOW HE REACTED TO HIS FAILURE IN SUBMITTING AN ACCEPTABLE PILOT FOR CHANNEL 101.YOU SEE THE REASON WHY I CAN RELATE IS BECAUSE I MAKE LOTS OF MOVIES MY SELF AND IM ALLWAYS FEELING REJECTED EVEN WHEN IM NOT GETTING A REJECTION EMAIL FROM CHANNEL 101. BECAUSE I HAVE ALL OF THESE SILLY MOVIE IDEAS FLOATING ARROUND IN MY HEAD BUT I HAVE TROUBLE FINDING TIME TO MAKE THEM BECAUSE OF SCHOOL BUT THATS NOT ALL NORMALLY MY FAMILLY DOESNT LIKE MY MOVIES BECAUSE THEY SAY THERE PERVERSE OR GROSE OR SOMETIMES THEY EVEN CALL THEM STUPID I DONT CARE THOUGH WHEN MY MOVIES ARE CALLED STUPID BECAUSE THERE NOT STUPID TO ME THERE ALLWAYS FUN FOR ME TO MAKE AND I PUT ALOT OF HEART INTO MAKING THEM.SO I THINK THE REASON WHY I FEEL REJECTED IS BECAUSE MY FAMILLEY DOESNT EXCEPT ME AND MY ART FOR WHAT IT IS .THEY WELL NEVER REALIZE ITS MORE THAN MAKING MOVIES TO ME ITS A PART OF ME AND IT CAME FROM MY HEART AND SOUL. WHEN YOU WERE IN HIGHSCHOOL DID YOU EVER MAKE MOVIES AND DID YOU EVER FEEL LIKE THIS.THANKS FOR TAKING THE TIME TO READ THIS I HOPE YOU HAVE THE TIME TO COMMENT BACK IT WOULD REALLY MEAN ALOT EVEN IF YOU JUST WANT TO TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU HATE ME FOR WASTEING YOUR TIME WHEN YOU READ THIS LONG STUPID NOTE.

THE BLOG

- September 8th, 2007 -

The Answer is Yes, Young Man

..> ..>

From: Joshua Joshua

myspace.com/jmanfilms

Date: Sep 8, 2007 5:50 AM

Flag as Spam or Report Abuse [?]

Subject: MR. HARMON THANKS FOR ADDING ME.

Body: BUT I WAS REALLY HOPEING YOU WOULD RESPOND.I HOPE YOU DIDNT THINK THAT WAS A BUNCH OF WINEY STUFF I SENT YOU YESTERDAY BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I FEEL LIKE THAT JUST BECAUSE OF THE FACT THAT I DO MAKE RAUNCHY MOVIES THAT ARE REJECTED SOMETIMES.LIKE WHEN I WAS IN 8TH GRADE AND MADE A MOVIE ON CANNABLISM .I BASICALLY HADE JUST MADE A REMAKE OF A FULL LENTH MOVIE I HADE SEEN AND SHORTENED IT TO A 4 MINUTE FILM AND IT WAS STILL TO LONG.EVEN MY FRIENDS STILL JOKE ABOUT WHEN I MADE THAT AND HOW I SHOWED IT ARROUND TO PEAPLE AT SCHOOL THEY SAY THOSE PEAPLE STILL THINK IM CRAZY AND IM A SOPHMORE NOW .OH WELL I THINK IM ABIT CRAZY BUT ITS NOT BEING CRAZY THAT MAKES ME DIFFERENT ITS WHAT I DO WITH MY CRAZYNESS .YOU SEE WHEN I MAKE MOVIES I EXPRESS ALL MY DEMONS ALL MY CRAZIES AND IF YOU SHOW YOUR WORK TO THE RIGHT PEAPLE THEY CAN LAUGH AT IT. WHEN YOU MAKE MOVIES IS THIS HOW YOU THINK ABOUT IT?????

DAN HARMON

- September 8th, 2007 -

Seven Minutes Later

..> ..>

From: Joshua Joshua

myspace.com/jmanfilms

Date: Sep 8, 2007 5:57 AM

Flag as Spam or Report Abuse [?]

Subject: FW: MR. HARMON THANKS FOR ADDING ME.

Body:

ALLSO I WOULD LIKE TO APPOLOGIZE FOR ACTING LIKE I KNOW YOU AND I KNOW I DONT BUT YOU SEE TALKING OR TYPING IS REALLY THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET TO KNOW YOU YOU SEE SENSE I WAS LITTLE I WANTED TO BE A KING OF INDEPENT CINIMA MUCH LIKE LLOYD KAULFMAN OF TROMA OR YOURSELF SO I FIGURE TALKING WITH PEAPLE FROM THE INDEPENT FILM CINIMA IS A GOOD WAY TO KNOW IF THATS THE LIFE STYLE I WISH TO LIVE AND SENSE IM IN HIGHSCHOOL ILL HAVE TIME TO CHANGE MY PLANS ON HOW I WISH TO LIVE MY LIFE IM NOT TRYING TO BECOME RICH I JUST WANT A JOB THATS FUN FOR ME LIKE MAKING MOVIES.HOPEFULLY NOT FOR HOLLYWOOD THOUGH BECAUSE THEN YOUR LIMITED BY ALL THERE STANDARDS EVEN IN AN R RATED MOVIE.

THE BLOG

- September 8th, 2007 -

And Just So You Know I'm Not Ignoring Him

..> ..>

Date: Sep 8, 2007 10:20 PM

Flag as Spam or Report Abuse [?]

Subject: RE: FW: MR. HARMON THANKS FOR ADDING ME.

Body: Hey, Joshua, thanks for all the kind words, I appreciate it. Don't be offended by me not writing back, I'm kind of self-absorbed and lots of people don't get responses. But since you're so enthusiastic, I'm writing you back to say thanks, and as an added bonus, I'm posting your messages in my blog because I enjoyed reading them and thought others would, too.

I definitely made movies in high school, that was back in the days of VHS camcorders, I had a lot of fun with them. They probably weren't as cool as your movies, you sound like a pretty passionate and prolific filmmaker. I hope you stick with it, because we need more passionate filmmakers in the world. It won't be easy, you probably already know that. There will be discouragement from all sides, but unless it comes from inside, don't pay attention to it. Print this message and if anyone tries to sway you from following your bliss, you show them this permission slip from Dan Harmon. I wrote *Monster House* and *Heat Vision and Jack* and *The Sarah Silverman* program - don't let Rob Schrab tell you otherwise- and I say you can do whatever you want, and that if you don't do whatever you want, you're committing a crime against God. Get back to making movies with your friends and I hope you achieve all of your dreams. By the way, by writing me and telling me I'm doing a good job, you helped me achieve one more of mine. I make what I know how to make because it's all I can do, but I always hope somebody likes it. Thanks.

DAN HARMON

- September 9th, 2007 -

Letters Week on Dan Harmon's Blog Continues!

..> ..>

From: Velvet Hair Velvet Hair

Date: Sep 8, 2007 11:07 PM

Subject: Mr. Harmon please stop accepting new friends.

Body: Your incredible, no doubt. No doubt at all. You should be given more. I pray that you will be rewarded for your talent. Your writing fascinates me to no end. It's infuriating. I'm envious. Almost 7 deadly sins envious. I really can't articulate all that well how incredible I think you are. I don't understand where you have the time and motivation for everything you do, and to be able to spread yourself so much but leave quality behind wherever you go. I hope one day to produce as much as you do and more, so that I can list all my credentials in the hopes that saying, "Thank you, thank you Dan Harmon for everything you've done. You've inspired creativity in many a budding artist as well as hope and insight." and have it mean something. Acceptable TV is a wet dream, Channel 101 is so fucking right on, and your blogs are really one of the best things I've encountered since being online. I've been reading them for some time now, and the comments from your real life friends have been the icing on the Dan Harmon Blog cake. There was a time when you Ageed Steve Agee, back when he had he's old profile. I felt like I was sitting next to the cool kids table. I dare not say anything, well because I was afraid of being a starfucker. Plus all this this talent that's just being tossed about is really intimidating. Pride be damned, I'm a fucking skinned kneed starfucker for you Dan Harmon, and your posse. Stop letting these new friends post there awkward validation starved comments. There getting shit in the icing. C'mon the Bob Dylan comment? Please if you need an ego booty call, hit me up and I'll try my best (in a discreet e-mail).

Shit, it just hit me. You love these public comments don't you? You want people to see this. I don't know. Your blogs are exceptional, and the conversations between you and your real life friends in the comment section are DVD special features. I just can't suffer these desperately clever comments anymore.

THE BLOG

Sincerely,
Mike

"Velvet Hair:"

I appreciate it, more than you might think, those were some very special, very specific compliments.

Someone asked me yesterday why I changed my friend policy and I couldn't quite articulate it. I know part of it is that I love Channel 101 very much, and I fear it becoming sidelined in a post youtube era, and if I can Dane Cook up a few eyeballs at my myspace page (because if you're going to emulate someone..), by making it easier to find and subscribe to my blog, then maybe I can squeeze that bottle of eyeballs over to Channel101.com...see, I can't finish that sentence, I don't plan a lot, it's not logic, it's just a weird reaction I'm having, like a squid spraying ink because the water changed temperature or a cockroach running nowhere in particular because the light went on, or a pirate turning his ship's wheel, not because he's got anywhere to go, but because he heard a seagull or mistook the scent of tuna for Mermaid pussy or because he's just going insane from scurvy. Or manic depression. Or mild tourette's, or alcoholism or ADD or OCD or emotional AIDS or whatever the normal person's word for whatever I've got is.

My environment, imagined or not, is shifting, and I'm shifting, with it or against it. Charles Manson knew he had a parole hearing coming up, and it just felt like the right time to carve a swastika into his forehead. How do we figure these things out? I don't know. We just open our ears to the messages planted in lyrics and we try to be the most activated version of "us" we can be.

I'm having meetings about doing a better kind of sketch show (I felt like Acceptable TV was restaurant oatmeal, well intended and probably good for you but slower and colder and more expensive than it needed to be, and it was my fault) and this time, if the network I'm on leaves the promotion of my show to me, I want to have been prepared to take that job on in advance.

I want to be able to do more than fire off a snotty letter to AintitCoolnews to get a few thousand people to tune in. I want to have coordinated access to as many different kinds of influentially tasteful people as possible.

People like you, "Velvet Hair." If that sounds sarcastic, it's because your name is retarded.

DAN HARMON

After I finish writing Heat Vision and Jack, there are some plans I have that entail having less plans in my life, and creating a world in which those that come after me will have to plan less. In order to support that plan, I might have to be a dialogue consultant for the golfing neighbor character on Geico Presents Cedric of Bel Air, but whatever I do to pay the rent, I need to also figure out what I like to do and get busy liking to do it. I want to be John Henry, if his hammer was laziness and rocks were made of being told what to do. When I finally die from the exhaustion of not listening to anyone, I want someone to stand over my body and say "was anyone watching that?"

Just one person. Maybe it will be you, "Velvet Hair." Again, not being sarcastic, just using the name you chose, and look what happens when I do that.

I would like to try to get one more show on the air before real TV is entirely gone, a show that people watch, and that doesn't star someone whose face makes me feel like I spilled a glass of milk. I don't know what has to change or why it has to change or even if it really has to change or what I can change, I just know the word "change" is vibrating my skull, keeping me up at night, making me snap at women, making my knuckles itch, making me scratch them by writing really long letters to people who say "that letter was too long, you're fired," or "why did you just write a letter that's as long as a screenplay when you're supposed to be writing a screenplay." I'm working on it. I'm working on the goddamn screenplay. Shut the fuck up. Wait, who are you?

Oh, yeah, you wanted to talk about my Myspace blog. You were saying that strangers being able to comment are having a negative impact because they try too hard to be quirky or clever instead of just being whatever they really are. Well, "Velvet Hair," I'll tell you: You are the first person to point out that the closed circuit comments from my friends were an added appeal that will now be lost. I had THOUGHT that myself, but I never thought anyone else might think that. It's a valid argument- I could counter and say that, while very flattering, you're overstating it, I'm not so sure Will Maier saying "amen!" and some girl I fucked saying "someone needs a hug much?" after my description of diarrhea is any more entertaining than a fat Kinko's employee saying "You missed the opportunity for a Highlander reference!" and some girl nobody will ever fuck saying "my cat thinks he's a dog!"

Anyhoo, this made me laugh!" Everyone's an idiot. If everyone wasn't an idiot, I wouldn't be perceived as smart and then I'd have to wash my own dishes.

THE BLOG

I would say, let the games begin, respond to a comment you don't like, find out if you're a hero or a villain, turn the section beneath each blog entry into a beautiful battle between the good and evil halves of my 3,000 member fan base. One man's blog's bad comment is another man's comment's topic.

But that wouldn't be coming from an objective member of anyone "in the audience," it would be coming from me, a self-loathing, self-centered dick, whereas you seem like a good guy, except for your gay name. I just stopped typing and started thinking about the girl I had coffee with and I forgot what I was typing. I've decided not to backspace or look back because I haven't done it so far and I want to see how long this letter will be without editing. It seems like nobody edits anymore. Why should I have to? You're part of a new experiment. Silver Streak writing style. Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, I think. Rent it. It's a runaway train movie. My Mom quotes it. Hitting enter.

In any case, Velvet Hair, without putting your name in quotes, because it's growing on me, no pun intended, for real, in fact I wish I could backspace now more than anything, for better or for worse, this new friend blog policy ship has sailed. I labored over the decision for a year (and by labored I mean thought about it between jerking off and lighting my broiler) because I knew that once I flipped that switch, there would be no unflipping it; I'm not a huge fan of zig-zagged trajectories, pointy angles, straight lines, sweaty, dodgy, nervous back and forth motion...I like curves, spirals, circles, undulation, sine waves...I like natural, forward locomotion; even a bad direction pays off when you commit.

This is all very probably a silly level of pontification regarding a Myspace page, I wish I could backspace and get rid of that "very" before probably, but you started it with a well-crafted, very polite letter that raised a good point, and I wanted to do it the honor of a response. You didn't really say anything with which I disagree, and I hope it's okay if I post your letter because you're very probably (did it on purpose) a good representative of a certain perspective among "my readers," but, if my Myspace blog was a great show, then let's jump the shark and let Mork and Mindy grow from the washed up remains. You said you didn't know how I could spread myself so thin, the answer is, I don't, I don't do anything, you just see a figure eight because the laser pointer is moving. God's moving it, man! God! I'm in God's hands! Have you heard the news about Jesus Christ? He's calling you. From inside the house. Have you "checked the children" of your soul, Velvet Hair? Because I'll tell you something: Jesus rarely "calls back," but when he does,

DAN HARMON

he's going to be a ventriloquist, and he's going to paint himself like your apartment wall, and Carol Kane is going to have to shoot him. Rent it. No, don't. Holy shit, do not rent that movie. It's not even good bad. I kind of wish I could backspace now, because I'm closing my letter the same way the fat kinko's guy would. There can be only one! Oh well. Hey, do you know what a motorcycle would say after landing on a space shuttle? I keep thinking it would be great if he said, "holy shit, I need heroin so bad I'm going to kill myself." Oh, crap, I've already decided to publish yours and my letters in my blog and my agency isn't going to like that lat line (last line) when they skim this for things that threaten our income stream, but maybe if I keep typing enough more words so that it's a little buried in the body instead of being the last thing in the letter, nobody will see it. Now is the time for all good men to suck a cunt. Aids aids aids, nigger nigger nigger. Oswald acted alone. The government is lying. I have sex with children. The FDA is run by pharmaceutical companies that pay doctors per prescription. Your food is poison. We are in the middle of a mercury-induced autism epidemic. Plastic never degrades. The meat industry contributes more to the greenhouse effect than the automotive industry. Obama is being politically assassinated by his own party because they'd rather have a better chance at winning. They've done nothing to get us out of Iraq. Your vote means nothing. Withholding your income tax is punishable by imprisonment because if half the people that voted did it, we could have the government on its knees. Nobody wants that because we are the government, we are pigs, we wipe our asses with Arab skin and we enjoy it. G.E. does not bring good things to life, they make bombs and they own a television network. When Tina Fey was the head writer on SNL, and a Los Angeles staffer would suggest a 9/11 joke, she would say, "careful, L.A.," and everyone would chuckle. Sounds like a great writer's room. I've always said, if you want your writers to give you good stuff, you should definitely place as many filters as possible at the earliest stages of creativity. That's what comedy needs, more rules. More mothers. Nothing like- Holy Shit, Channel 101's Matt Braunger is playing a security guard in a rollover flash ad for Hanes underwear at the top of this page. That's hilarious. All right, that should do it.

Yours, Mine and Duprees,
Dan Harmon

THE BLOG

- September 14th, 2007 -

I Wish Alexander Graham Bell Could See This Day

My iphone and I are getting to know each other better. A few weeks ago, I texted "here's niggy!" to Kelly, and it changed it to "herds night!" If someone texted me something funny, and my response was "Ha!" The message going out would be "Us!"

Now, not only does my iphone know that "niggy" is a cornerstone of my lexicon, I can't start the word "night" without it suggesting "nigga." I guess it builds its own dictionary based on your corrections and what-not. This is the kind of technology I like to see. Facilitation, not indoctrination. I don't want to learn about machines, I want them to learn about me.

Speaking of iPhones, I found some great iPhone hacks:

if you put your iPhone on a metal tray filled with marbles and suspend it from the ceiling over a microphone hooked up to a seven foot amplifier, you'll be able to hear when someone calls or texts you, even if you're in another room.

You can use your iPhone as a bar of soap- it won't clean anything, but it will shoot across the room if you try to grab it in a hurry.

Want to add the snazz of visibility to your photos? Wait until noon on the planet Mercury.

Here's a great tip for sharing photos between iphones: Say you're at a restaurant with your friend, and you take a photo of him or her that they'd like to use as their wallpaper. Simply snap the photo and attach it to an email. Then, finish your meal, pay for it, say goodbye to each other, and after your friend drives home, they can use their computer to put the photo in their phone through iTunes. Works about 70% of the time- some photos not taken with the iphone compress with errors or are rejected.

Want to store and explore other kinds of files on your iPhone? Try going and fucking yourself! Easy as one two three!

DAN HARMON

I feel like I have to disclaim this for the benefit of all the iphone haters that are now coming on themselves: I'd still buy one. It's a great phone.

THE BLOG

- September 17th, 2007 -

Skyrockets in Flight

You ever do this? By applause? There's a girl you really like in the living room of your small, two bedroom apartment in Los Angeles, watching 2010: The Year We Make Contact while you attempt to take a quick shit in the tiny, adjacent bathroom.

Sensing that your Chinese dinner has created the potential for an audible element to your deposit, you initiate defecation with the cautious deliberation of a master thief, but no matter which combination of muscles you tighten and release, the only effect is to maximize the fidelity and duration of your explosive farts, which reverberate in the toilet bowl during every silent moment of 2010's Also Sprach Zarathustra overture.

As isolated incident becomes unforgettable onslaught, as "embarrassing moment" gives way to "real life urban legend," your only available instinct is to express sympathy for your captive listening audience by nervously chuckling and saying things like "Jesus" and "I can't believe this," vocalizations which, not surprisingly, enhance rather than mitigate whatever discomfort a woman must experience when a man whose acquaintance she recently made over coffee now quietly excuses himself, walks three feet to her right, disappears behind a one quarter inch thick wooden door and takes the world's biggest, loudest most ridiculous shit to a well-known piece of classical music.

That ever happen to you? Anyone? No? Yeah, it felt like a unique occasion to me, too. A real once-in-a-lifetime, couldn't-plan-it-if-you-tried kind of event.

On the off chance that this event has happened to you, I'm curious: When you came out of the bathroom and said, "that was the most embarrassing moment of my entire life," did she say, "what do you mean?" And when you said, "you're going to tell me you didn't hear that?" Did she say, "not all of it?"

DAN HARMON

- September 27th, 2007 -

My Comment on a Blog Became a Blog Entry

First, you have to read Kelsy's blog entry, here:

<http://blog.myspace.com/index.cfm?>

[fuseaction=blog.view&friendID=3041964&blogID=313874025](http://blog.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=blog.view&friendID=3041964&blogID=313874025)

Kelsy is the young love of my friend, Justin Roiland, a young man for whom we will all soon be working. She's talking about a guy that started writing her in response to her boyfriend's use of the word "cunt" in one of 850 videos he's made.

In a world of idiots, this is my least favorite kind of idiot.

Why is this guy so intimately acquainted with the sexist and racist thoughts of her "soon to be famous" boyfriend and all his famous friends? Because he's...a fan. He goes to Kelsy's boyfriend for delicious, life-giving, blood-boiling energy. He lives off of people like Kelsy, Justin, and many people reading this. He absorbs our life. Lives through us. Defines his world's margins with other people's bits; Bill Maher on one side and Larry the Cable Guy on the other.

And he never says "thank you." That's what would make me so mad, if I wasn't so numb to it after 15 years of walking in a straight line through a minefield of assholes.

You have to wonder, at first, why people like this don't just express their preferences through the praise and consumption of the things they like, instead of the hunting down and killing of things they don't like. I don't enjoy a lot of Mexican game shows, but I don't write letters to them asking them to speak English for me. I just change the channel. There's entire hemispheres of people saying things I can't understand, for all I know, they're calling me a cunt and a nigger all day long. I don't care. I don't have to. It's a gigantic world, and I control an amply huge part of it, and I make my part of my world the way I want the world to be, and if my kind of world makes people happy, my world takes on a population and gets bigger.

THE BLOG

This guy's world: empty. It's not even a population of one, because he's gone fishin'. He's HERE. With us. Our thoughts. Our naughty words. Our viscera, our smiles, our souls.

The righteous could spend the rest of their life trying to consume every piece of righteous material and they wouldn't have the time to get halfway through the "Left Behind" series. They could live in a paradise of their own making. That's the point of America. There's an entire state controlled by people who say Jesus fought Indians in 1850. There might not be plenty of room for many more bodies but there's PLENTY OF ROOM FOR EVERYONE'S STUPID IDEAS.

The idiots have their own web sites. Their own books. Their own TV shows. Their own politicians. Their own world. And they can't just live in it. And why not? Easy.

Because even cunts don't like hanging out with a bunch of cunts.

I have a pretty big vocabulary, but I really can't think of a better word for that kind of person. From my understanding of the American useage, it's a joyless, poisonous woman, or a man so full of impotent rage that he betrays his own gender; cashes in his masculinity for a shot at manipulating the world through guilt and petition. An ineffectual, joy-snuffing harpy, haunted by fevered, unfulfilled dreams of graduating from castrated to castrator. This guy, and everyone like this guy- ALL ONE HUNDRED MILLION OF THEM- are worthless, whiny, stupid fucking cunts, and they wake up every morning in a new day of a lifelong nightmare that they could end any time, and don't.

Cunts.

DAN HARMON

- October 4th, 2007 -

I can't believe I fucking missed CAVEMEN

Dino says humanity peaked with the invention of dessert, i.e., having so much food and so few natural enemies that we had to create a new meal.

Here are some milestones I've noticed on the downward slope: Dessert is now not only a fact of life, it is actually becoming our natural enemy. We are now making sequels (Tomb Raider 2) to movies (Tomb Raider 1) adapted from video games (Tomb Raider 1-9) that were already adapted from movies (Indiana Jones 1-4) by filmmakers recreating their childhood (Zorro). Our spectrum of political thought is so bracketed that conservatives and liberals mainly argue about what to spend on a soldier's body armor. And now, we have launched a television show which, instead of being the BBC inspired brainchild of two fat nerds and some private school's former prom committee, is simply "based on a series of popular television commercials."

And I fucking missed it.

You figured I didn't want to see this show. You take me as a man of craft because I wrote one third of the movie that lost a Golden Globe to "Cars."

And you think that if I did watch this show, I'd be shaking my cane at the TV, saying, "why can't these writers write nothing at all, like me?" You're wrong. You don't know how stupid I already thought everything was, including everything you like, and you don't realize how soon I want everything to get as stupid as possible. I was going to be watching Cavemen with an Amstel Light in my hand and a big fucking non-ironic smile on my face.

I pulled the plug on society a long time ago, and it kept going without me, at which point I realized society was the hero and I had been the villain.

You have only been doing what people are designed to do. Charging.

Running headlong into the mouth of Nothing in Particular. Cannons of critical thinking to the left of you, cannons of common sense to the right, and still you charge, you magnificent sons of mentally atrophied whores. I love you.

If I don't, who will? You don't love each other. You don't know how. And the ten to ninety percent of the people that are smarter than you use their unearned

THE BLOG

intelligence to fuck you over and insult you. Snide pricks swishing pinot while they count your money and mock you in vestigial languages. I don't want your money and I don't know French. Yes, I was born special, but like Tarzan, I was raised among you. I got in fist fights, I dribbled footballs, I supped with welders and cashiers in a city that exports cheese and fetal alcohol syndrome. I studied math and English under the least remarkable teachers in your mostest publicest schools. I lost my virginity in a firebird, I enjoyed Star Wars and I have read, to date, about seven books, five of them for the Multiple Sclerosis Readathon because McGruff said I might win a BMX.

I am your single advocate among the gifted. And I am telling you, you shameless froth, you ocean of waterheads, stop idling your stupidity and put the pedal to the retarded fucking metal. Stop flirting with my fancy ass and start pounding it with the wide part of your bell curve until my eyes completely cross and I can see like you.

More voting. More stem cell debates. More peace movement, more war movement, more religious movement, more health care, let's talk about health care, let's talk about pressing issues. Abortion. Gay marriage. That seems important to me. No, wait, it doesn't, but I'm a fucking asshole. It's your world. Stroke your chins and talk about gay marriage. Really lean into that issue with the full weight of your frontal lobe and let's see what happens.

More comments! Come on! Look at all those buttons in front of you with letters on them. I want to read what's on your mind, I'm not being sarcastic. Take your time, polish that shit real nice. The drums are rolling and the world is on the edge of its seat.

Stop mumbling when I'm ordering my food. You don't have to look at the floor when I talk to you. I should be the one averting my eyes. You're an idiot. You're a world runner. Your blood is that of Kirsten Dunst and the President of the United Fucking States. Stop being ashamed. Go to your window, right now, open it up, and shout, "I have nothing to say but I'm saying something anyway!"

Don't stop there. I want to read YOUR version of what I'm typing right now! Say what I'm saying, again, in a slightly different and poorly worded way!

DAN HARMON

Write a movie. Write a TV show. Fuck it, just wait for me to write a movie or a TV show, then tell me I did it wrong and put your name on it.

You can talk about how hard it was to wait for other people to finish working for you in "Creative Magazine, the Magazine for Creative People."

The guy that writes the article might spell your name wrong, but wouldn't you?

Anyways. Good job on "Cavemen." I can only assume it was a job well done, since the job wasyou know, kind of like taking a shit.

I feel like I can't even watch now that I missed the first episode. I only really wanted to see the first episode. I wanted to know if the cavemen got unfrozen in the beginning, like that SNL sketch that inspired the original commercial. I wanted to see if the actors were as good as the guys in the commercial at talking around their plastic vampire teeth. I wanted to stand with my nation and bite into that first joke like a delicious pastry.

We were going to have a party. But Jeff's TiVo didn't record it.

THE BLOG

- October 5th, 2007 -

The Year I Left a Funny Message for Ben Stiller

Here's a story after which you can make hilarious comments, give helpful advice, trash the people whose names I mention or share your dumber version of a similar experience.

Back before we wrote Heat Vision and Jack, one night, Schrab and I ran into Ben Stiller at a bar. We had previously met him at his office, and we were really excited to know him. We talked to him for a few giddy moments, during which we invited him to our house that weekend for a mushroom party our roommate had planned. Ben said he might drop by, and Schrab and I ran out the door before we could screw something up.

We drove home giggling like little girls because our lives had become so awesome. I was 24 or so, we had been in L.A. for a few months, and now Ben Stiller, who, at that time, was the guy who had created The Ben Stiller Show, was our friend. That meant that if we played our cards right, one day, we might get to work with other heroes on our list, like Sarah Silverman, at which point our lives would be perfect and we would never have to cry, scream or throw things ever again.

Stiller had given us his home number, and we thought it would be a good idea to call him with a polite reminder about our mushroom party. Schrab suggested it should be me that should make that call, because, you know, I'm the funny one, and it went without saying that, in the likely event the call went to a machine (people left messages on machines back then), the message would need to have a humorous tone.

I mean, what would you expect to hear on Ben Stiller's answering machine? A lot of funny messages, that's what. People like Jack Black don't just call each other and say, "hey, want to eat dinner tonight?" Or maybe they do, AFTER they've proven themselves...WITH A FUNNY MESSAGE. In which they call as Bill Cosby or a robot or something. Certainly any big city comedy writer worth his salt has no business leaving a normal phone message. Fuck you for thinking it.

DAN HARMON

Also, consider the future for which we were planning. Do you really want 70 year old Ben Stiller, while being interviewed in the Harmon and Schrab coffee table book, to say, "well, they were always very well mannered and professional, even on phone messages?" No. You do not want 70 year old Ben Stiller to say that in the Harmon and Schrab coffee table book. You want him to say, "Oh, Harmon and Schrab. To tell the truth, I never really knew where the job ended and the friendship began, because they were always so fucking funny, even in their phone messages. In fact, I still carry a tape in my pocket that you've probably discovered a bootleg of at comedy conventions, this is Dan Harmon inviting me to a party at his house. Play it right now, and I'll point out my favorite parts."

And so it was, in the winter of 1998, that I called Ben Stiller on his home phone and left a funny message.

We had just been to a screening of *Permanent Midnight*, and I thought I remembered Stiller saying something about how people who had seen the movie kept assuming he was a big druggie- come to think of it, I probably just made that up in my head- and I thought he would be especially fond of a kind of "spoof" of a message left for him by one of those crazy people!

I was smart enough to know that I couldn't write the damn thing on a sheet of paper. It would have to capture that unmistakable improvised feel. So I just jumped in. Heart racing, adrenaline pumping, I waited for the beep, and then I affected a humorous druggie character. I said something like, "Hey, Ben Stiller, I just saw *Permanent Midnight*, and I thought it was so awesome, and I'm so happy to see that you're all into drugs and shit, and you're one of my heroes, so I just shot a bunch of heroin, just like you did in the movie! And if you want to do more drugs, because you're so into drugs, you should come to this party we're having this weekend..." And then the character had a great deal of trouble hanging up the phone, because he was on so many drugs.

I know what you're thinking: Man, I wish I had lived in the days of answering machines, so that I could come home every day to a whole album's worth of bits and characters by Dan Harmon.

Well, there's one problem. It CAN get in the way of communicating relevant details. I was so into the character, or so eager to get out of my fucking hack

THE BLOG

tailspin, that I hung up without saying, like, when the party was, and where, and I think without saying who we were.

And at that point, the reality of how unfunny I was began setting in, so you better believe I seriously considered just leaving well enough alone.

But the irresistible possibility of Stiller coming to my party won over. And, let's face it, sometimes I'm just too hard on myself. "I'm sure that message was RELATIVELY funny," I thought. "We had said some really wack shit in his office, and he had laughed anyway. He likes us." So, I, um....called back. And left an addendum message. You know, kind of, sheepishly explaining...the forgotten details.

And I kept it real upbeat and casual, because I didn't want to tip off that I knew how embarrassing the first message had been, because maybe if I didn't know, he wouldn't know. And I ended it with a polite chuckle and a jaunty, "Hokay, check you latah!"

Ben never came to the mushroom party, which is probably for the best, because it was at that party that I ate my first Tommy Burger, which I hallucinated was killing me, and I crawled into bed with our friend Peter Alberts and his date and layed there shivering, promising them they could get back to having sex just as soon as my heart attack was over.

And a couple months later, we wrote Heat Vision and Jack, and Ben liked it, and shot it. But Ben and I were always kind of hot and cold with each other throughout that production, and he always seemed to like Rob better, and I always had to wonder if it was because Rob shared his interests in shooting and design, or if it was, in fact, because I was the obnoxious hacky one that left the stupid message and was always trying to be funny.

I wasn't about to ask, because, I really don't think there's a version of that conversation from which I emerge on top of anything. So I just clung tightly to the hope that Ben's assistant screened his messages for him.

And I looked forward to working with the next artist on my list of heroes, with whom I was sure to do everything right...

DAN HARMON

- October 8th, 2007 -

Your Horoscope if You're an Astrologist

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 19) If you have let your work pile up, make a dent in the stack by writing one horoscope at a time. Start with Aries, that's just what we do, I don't know why.

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20) As a bull, you tend to take your horoscope deadlines head-on. Just be careful to maintain an overall view of the task at hand, and budget your time, as you have a tendency to charge headlong into each horoscope, the horns of metaphor targeting the matador of your unachieved goals as a writer. Do not gore and trample through repeated drafts. Simply scoop, toss and keep running, it's the only way to get through.

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 20) These are challenging times. The editor of your tabloid, web site or restaurant placemat is breathing down your neck. Don't burn bridges. He or she doesn't like his or her job any more than you or me like yours or mine. If you're going to move up from horoscopes, you will need this person's sympathy. Try asking him or her what their zodiac sign is, and regardless of their answer, tell them that's the reason they're feeling frustrated. Horoscopes don't just have to be your job. They can be excuses.

Cancer (Jun 21 - Jul 22) Don't be afraid to "phone in" one or two of your horoscopes. Remember, in your line of work, at any given time, only one twelfth of your readers are even paying attention.

Leo (Jul 23- Aug 22) You may be having trouble writing your horoscopes today, either because Mercury is in retrograde or because you're untalented. Have you tried looking to other publications' horoscopes for a little "inspiration?" What are they going to do, sue you for agreeing that all Virgos are about to find love? If the planets are saying this shit, aren't they saying it to everyone?

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22) As Venus and the Moon enter your first house of analytical thinking, Mars is descending into Aquarius, which indicate that your horoscopes run the risk of getting a little too astronomical.

THE BLOG

Overwrought planetarium lead-ins about the azimuth of Saturn's rotation will only call attention to the absurdity of your lotto picks. Let's be real, you don't ride a dragon to work and you're not Galileo. Your readers want to spend ten seconds being stupid and your job is to stay out of the way.

Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 22) If you've been doing readings at parties, book stores or out of your house, you need to ease up on the Jesus talk, not everybody is Mexcian. Some people are fat vampire girls or spindly vegan drama fags. If those people wanted to hear about the power of Christ, they could visit their parents. Take down the black velvet Virgin Mary and put up a unicorn so you can start making real unearned money instead of robbing Catholic immigrants at candlepoint.

Scorpio (Oct 23 - Nov 21) I know you Scorps are all about getting famous, but stop pestering your editor for a byline and/or photo of you dressed like a gypsy or warlock. Here's the thing: horoscopes need to come from an unknown source, like the fortune in a cookie. When you create an identity, the reader starts asking questions, like, gee, "Xaxxon," if you can tell the future, why don't you have a better job, that kind of stuff. This is a post Jeane Dixon world, and trust me when I tell you that you're not going to "break out."

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21) In our line of work, a little specificity goes a long way, but as a Sagittarius Astrologer, you can take things a little too far. How many people, maximum, are going to be msytified when you tell all Geminis to "stop flirting with the babysitter?" Ninety percent of your readership is unmarried women, dumb ass. Hey, how'd I know that? I must be fucking psychic!

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19) You have the opposite problem of Sagittarius. Your horoscopes are vague and underwhelming in their effort to maximize applicability. It's better to be a little off for 30 percent of your readers than it is to be boring for everyone. Stick your neck out a little. Blow a handful of minds. Maybe if you stopped playing it safe you'd be married by now, Karen.

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18) Just because your astrology column always starts with Aries and ends with Pisces doesn't mean you have to write them in that order. If you do that every time, your Aquarius and Pisces horoscopes will always feel suspiciously rushed.

DAN HARMON

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 20) See?

THE BLOG

- October 11th, 2007 -

If My Name Was Asperger, I'd Discover Syndromes Too

Especially tragic children's syndromes. Because I would want to live in a world where people were constantly having to say "Ass Burger" with a straight face. Or even while crying. Anything but giggling.

I would have heard enough giggling.

DAN HARMON

- October 13th, 2007 -

I Am More Than Aware That the Afflicted are Special

I can never predict what I'm going to mention in my blog that's going to cause me to get weird letters from housewives. I can do a racist monologue, and there's radio silence. I say that Aspergers sounds like Ass Burgers and the switchboard lights up.

Is it because some people with Aspergers are white? Is it because the media has decided we all need to be discussing Aspergers for this fiscal quarter?

Just to warn you Aspergers people: they talked about Helena Bonham Carter for three months, too. Save that funding.

I remember in the 90s, the people that married too early and wanted to take their revenge on a happy world were always being "offended" by something. That was the big gimmick back then. "Dear TV Guide, I was offended by Quantum Leap last night! Wheeee!" By the way, if you're quantum leaping from 1991, you might be disappointed to learn that the world has actually gotten more offensive since political correctness. Not only does the word "retard" still exist, we now have one as President.

That's because the only thing a letter to TV Guide gets you is your name in TV Guide. Provided you mention that the interview with Margaret Cho was refreshing.

I've noticed that the new fad among the ineffectual letter writer is the "I have a personal stake in this and was amused by your ignorance" angle.

There have always been people using this, but my theory is that it's overtaken the simple, brutish "I'm offended" letter the way Cro Magnons outhunted Neanderthals. It's more effective to come from a place of ownership. Mr. Harmon, I love your blog, I think you're adorable, I just wanted to let you know that I live next door to a little boy with Aspergers, or my daughter has Aspergers, or I "work with" (!) kids with Aspergers, and if they saw you referring to Aspergers as "tragic," they'd laugh, because they have a sense of humor, and they're really smart, and they love me, because my guidance counselor was wrong. P.S. could you please bring the funny songs back to the Sarah Silverman show, I miss them.

THE BLOG

Look. I feel stupid explaining this, but my blog was about the word Aspergers, not about Aspergers. I don't know anything about Aspergers. I saw a billboard for it on the way back from a meeting that I still consider way more important than Aspergers. I'm assuming it's another fake or obscure splinter diagnosis fabricated or resurrected in order to mitigate the inconvenient truth, which is that we are having an autism epidemic. Expect 75 new social impairments to be diagnosed over the next decade, each with a crazy name and a pill, but all of them basically pointing at the fact that our children are being born Verizon sales clerks. I'm 34, I'll be dead soon, I don't care.

But you don't REALLY want me to care, do you, Albert Schweitzer? Because you know what would happen, right? I'd care better than you. You think you can take a high road? Look up, mother fucker. You want to see a letter about Aspergers? My Aspergers letter would probably cure the fucking thing, whatever it is. And then you'd have to go find a new identity.

And that's what your letter is about. Aspergers was totally your thing WAY before I saw a billboard for it. You were writing "Aspergers" on your jeans with a sharpie pen and totally, like, hanging out backstage with Aspergers when I was still, like, into Tourettes.

That's fine, ladies, you have no quarrel with me. And I'm not sexist by calling you ladies, because I got three letters and they were all from old ladies. And even if I am sexist, who cares? What are you doing to do, beat me up? You're women.

Okay, three letters is not exactly a switchboard lighting up. You caught me. I just wanted to be cool and talk about how little I care about everyone, and remind myself that I'm having important meetings. This is especially important because, in response to the other part of your letter, I don't work on The Sarah Silverman Program anymore. I helped create it and was head writer for the first season. A season which is now available on DVD.

When you buy it, I get money, which I will not donate to a cure for Aspergers, only because your letters make these kids sound like they're fucking super heroes that don't need anything from anyone. If they're so fucking delightful and funny why aren't they rich?

DAN HARMON

- October 27th, 2007 -

New Onion Article to Explain its Own Headline's Joke

LOS ANGELES - A three to five hundred word article set to be published tomorrow morning in the mock newspaper known as The Onion will investigate every detail of the joke told by its own headline, removing once and for all any questions surrounding the appearance of the humor's concise, bold faced summary at the top of the piece.

The joke, "Attractive People Humbled by Overweight Coworker's Blog Entry," will make fun of a fictional fat woman for her vulnerability.

The idea was initially tossed out by editors of the "satiriodical" during an afternoon brainstorming session. It later found its way onto a piece of scrap paper in a plastic bowl, from which it was drawn at random by Gail Bingham, former Harvard graduate and future producer of either American Dad or King of the Hill.

Bingham will restate the joke in a lead paragraph, after which she will painstakingly examine its every conceivable nuance and angle in a rigorous elaboration of the one liner that could last over a dozen more paragraphs.

"I will leave no stone unturned," Bingham said in a phone interview during which she never stopped typing. "I will use every word imaginable to exhaustively define, edify, elucidate and rephrase the humor contained in my assigned joke."

Bingham also confirmed that the structure of her Onion article, like all Onion articles, will comply with the "inverted pyramid" structure, a technique taught to real journalists in which the most important facts are given at the top and the least important at the bottom. However, because The Onion's stories are not real, it will not be its informational value, but rather its humor, which will likely diminish exponentially with each paragraph.

"By the time you finish reading my explanation," Bingham explained, "I want whatever you found funny about the joke to be whittled down to a point the size of a needle. I want you to walk into this joke laughing out loud, and I want you to walk away smiling politely, in fond remembrance of the headline."

THE BLOG

"Attractive People Humbled by Overweight Coworker's Blog Entry" will be the 1,949th Onion joke in 23 years to sarcastically praise undesirable people and their behavior, a formula known as "3B" to the humor publication's eight hundred fifty million readers. Popular 3B formula articles include "Blinking Bluetooth Headset Turns Dinner Date Into Torrid Sexual Encounter" and "Math Club President Elected Prom King After Purchasing Iguana."

This will be Bingham's third article. After her fifth, she will draw the name of a prime time animated series from a plastic bowl, at which point she will join its staff.

DAN HARMON

- October 28th, 2007 -

If You Come to One Channel 101 Screening in Your Life

Come to this one tonight. Here's why:

It's the end of our competitive season. No more screenings until 2008. It's our Halloween screening. All your favorite shows will be scarified.

Dress as a Channel 101 character from any show ever and you might win a prize. Don't dress as anything and you can gawk at the people that dressed like things.

It's the end of an era. Mini DV tape is quickly going the way of Hi-8. Yesterday's Channel 101 heroes are signing deals and making real pilots for what's left of real TV. In a post YouTube world, maybe the next generation of 101ers will be the greatest yet, or maybe they'll be called "Super Deluxers" instead and our work will be done. We'll be launching a new web site in 2008. The rules will be changing, the technology will be changing, the people will be changing. For better or for worse, Channel 101 will never be the same again.

Don't be the only person that wasn't dancing in the streets of Pompeii.

There's no cover but the drinks are expensive. See you there!

Channel 101's Last Screening of 2007

Sunday, October 28th, 2007

7:30 pm screening

9:30 pm screening

*"The Glass Beef" will be performing in the front lounge at the end of the 9:30 screening.

6356 Hollywood Blvd. (second level)

Los Angeles, CA 90028

323-817-FILM for reservations

THE BLOG

- Novemver 7th, 2007 -

Wheeee! I'm a Republican?

So there's this guy running for President named Ron Paul. He says we should withdraw from the United Nations and NATO, take on an isolationist foreign policy, abolish federal agencies, including the federal reserve, end income tax, repeal the Patriot Act and drop the war on drugs.

I agree. The weird thing is, he's a Republican. And I'm high.

Ron might have been a "libertarian" under the old, multi-party system, seeing as how politically, he's...a libertarian. But the orderly compression of a sometimes dangerously prismatic political process is just one benefit of our bipartisan system, an unbeatable two-headed dragon whose throats converge at the single stomach of democracy.

Let me tell you an inspirational story. I became a registered voter at the age of eighteen in 1992. It was much different from any other election year. A wealthy, populist con artist was running against a war mongering oil baron and they were bitterly divided over fetuses and gay people- well, let me get to the difference: In a charitable gesture, the two parties had invited a "third party" candidate to take part in the debates, as if he was an actual candidate. He got his own little podium and everything.

His name was Ross Perot, and he rewarded their generosity by making a mockery of our country. When asked about fetuses, he said he didn't understand why that should be the President's business and could he please use the rest of his fetus time talking about balancing the budget. At one point, he referred to Washington, D.C. as "a town filled with media stuntmen who posture, create images, talk, shoot off Roman candles, but don't ever accomplish anything."

I actually voted for this vote-stealing lunatic, because I was young and, although I didn't know it until years later, a terrorist. I cast my vote into the harbor like a barrel of British tea, mistaking my democratic privilege as a tool for self-expression. To make matters worse, I awoke the next day to discover that I had been joined, in this meaningless tantrum, by twenty percent of the country.

DAN HARMON

But this is where the story gets uplifting. We had sent an unmistakable message in that election: The message that we were out of our minds. And that message could easily have gone ignored by the two real parties. I mean, if a bunch of crazy people want to vote for some crazy guy, then that's democracy, right? No way. Because that twenty percent insanity indicated that the Republicans and Democrats were doing something wrong, and change was needed. So the two parties got together and they agreed that from then on, things would be different.

From then on, third party candidates were banned from the debates.

It is, after all, their debate from which to ban whomever they want. The debates are not part of a constitutionally outlined political process. They're a TV show, sponsored, produced and choreographed by the Democrats and Republicans, in one of many inspiring displays of bipartisan coordination.

These two parties are, in fact, so good at deciding together who should be allowed to debate and what they should debate about, that in 1988, the League of Women Voters withdrew their vestigial, non-partisan oversight, declaring that the "charade" had become the property of two parties, who were now "perpetrating a fraud on the American voter."

Meee-ow. Step aside, ladies, more democracy for the rest of us!

You see, much to our pacification- er, consternation, Republicans and Democrats can't seem to agree on what to do with a fetus or a weiner. But they sure can put their differences aside when it matters. When it's time to go to war, or give themselves more money, or simply defend their right to collectively dictate the "left" and "right" margins of the American psyche, they move fast, they move decisively... and they move together.

Run against them and you're not running. Ignore that warning and you'll regret it. Ross Perot is a deluded political exile. He got off easy. Ralph Nader wasn't allowed in the debates but he wouldn't take the hint and so the tar had to flow and the feathers had to fly. Memos came down from the top, trickled through MSNBC and NPR and right out of your friends' mouths. A vote for Nader would be a vote for whoever you weren't supposed to vote for. And God help you if you voted for THAT guy, because then you wouldn't be...you know, free.

THE BLOG

Obviously, Ron Paul gets it. He wants to take a shot at the presidency and his advisors must have explained to him that if a shot is what you want, then you take that shot as a member of one of two Parties, and you pray that the guy ahead of you gets caught stealing or being gay.

So he picked one, and I have to say, he picked right, because Giuliani always seemed a little lispy to me, so you never know. And it just so happens that because I share more of this old coot's politics than I do Hilary Clinton's, I am now technically the world's first pot smoking Republican screenwriter that jerks off rubbing a mannequin leg on his nipple.

Go, Ron, go! Lead the elephant's charge!

DAN HARMON

- November 9th, 2007 -

What if This Blog Had No Writer?!

First of all, you have to imagine that a lot of my entries would be headlined "Is it just me, or..." or "Call me crazy, but..."

and then when you clicked on them, they would say stuff like

"...are peanut butter Twix the greatest thing ever?"

or

"...is Larry King turning into yoda?"

or

"...did Aqua Man have a little THING going for Batman?"

And then there would be photos like this

because if i wasn't a writer i would have recently been somewhere like india with my wife and kid, because i would be married because if i'm not a writer that means my parents did not hit me witch means i was capable of unconditional love but then not as good at describing the things or making my sayings understandable hence more traveling and photographs and excalamations like india was breathtaking we saw a bazaar!!!

and then i would talk about season two of "heroes" for a while.

So, you know....support the strike. Or don't, because actually that doesn't sound so bad.

THE BLOG

- November 15th, 2007 -

I Just Wrote the Greatest Blog Entry Ever

And then it got deleted. I hit some key or something and poof, gone.

And I'm not even going to tell you how many hours I had been sitting here typing, because you wouldn't understand, you probably wouldn't believe me, I don't even believe it sometimes when I look at the clock and it's a day later and I'm starving.

You're looking at my previous month's worth of blogging and you're saying who cares if we lose another page of your hack wordy online monologues, well, first of all, it's not for you, fuck you, I like my words and for some reason I need them to be publically posted in order to write them but fuck you they're not for you.

And second of all, that's not what this was, this was different, something rare happened, all this shit just came pouring out of me. It started with me talking about this movie Zardoz, but that turned into someone interviewing me about Zardoz, like a Q and A, but the Q got progressively more judgmental and the A got defensive but they were both really smart and neither of them was really a hero or a villain, they were just scaring the shit out of each other and racing for the highest, most sarcastic ground.

And then it was revealed that Q and A were in a kitchen at a party and A started getting really misogynist and creepy and implied that Q wanted to fuck him, so she physically insulted him and A shrunk her down to the size of a mouse and took her back to his apartment where he dressed her in a Barbie cheerleader uniform and put her in a rinsed out peanut butter jar.

And she started trying to appeal to his humanity and get him to unshrink her, and they were just having this dialogue that I was finding incredibly provocative and cathartic. I was actually getting somewhere close to the bottom of my hatred for women, because this guy had reduced this woman, physically, to a role so unintimidating that now he was safe to really talk about why he had done it.

It was good stuff, by my definition, which is the one that counts, and it was very therapeutic, and I think I was about three quarters through it, maybe more, and I

DAN HARMON

was in some kind of shamanic blackout because it was morning when I started, and the whole time, one little part of me, the only ego I hadn't surrendered to some larger, Nobel-bound cosmic force was saying "wow, this is turning into quite a doosey, maybe you ought to cut and paste it over to something a little more safe, like a notepad document, until you finish it up." And I was like, "yeah yeah you're right I'll do that after this paragraph."

And then I hit some button on my special jog shuttle Avid keyboard and the entire fucking thing turned into a blank space.

I have no idea why this would happen. I doubt that this thing was going to benefit anyone but me, but I felt like finishing it and having it out there instead of in my head was going to benefit me a lot. I actually felt like I was deconstructing my feelings toward women, toward people in general, to the point where I was going to be able to piece them back together, leaving out the bad parts. It was going to be like visiting a health spa and coming home refreshed and united with my neighbors but right now I feel like I was the only guy in the sauna when the fire drill happened.

I know that these things happen for reasons and I don't want to assume that it was my unconscious mind sabotaging my attempts to grow. If that's what my unconscious wanted I wouldn't have started writing this thing.

I'm going to assume that God deleted it because there was something in it that someone was going to take away from me. Some line or phrase that was going to provoke some lame comment discussion underneath it that would have eclipsed and debased the whole thing. Or maybe I was going to post it, and nobody was going to say anything underneath it, which was going to make me assume they hated it, and turn the themes sour in my head, whereas now, I can tell myself that I'm capable of expression on a level so deep that the walls start to buckle and shoot rivets through the cabin like bullets. Athena says: this is a myspace blog. Conquer not here, take this sword to the foot of Olympus.

I'm saying don't type in this window, man! Your shit will get zapped!

THE BLOG

- November 16th, 2007 -

Who Needs Norman Rockwell

I just clicked, for the first time, on my high school's myspace link, and checked to see if any alumni from my class were on. There were five, I recognized one. I clicked on one of the four I didn't recognize because I wondered who it was. None of this is germane to the caption's impact, I just felt like I needed to explain why I'm floating around looking at strangers' photos.

There's this photo of a kid, looks about 10, he or she is wearing a wig, pretty bad red eye, posing in a campy way for the camera. The caption:

Making Grandma laugh after surgery

I gotta tell you, and don't get all fucking serious about it, I don't want to hear your bullshit, just shut the fuck up and let the expressive guy express: I am a very happy dude, with a perfect life, but the first time I get sick, I'm out; I'm killing myself.

I've made it this far without a single broken bone, allergy or bee sting. I've had a couple stitches and a cavity, and one time I thought I had hemorrhoids but it turned out there was half a kidney bean stuck on the outer rim of my asshole. I was putting Tucks pads on the fucking thing for two days and then one morning I wiped extra hard and it came off.

My grandpa fought at Guadalcanal. It was one of the most hellish campaigns of the bloodiest war in the world, and he came back home, and he never said anything. He drove some trucks, and built some shit out of wood, and one day, when he was already old, he was welding the inside of a fuel tank, and it blew up, and they took him to the hospital and he looked like Freddy Krueger and they took skin off his ass and put it on his face and he came home from the hospital and put a deck on my parent's house and built some birdhouses and mowed the lawn. Later, he smoked himself to death and he died never saying a god damn thing about Guadalcanal. Me?

I had a fucking bean on my asshole and you would've thought it was Saving Private Fucking Ryan. I bet I complained more about my phantom hemorrhoid

DAN HARMON

than my grandpa complained about having to pretend to be dead so the Japanese didn't bayonet him. "No, no, you guys go to the Tori Amos concert without me. Find a new friend there, it's too late for me, I've got a hemmorhoid."

And it wasn't even a real fucking hemmorhoid, have I made that clear? You know how sometimes the beans don't get all the way turned into poop? You know? And you can see a little part of a bean or a peanut or some spinach in there? Well, half a bean stayed on the rim of my asshole, and somehow, I don't know, maybe because it was concave there was suction or something, and it just was there, and I tried wiping, and I was like, "ooo! That burns! That hurts!" You know why it was burning? It was a fucking spicy bean.

It was from some kind of southwestern chicken wrap or something.

Look, I could talk about this all day, but I'm not gonna. It's embarrassing. I thought I had a hemmorhoid, and I was pretty much ready to call it quits, that's my point.

And one day, I'm going to have a real hemmorhoid. Here's the thing: I don't want one. I don't want to get sick. I don't like doctors. I don't want to take pills for my heart, I don't want to have a special bag hanging out of my dick because my kidney's liver doesn't whatever. I don't want to have to give myself shots, I don't want to be like Goldbloom in the second act of *The Fly*, shuffling around in a flanel shirt oozing adhesive grease and lecturing the world about puking on doughnuts while my ears fall off and my sexy girlfriend cries.

Guadal fucking Canal. You know? This mother fucker. He wouldn't even talk about it. I can't order a pizza without complaining. I complain about having to go to the grocery store to get quarters so that my cleaning lady can wash my shitty underwear. If I was in a war I'd never shut the fuck up.

I'd be crawling around on the White House steps, "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MEEEEEE?!" My grandpa probably killed so many Japanese I wanted to apologize when I met Ryan Nagata's grandma. I said "nice to meet you" but I really wanted to say, "I'm sorry, I feel awful, I have this feeling that my family had a negative impact on your dating life."

And the fucking women from my high school. They're all married. No, I'm sorry, they were all married at my TEN year reunion. Now they're just straight up old

THE BLOG

ladies. Like, sewing shit, like bridge club. We're exactly the same age, and we both have myspace accounts, but their photos of their daughters on prom night and I'm trying to figure out how to fuck them. I'm a child. The women I took to see Die Hard in the theatre now have children. Do you want to know how old those children are? Some of them are clearly so old that if I met them, I would ask them if they had any pot.

And while we were smoking it, I would say, "you know, when I was your age, I took YOUR MOTHER TO SEE DIE HARD."

Wait a minute. Die Hard. That was 20 years ago and Bruce Willis still looks great. Did you see him in Live Free or Die Hard? He looks great.

I'll be fine. I just need to do some sit ups.

DAN HARMON

- November 20th, 2007 -

Is Everyone Okay: A Scene from Maximum Overdrive

In support of my colleagues during the ongoing strike, I thought I'd post a transcript of a scene I just watched in Stephen King's Maximum Overdrive. Ask yourself this while you read it: What if this scene hadn't been written?

INT. SEWER

EMILIO ESTEVEZ climbs down the rope into the sewer. He scouts slightly ahead with his flashlight while the OTHER GUY drops down behind him. Emilio looks back.

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

You okay?

OTHER GUY

Yeah.

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

'Kay. Grab that bag?

OTHER GUY

Thanks.

The other guy grabs the bag.

OTHER GUY

Geez. This sucker weighs a ton.

The two of them crawl through the sewer together.

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

Oh boy.

They continue crawling through the sewer.

THE BLOG

OTHER GUY

Great smell, huh?

Emilio looks back at the other guy.

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

You okay?

OTHER GUY

Yeah.

The two of them crawl through the sewer some more.

OTHER GUY

I wonder how many people have
peed in this.

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

Aw.

Emilio's hand slips. As he stumbles, he gets a face
full of brown water.

OTHER GUY

Ha!

Pause.

OTHER GUY

Aw, you okay?

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

Yeah, I'm okay.

Pause.

OTHER GUY

How's it taste?

DAN HARMON

Emilio doesn't respond. He just keeps crawling. Through the sewer.

Emilio crawls around a corner. He shines his flashlight on a passing rat.

EMILIO ESTEVEZ

Oh, shit.

(chuckle)

Hey, I'm sending you a friend!

OTHER GUY

Oh, shit!

Emilio chuckles again.

OTHER GUY

(addressing rat)

Get out of here!

The two men keep crawling through the sewer.

Author: Stephen King, 1986

THE BLOG

- November 22nd, 2007 -

The Danger of Valuficating Words

I just made up a new word, "valuficate." It's a synonym for the verb form of value, it means to assign worth. You may not support my effort, but if others do, valuficate could end up in some future edition of a wordipedia, which is my new word for a book that defines things.

It will depend on my influence. I once heard a story about a design meeting for American Tail, in which Spielberg accidentally referred to a character's eyepatch as a "g string." For the duration of that meeting, an eyepatch was never called anything but a g string, by a dozen people that didn't want to get fired. It's an example of how language, far from having power, turns to putty in powerful hands.

William Shakespeare had power. He bent, refined, combined and invented 1700 words we use today, including "compromise." So pliable is the putty from which we make words that time alone changes their shape. At first, "compromise" only meant "mutual agreement." Over time, it widened and softened, and was compromised by military usage, as one might compromise an enemy's position. Today, compromise, once a geometric connotation of harmony, is now an ambiguous blob referencing a dozen ideas, including vulnerability, mitigation, sacrifice and exploitation.

As in, "Communication is compromised by belief in the power of words."

Words, or as I call them, flibbedy flurbs, are gibberish until they're assigned a value by people. Rghit nwo, m'I snednig yuo a mssegae. Tehse wrods hvae no maennig ni teh dciitoanry, btu yuo aissgn maennig ot ecah wrod.

The power to communicate is not within words. I transmit my intent through the means available, and if you receive it, it's because our species is blessed with a cognitive power that predates the alphabet. On the list of things necessary for communication, transmission and reception are tied for first and everything else is a fuckoff. French, English, Morse Code, Charades, Telepathy: medium is mediocrity, arbitration arbitrary. Waht tulry mettars si waht's tulry on ym mnid.

DAN HARMON

When we endow the meaningless conduit between us with too much importance, when we valuficate flibberty flurbs, we take that power away from the human mind. We forget that we're in charge. We compromise humanity, casting ourselves as suckers in a magician's audience, gobbling up the idea that rabbits, rather than born, are conjured by "abracadabra."

Of course, "abracadabra" can be fun, just as "happily ever after" or "knock knock." But not all misdirection is designed to entertain. Like when a corporation says "we bring good things to life" while selling 2.2 billion dollars worth of fighter jet engines to the government. Or when the same government spends an additional 1.8 billion of your dollars every week on reconstruction of a third world country while telling you it's too expensive to keep a city full of Americans from drowning. Hocus Pocus.

And how many of those American corpses have to be which color before incompetence is racism? It'll never happen, because, as we know from our training, racism isn't policy, it's language. It's a social disease, on the tip of my tongue, in my neighbor's apartment, on my oatmeal box, in my history book, and I need to exorcise it magically by chanting positive things. I need to write letters, I need to talk to my friends, I need to police my own economic class. I don't need to withhold my income tax. I don't need to march toward the White House with a torch, because the racism isn't there, it's right here, right in my sentences. The magic words on the television told me so.

Words often mark dramatic change. A man says "I love you," a jury says "guilty," Don Imus says "nappy headed hos," and then, something new happens. A relationship, a death sentence, an opportunity to spare ourselves ten more years of an unfunny DJ. Take a time machine back, make different words happen, and it makes the difference between life and death, Imus and no Imus, children and loneliness. The words mark the changes, but does that mean that the words make the changes? Armed even with time machines, how do we change each other's words? Ventriloquism?

Will we move people's mouths and make them say what we're thinking?

And when they recover from our tasers and resume speaking their minds, will we cut their heads open with scalpels? How many lives need to be under my control before I can live my own?

THE BLOG

And how much thought-patrolling will liberals accomplish before the putty in the word "liberal" loses the last of its shape?

Now, we are all guilty, to various extents, of participation in the magic trick. When the misdirection is so sloppy and obvious, it's only one more lie to credit the wizard. And when we put our faith in abracadabra, it's not just power we surrender. It's responsibility. As a professional screenwriter, more so than many, I can follow my money to an ocean of blood. And if I don't like it, I can be replaced, so I like it. If you want to know where I stand politically, don't listen to where I stand, look where I'm standing. In a nice apartment. Minding my own business. Bumper stickers aside, our behavior would seem to indicate that in America, we're unanimously opposed to our own discomfort.

But any stance, plus the slightest commitment, can be a revolution, and belief in comfort is a great place to start. If we truly begin to believe, not just say, that everyone has a right to say whatever they want, and if we express that belief not through words, but through thought and behavior- by minding our own business, understanding each other, helping people that ask for help and not helping people who don't- soon, there will only be one line dividing us instead of six hundred. The only line that really matters.

The line between uncomfortable controllers and the uncontrollably comfortable. And guess who's going to win. In fact, win or lose, which side would you rather be on?

The danger of empowering words is that words are insubstantial, so when you give them your power, your power hits the floor. It was your power, given you by nature, you're supposed to use it to be who you are, but instead, you become an empty shell and your power gets snatched up by the people that can never have enough. Vampires. Control freaks. Party poopers. Liars. Rule makers. Politicians. Con artists. Thieves. Presidents and terrorists. And that's whose side we're on every moment we believe in sides. That's what a bad guy is, it's a guy that believes in bad. Bad doesn't care if we're bashing gays or bashing rednecks, it just wants us bashing. It also wants us fighting, controlling, fearing, stifling, labeling, warning, forbidding, shaming, censoring, and anything else we do in the name of fighting bad. Because when we fight bad, we believe in bad, and bad lives on.

DAN HARMON

Good is what we are, and what the world is, and faith is when we choose to believe that in spite of what we're seeing or hearing.

Good is not when we say we're good. And it's not when we don't say bad things.

I guess what I'm saying is, I'm going to continue singing "this nigger needs a little mustard" when I'm making a turkey sandwich. And I refuse to feel guilty about it.

I guess I could have just said that.

Sorry to waste your time.

THE BLOG

- November 26th, 2007 -

Probably Not a Good Sign

When your Myspace Comedy bio starts:

"Known just as much for his permed hair as he is for his animated performances and quick wit..."

DAN HARMON

- December 2nd, 2007 -

2012 Has Outlived its Usefulness as a Doomsday

I just found this in my folder where I keep blog entries I don't bother to post. Don't ask me how I make these decisions. I guess sometimes I think "I'll tune that up later before I read it into the record." But I'm busy right now with the Channel 101 Channy Awards, which are on December 9th at Cinespace and open to the public free of charge, so why not post this, I think it's interesting.

I was never really worried about Y2K. I figured in the eyes of a computer, 1900 was as good a year as any to abstain from launching all the missiles. And I had long since outgrown Nostradamus' predictions, which turned out to be accurate only insofar as you agreed to let "sandwich" mean "Nixon." Me, I was always more of a "Mayan Doomsday" buff. Back before Y2K, 2012 was the punk rock doomsday. You had to be doomsday hip to be exposed to it, because it wasn't what was selling. It was a Sex Pistols apocalypse, not some cheesy bullshit based on wizards or Jesus.

By the time the legend gets to our ears, here's how it goes: the ancient Mayans, a mysterious clan of agricultural math club savages, had a calendar system so accurate that it could predict an eclipse 1,000 years in advance. This calendar is segmented into a handful of larger eras, or "suns," one of which ended on the day that the Spanish exterminated them. But the calendar keeps going, because the Mayans, like Tolkien's elves, knew of the eras that would come after, or at least knew when those worlds would begin and end. And they knew when everything would come to a complete end, which is why the very last of their "suns," the last empire, the last era, and the Mayan calendar itself, ends on the winter solstice of 2012.

And then comes the "according to astronomers" kidney punch: That day, December 21st, 2012, is the day of an event which only happens every 25,000 years. The sun, which bobs up and down across some "galactic plane," ever so slowly, will be right smack in the middle of it, and the earth will be lined up with such and such at the exact same time, which "theorists" say could cause a shifting of Earth's magnetic polarity, an event that has already happened in the past, which results in the entire planet going Katrina and wiping most species out, especially

THE BLOG

certain species who can't make it to noon without a non fat latte, not to name names.

So. Anyways. It was 1999 and the 2012 Doomsday rocked. And I always figured that 2012 would become the new 2000, after 2001, and I had always intended to google it and do 5 minutes of reading in like 2002, after which I could switch to the role of debunker, keeping my ironic street cred. But then, you know, 2001 happened, and we lost our craving for doomsdays because we were sort of feeling like the world was actually ending. I got sidetracked like the rest of you.

But it's 2007, now. 9/11 is hilarious, we have redefined "ordinary world" to include massive acts of unexpected violence, we're bored, and we're ready for a new doomsday.

And here comes 2012, the Aguilera of Armageddons, seizing the charts from Britney. I watched a special on it a few weeks ago and it's as scary as ever, magnetic pole shifts and all, and now there's all this new stuff, because it turns out that if you add up all the chings in the I Ching and then reverse them, you get December 21st, 2012, and if you arrange the tarot deck in order and assign each card to a day, and then use the internet to decode the book of revelations, it all points to December 21st, 2012.

And the books are flying off the shelves, and the conventions are booked, and 2012 is either going to be the best or worst Christmas ever for children, depending on whether their parents use the end of the world as a reason to retreat to the forests of Montana, or just give them a shoebox full of gold.

So I'm switching to debunker. I googled it for 5 minutes this morning, and now I'm an expert skeptic. Don't read any further if the 2012 Doomsday was making your dick harder or your meals more delicious.

The Mayan calendar was, in fact, so well designed that it could predict an eclipse 1,000 years in advance. However, the Mayan calendar doesn't end on December 21st, 2012. The Mayan calendar, much like our own, never ends. It's just a different system for measuring time.

DAN HARMON

In the Mayan calendar, a k'in is a day, 20 k'in make a winal, 18 winal make a tun, etc. The shorthand for a Mayan date, instead of looking like 01-03-1973 (the third day in the first month of the 1,973rd year since Jesus), would look like 12.19.19.17.19 (the 19th k'in in the seventeenth winal in the 19th tun in the 19th k'atun in the 12th b'aktun since the Mayan equivalent of Jesus).

Correlating our calendars is hard because we don't know "when" they started keeping track of time. We ASSUME that they were obsessed with the moon and the sun, and designed their calendar, unlike us, to make round numbers happen on solstices. This is already a huge fucking leap, but that's our cross to bear because all we can see when we stand where they were standing is the sky, because we kind of raped and murdered them and then burnt all the books that said things like "Dear Diary, it's 115 Flim Flam, the Mayan version of Die Hard 2 was great, but then there was a big flood when Orion was 2 degrees west of Venus and it left a stain three meters up on the temple wall."

In the absence of any scientifically validated correlation between our calendars, IF you accept the most popular one, here's what happens on 12-21-2012:

Their calendar goes from 12.19.19.17.19 to 13.0.0.0.0.

As in, the next day is going to be 13.0.0.0.1, and if it was Ancient Maya, you might have to deal with a bit of a hangover while cleaning up the human sacrifice/lacrosse field. Other than that, a day like any other, or at least like 13 previous ones and infinite number to come.

Yes, they have higher b'aktuns than 13, and yes, there are higher places than a b'aktun. The ancient Mayans made references to dates way, way, way beyond that. Just like I can say, "hey, let's get together in the year six million."

The rest of it loses steam once you stop worrying about 2012. They "predicted their own demise?" What does that even mean? They demised slowly, just like the Romans and us. The Mayans had dynasties that rose and fell, they fought with each other, they had a peak and a decline, and at a certain point during the decline, Spanish people started showing up and giving them Spanish AIDS. It took a long time to wipe them out, and there's still some around, and there's no more a day that they disappeared than there is a day we killed the Native Americans.

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Wounded Knee? The Louisiana Purchase? Thanksgiving of 1492? What's the day the Indians died? Maybe 12.0.0.0.0 is the day in 1511 when Gonzalo Guerrero washed up on the Yucatan. Or if that doesn't work, maybe 12.0.0.12.12 is the day in 1517 that Cordoba got there, and if that's not poetic, maybe we can fudge around with the year 1519 when Cortez "started exploring the area." What's the day the Mayans collapsed, and which calendar correlation will you use? The one that sounds best in whatever book or TV show you're selling.

As for the "astronomers" and "theorists" that say there's something special about the winter solstice of 2012: there is. It's the only day in the last 25,000 years of our calendar that has caused as many idiots to call themselves astronomers and theorists. Nothing is happening on that day that doesn't happen at least once a year.

The Earth's magnetic fields may one day switch their polarity, causing everyone to die at the same time all of our VHS tapes finally become obsolete. Add it to the list of reasons not to take your life too seriously, along with super volcanoes, bird flu and the fact that your heart is a ticking fucking time bomb with no clock on it.

Of course, those things are scary because we don't know when they're coming. Not knowing is scary. No control is scary. And we cope with it by knowing. We write religions of different sizes and use them like screwdrivers. I don't want to file my taxes, the CIA is flying helicopters over my house. Yes, the lady and I will have another order of potato skins, it's almost 2012.

In fact, there is an event of catastrophic significance happening on December 9th, 2007 in Hollywood, California. The Ancient Armenians, who have lived there since the beginning of time, predicted that Steve Agee would be hosting the fifth annual Channel 101 Channy Awards. They predicted that even if you couldn't make a reservation for a table, you should still show up and watch the pre-show and the awesome exclusively made videos from anywhere in Cinespace, and party with us. Doors open at 7, ceremony at 9, party til 2.

DAN HARMON

- December 3rd, 2007 -

I'm Totally Dexed Out on Fucking Skittle

About a week ago, my girlfriend said she'd love to hang out with me, but was feeling under the weather and didn't want to get me sick. Oh, don't be silly, come on over, I'll make you some tea or whatever the fuck. She came over. I gave her a kiss, and again, she cautioned, she'd feel terrible if she got me sick. Please, I told her, I never get sick. Besides, people don't understand, the idea of "catching a cold" is a myth, there's a nearly infinite variety of them and we all have various immunities to different kinds depending on what we've ever had, so, sure you can get a cold from a person that has one but you can also get a cold from a faucet handle or thin air and most of the time you don't, otherwise, everyone in the world would have gotten the same cold and it would have evolved and killed us.

First of all, I get sick just as often as everyone else. Secondly, and more importantly, what the fuck was I talking about, when did I turn into Cliff fucking Claven. I don't know where I got my degree in amateur immunology, but I sure the fuck know where I got this cold. It was from kissing my sick girlfriend.

Did I say "cold?" I think I have Martian cholera. I have Vietnamese avian bronchitis. I've had it for a god damn week and my girlfriend still has it so whatever it is, there's no end in sight.

Is this the beginning of someone's shitty Stephen King knockoff? I never thought I'd be the protagonist because I know I can't run or...you know, give a shit about other people, but I always saw myself as making it into the fucking book. You know, like I'd be the brainy guy that says, "Tell me you're not actually suggesting..." after the hero suggests stuff. And maybe it would turn out I was a city engineer or a hacker or something that could help us get to the other side of town, but that would be too much of a risk in my eyes, and the hero would be like, "there's a pregnant lady here with diabetes and if we don't get to that radio transmitter she's going to die" and I'd be like "Suppose we all die trying to get there? And if we get to that transmitter, what makes you think anyone's going to be listening?" Stuff like that. And I was perfectly comfortable with the idea that I was going to have a punitive or redemptive death way before the end, but I thought I was going to make it into the book, is what I'm saying. I didn't think I'd

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be part of a statistic in the back story. I didn't think I'd be the second guy to catch "The Jangles." I didn't think I'd be the skeleton in the cockpit.

I thought it was finally going away last night and then I started coughing. And I woke up this morning and it feels like someone took a cheese grater to the inside of my chest. But I had to get up because my housekeeper comes over on Mondays. And she's coughing, too. I'm telling you, we're all going to die. This is it.

I had to get money from the store to pay her, so I did something I never do, I bought medicine. It doesn't help your body fight anything, it just numbs you and makes everything worse. I bought a box of something called Cepacol and it literally says "maximum numbing" on it. Maximum numbing? You assholes. When I try to "maximize my numbing" with vodka, you call me "sick." You people have never been healthy. Why don't you talk to me some more about how you don't smoke pot or drink beer because of your parents, you gross fucking dumb ass insects. What about the "abusive father" we all share called the cocksucking government, maybe we could all rebel against that, you fucking nervous, untalented, coffee slurping, pill popping, nectar sucking drones? Why don't you give me some more fitness tips while you change the flickering bulbs in the cement tunnels of your fucking hive. Dipshits. There's a plant that GROWS OUT OF THE GROUND that's ILLEGAL and there's shit sitting next to the Fruity Pebbles that people can use to commit suicide because there's so much poison in it you can't make it without a fucking computer, but you take it in small enough doses to numb the symptoms of your malnutrition so you can get back to work shuffling money around for a fucking police state.

You're all a bunch of phony fucking suckers. Oh, peace, groovey, I'm like, totally groovey eating my egg whites, I'm not a fucking robot ant or anything, I'm, like, totally human, cuz, like, look at my hair. And my shirt.

Fuck you. FUCK YOU. You're a buzz cut and a jumpsuit away from THX 11 fucking 38. Just because Orwell didn't bother to predict that some of the prolies might wear Van Halen tee shirts doesn't make this NOT 1984.

Sorry. Oh, man. I'm really sorry. I actually mean that. I'm sorry. I don't know why I get so upset. I'm not upset anymore. I'm dizzy. Holy Jesus.

Wait. Dayquil's kicking in. It says "non drowsy."

DAN HARMON

I didn't mean to yell at you. You're not bad people. It's not so bad. I was exaggerating. I wasn't even that sick. Probably. I thought I was. I remember thinking I was sick but I don't remember being sick. I mean, I'm still sick, but now, what's in this? It says "non drowsy." Why do I feel like Jesus shot me through the head with a peppermint arrow. I was supposed to take two, right? There's two in each bubble. It says too. It says to two, too.

I just itched my lip way too hard. Is there not supposed to take Cepacol too? Okay wait...I checked the cepacol...it just says...Benzocaine, okay, that's the maximum numbing...menthol, that's...that's what black people smoke, that can't be bad for you.

And then here's dayquil...Acetaminophen...that's for you liver, Phenylephrine...my stomach hurts. Dextromethorphan. Aw. "Meth orphan!" Get it? Who's..Who is this? Okay, my stomach feels better. Why am I...Who am I talking to? Why was I yelling at you? I'm so sorry I started yelling at you. I want to eat lettuce. Did you like the cartoon I made?

It says here, I googled dextromethorphan, it says that kids take it to get high. It's making me woozy, I don't know if I like it.

"Slang terms for dextromethorphan vary by product and region. Adults should be familiar with the most common terms, which include Dex, DXM, Robo, Skittles, Syrup, Triple-C, and Tussin."

Yeah, adults should be really familiar with those terms, I'm sure that will pay off in parental spades.

Sally, where are you going?

Mom, I told you, I'm going to the Rock N' Roll concert!

Sally, if I promised not to punish you, would you tell me if you've ever done Robo, or Skittles?

Mom! Where did you hear those words?

I'm not your grandma's age yet, you know. I've got my ear to the internet.

THE BLOG

Well...yeah, I mean, I tussined once. It was after mid terms, everybody does it sometimes.

How much DXM does "everybody" do?

Come on, Mom...

Hey, listen, when I was your age, there was whippets, huffing, now there's robo-tripping, some things change and some things stay the same. Like the fact that it's not easy being a teen. Feeling like there's nobody you can talk to.

It's funny. Hearing how familiar you are with all these slang terms for the recreational use of dextromethorphan makes me feel like maybe there is somebody I can talk to. In fact...I wasn't really going to a rock n roll concert. I was going to go to the park and do a couple spoons of triple-c with my friends, but instead, why don't I just hang this glittery jean jacket on our old timey coat rack and you and I can get high on a game of Scrabble?

You got it, kiddo. And maybe we can even robo on some skittle this weekend-

-Mom?!

-IF we have a cough, and WITHOUT exceeding the recommended dosage.

Ha! Got it! Hey, can Dad play Scrabble, too?

No, he's drinking himself to death in the basement because he pressured your brother into joining the reserves. Come on, these letter tiles aren't going to pick seven of themselves!

The end. Why did I just write a Mad TV sketch? I'm so fucking robo right now.

I gotta go in the living room. My eyeballs are twitchy. I'm fucking dizzy. Somebody bring me a sandwich or something. I'm starving.

DAN HARMON

- December 8th, 2007 -

fuck it

Pasting this from my union's email newsletter, just to mark the exact day that shit got really bad.

Today, after three days of discussions, the AMPTP came back to us with a proposal that included a total rejection of our proposal on Internet streaming of December 3.

They are holding to their offer of a \$250 fixed residual for unlimited one year streaming after a six-week window of free use. They still insist on the DVD rate for Internet downloads.

They refuse to cover original material made for new media.

This offer was accompanied by an ultimatum: the AMPTP demands we give up several of our proposals, including Fair Market Value (our protection against vertical integration and self-dealing), animation, reality, and, most crucially, any proposal that uses distributor's gross as a basis for residuals. This would require us to concede most of our Internet proposal as a precondition for continued bargaining. The AMPTP insists we let them do to the Internet what they did to home video.

We received a similar ultimatum through back channels prior to the discussions of November 4. At that time, we were assured that if we took DVD's off the table, we would get a fair offer on new media issues. That offer never materialized.

We reject the idea of an ultimatum. Although a number of items we have on the table are negotiable, we cannot be forced to bargain with ourselves. The AMPTP has many proposals on the table that are unacceptable to writers, but we have never delivered ultimatums.

As we prepared our counter-offer, at 6:05 p.m., Nick Counter came and said to us, in the mediator's presence: "We are leaving. When you write us a letter saying you will take all these items off the table, we will reschedule negotiations with you."

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Within minutes, the AMPTP had posted a lengthy statement announcing the breakdown of negotiations.

We remain ready and willing to negotiate, no matter how intransigent our bargaining partners are, because the stakes are simply too high. We were prepared to counter their proposal tonight, and when any of them are ready to return to the table, we're here, ready to make a fair deal.

John F. Bowman
Chairman, WGA Negotiating Committee
Contract 2007

DAN HARMON

- December 17th, 2007 -

I put a little extra for Christmas, too!

My housekeeper comes over on Mondays. She comes over at 8am. And, as usual, my first thought was, "why does this woman have to come over here so early to wash my pooppy underwear and how can there be a God in a world with this kind of suffering."

But because it's Christmas, my second thought was, "I'm going to blow my housekeeper's mind this week. I'm going to give her like a million dollars for Christmas."

She's a good housekeeper, and a good person. She's always finding wads of crumpled cash in my pants, and more often than not, she's finding more cash than she's getting paid to find it. What she finds, she carefully uncrumples and places on my nightstand, and it's not because she thinks she would ever get caught for pocketing it. Anyone whose job it is to polish my bong and stack Pantyhose Fantasies 3 neatly next to my unbalanced checkbook knows that it's not exactly NORAD around here. Like all honest people, she keeps her small part of the world honest because she would prefer to live in an honest world, and the giant, dishonest world that surrounds hers is sure to keep her portion very small. The irony bends my mind like a pretzel: in that simple act of not stealing my disregarded cash, she displays the only requirement necessary for leadership, and the people we allow to lead us, as rich as they are, are never rich enough, and can't even be counted on to refrain from mass murder, not if they think there's the slightest possibility of money in it. So she keeps her part of the world honest and I have her come over once a week, even though I can't afford it, because that's as charitable as I get.

Except on Christmas, when I am filled with the spirit of giving. And so it was that on the way home from the chiropractor this morning, I stopped at an ATM for the purposes of withdrawing a million dollars so that I could finally give this woman that wipes the dried piss off the rim of my toilet what she deserves.

Now, I don't have a million dollars. I have four thousand. So I thought I would get the maximum the ATM would give me, which I assumed would be 300.

THE BLOG

But there was no button for 300. I probably could have hit "other amount" and typed "300" into it, but Jesus Christ, what is this, Wargames? Just give me some fucking money.

The maximum amount with a button dedicated to it was 200. Which is still pretty mind blowing for a Christmas tip, since she only gets 60 bucks to do everything she does.

Unfortunately, last week, I forgot to pay her, so I owed her 120. So, her Christmas tip was 80 dollars.

I put the 200 on the counter under the laundry quarters. And I thought, well, that's not very ceremonious. So I put it in an envelope and wrote "Sofia Merry Christmas" on it with a sharpie.

And as I passed her in the living room, something made me want to mention it. Honestly, I didn't want a pat on the back, my motivation for saying something was actually because I know she's got kids and she's probably doing all kinds of Christmas calculations in her head about Xbox games and action figures versus shoes and cable while she's wiping my coffee table, and I thought, if I'm her, I don't want to be "surprised," I want numbers so I can plan my errands.

So I said, "I put a little extra for Christmas, too."

When I talk to foreign people, I always use bad English. Anything more would be pretentious. If I were to say "Sofia, I put your money in an envelope on the counter and I included a little extra for Christmas," she would probably say, "Dios Mio, Senor Dan, your words are like Frasier's to me!" And I don't think I could stand that kind of guilt, so, when I see skin that is slightly darker than mine, I start talking like Borat. When I see skin that is significantly darker than mine, I clutch my pearl necklace and cross the street, but that's a different blog entry.

So, the thing is, here I am telling someone that I'm giving them money, which feels weird, so my instinct was to "downplay" it. One has to wonder, where was that instinct three seconds ago, before I entered the announcement-making business. But, that ship having sailed, I did my best, with my tone of voice and facial expressions, to let her know, simultaneously, that I was giving her extra

DAN HARMON

money and that it wasn't that big a deal to me at all. It involved a little shrugging, and some eyebrows, and a boyish lilt, which, all totaled, made it seem like I was telling my mother I had just won the spelling bee.

And, without interrupting her scrubbing of my coffee table, she said "okay, thank you," with the same tone of voice I have when someone at the DMV tells me I'm only three more forms away from being allowed to do whatever the fuck I want to do.

Now she's going to look in the envelope and think, "I bet this 80 dollar tip would have been 140 dollars if he had remembered to pay me last week."

There's something that doesn't feel right about having a housekeeper. Maybe it's because I'm just too real. I may have four thousand dollars in my checking account, but I'm still "Dan from the block." My family had "Select TV," not HBO. I don't think it's at all erroneous or inappropriate for me to say that I'm basically the white version of a Mexican person.

Next week, I'm going to sit her down and explain to her, in plain, broken English, that her washing my poopy underwear makes me feel bad, and the only solutions I can think of are for her to start acting more convincingly grateful or for me to fire her.

THE BLOG

- December 17th, 2007 -

I made it

From:
TOO SPOILED TOO SPOILED
Date:
Dec 17, 2007 4:04 PM

Subject:
Congrats you've been scouted by Too Spoiled !

Body:
Hi,

I've been on myspace for a while now looking through profiles and your profile made me look twice. I think you have a great, unique look that many of my clients are looking for. I'm always on the look out for talent, even on my spare time. You also look like someone with a great personality and attitude. I gotta ask you if you ever thought about acting or modeling...if you never thought about it, YOU SHOULD! My name is Tony by the way, and I'm a talent scout with TooSpoiled, a worldwide modeling and talent company.

I know there are alot of scams out there, but we really are the largest and fastest growing entertainment company out there. We are the largest by getting amateur and veteran talent started and furthered in the entertainment business very quickly!!! Most people don't pursue opportunities in this industry because they don't have the money for profeesional pictures and agents take commisions, etc. We don't do ANY of that. We want our talents to make a fortune without spending a fortune! We have already sent out over 1,700,000 castings, auditions and entertainment job opportunities this month, SO YOU CANNOT GO WRONG!

I would like to invite you to check out our website at www.toospoiled.com. After you've viewed the site and learned more about the company email me with any questions you have at Tony.Pitsakis@toospoiled.com and I will be glad to help. If you are interested and would like to start receiving job opportunities, then go

DAN HARMON

ahead and set up your digital comp card, (profile). It only takes a few minutes to enroll and there are no enrollment fees.

This is by invitation ONLY so you will need my Scout Id ANPI7068 to complete the registration. I want you to know that this is REAL, (a computer didn't write this, and sent it out). I'm real, the company is real, and most importantly, these opportunities are real!

Congratulations on being selected and I look forward to talking with you very soon - Tony

THE BLOG

- December 29th, 2007 -

Not so fast. First of all, what's turkey?

I saw this question at the top of my Myspace page today, and I have a few questions of my own before I answer it:

My first question is: Is this a question, or is it an advertisement for an upcoming film, because if so, I'm going to the Arc Light theatre with a lawn chair, a sack of money and thirty five friends. Sometimes you don't realize what you've always wanted to see until it's right in front of your face.

Also, if it IS a movie- and I KNOW it's not, but just- I want it to be so badly- is Brad Pitt ...he looks like he might be in some kind of cave lined with gold?

I guess that's my second question. Is there also a cave lined with gold in this movie?

Does it start with Timberlake getting his wings as a CIA agent? And now he can finally be like his brothers, who are way older than him, because their Dad was this James Coburn super agent that fucked around a lot in the sixties, then retired in the eighties and fathered Timberlake? And is Timberlake sort of wide-eyed and by the book, like, does he speak fluent Arabic and he's a crack shot boy scout and is he excited to start protecting the country, and is he also excited to get better acquainted with his brothers, Pitt and Crowe, and are they more mercenary style agents, holdovers from a pre-9/11 CIA? Is Pitt kind of a lady's man and an arms broker and is Crowe more creepy and mysterious and specialize in "wet work?" Are they both tired of slaving for a directionless bureaucracy and do they exploit their kid brother's idealism to aid them in a "retirement" scheme involving the destabilization of an obscure North African country that's sitting on three billion dollars worth of gold stashed by Rommel?

Because if the answer is yes, then I guess my next question is: why is it called "Who Ate Too Much Turkey?"

If that's not a cave lined with gold, is it sunlight breaking through autumn leaves? Because then I understand why the movie is called "Who Ate Too Much Turkey"

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and, at my age, I would love to see something more On-Golden-Pondy than Lost-City-of-Goldy, but my concern then becomes the question mark and exclamation point in the title, because I don't want to watch these three guys do a balls-out, slapsticky, someone-tell-grandma-those-were-the-wrong-brownies, falling-off-the-roof-while-hanging-thanksgiving-lights, chumbawumba-trailer, this-summer-thanksgiving-has-never-been-so-thankless, heartwarming piece of shit based on some milk fed hack's allegedly resonant observations about the struggles of growing up in a family of rich fucking Cape Cod cunts.

What I would love to see is something a little darker, I mean, comedy is good, but it should be coming from somewhere. Comedy is a phenomenon, it happens in the commission of a task, a task like expression. It can't just be the task at hand. The attempt to start being funny starts with the internal recognition that you're currently not being funny or feeling funny, which is usually a pretty good place to start, so start there. But no. You want to leap into pretending to be funny and you hope nobody catches on. You don't want to live in the real world, where you're maybe not so funny. You want to be a comedy person, you decided that, so this world has to be Fantasy Island and we all have to put on white jackets and clean up after your lessons.

Anyways, I'm assuming it's not a movie, and I had other questions, like, is Brad Pitt in the picture because he's asking the question, or did he eat too much turkey, but I don't care anymore, I'm mad because that fucking holiday family cabin movie I just watched in my head reminded me of "Dan in Real Life."

If there's a family playing football in a yard in your movie- or in your MEMORY- You were born into a support system. WHICH IS FINE. Good for you. But don't just spend two hours marvelling at your quirky support system. We already know rich people are quirky. That's what happens when you're not struggling, you develop quirks. It's "quirky" to everyone in the Middle East that all the women in your movie are acting like whores, and it's quirky to 90% of your own country that the entire film takes place in some weird dimension 600 miles from the nearest black family.

And HEY. Lots of movies take place in weird worlds! WE LIKE THAT. We like glimpses of high society ballrooms or mafia meetings or space stations and I'm SURE we can like your log cabin full of pasty assholes playing Scrabble.

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Especially if something were to unfold. Something a little more than you wanting to feel good about yourself and not being able to. Some kind of, I don't know, sequence of events, you know, what is this word I'm looking for, oh, yeah, now I remember. Tell me a fucking STORY. Jesus fucking Christ, we are a nation of babies. I saw Juno, too. We are fucking doomed. I don't care if I find out everyone who worked on these movies is represented by my agent, and yes, I know, there's going to be awards given, always, always, and that's the real proof, it's when you get an award, and it's when after you finish writing, your typewriter is smoking. Boy, was that Juno movie written! Somebody really wrote the living shit out of that thing.

That's what we acknowledge as good writing. It's when you can't ignore the writing. It's when the character's voice's can't be heard over the sound of some off-camera God patting itself on the back or grinding an axe the size of Chicago.

"DAN" DIDN'T EVEN PUT HIS HEAD ON A STACK OF PANCAKES in the movie.

HE WAS EATING PANCAKES DURING ONE SCENE, and he had just woken up and was actually feeling pretty good about himself.

DAN HARMON

- January 1st, 2008 -

I Know Why Cats Know Where Your Face Is!

It's always puzzled me that cats look at our faces, like, when they want food, they look us in the eyes, instead of looking at our hand, which is what puts the food in the bowl.

I mean, dogs are dogs. Nothing puzzles me about dogs. After five hundred thousand years of throwing the ones we don't like on the campfire, we've got an animal that's wired for picking up hints. Their minds are as bent to our ways as their little bodies. I wonder if God's ever going to get back from the grocery store and say "Jesus Christ, what the fuck did you guys do, why are my timber wolves shaped like weiners?!" I wonder why I'm doing my impression of your myspace comedy blog. Six kudos!? My Katrina chunk is ready!

Actually, that weiner dog thing just reminded me of this strange encounter my friends and I had in Austin. We were walking down the sidewalk, and one of our group stopped to talk to a friend. And this friend of his was walking one of those weiner shaped dogs. And I had never really seen one up close, and I noticed that these weiner dogs, they're not really "shaped like weiners" as much as they are dwarves. They're like "regular" sized dogs with very short legs.

And my friends and I were intrigued, and we waited for the next gap in the conversation, then politely and curiously interjected, "hey, do you know if there was any specific purpose behind this breed, are they designed to fit into arrow quivers or get rats out of cannons or something?"

And the guy said, "Eh, I just own him, I don't know really know how to defend the practice."

What? Defend the practice? I wasn't really ready to credit you with the ability to change dogs' bodies, let alone take you to task for it. Does he get a lot of shit from activists? I'd like to meet THAT group. Talk about a long term commitment. What do we want? "For dogs to be shaped more like their original, non-domesticated predecessors!" when do we want it? "In the year 502,007 A.D., which, in the context of this issue, is like saying NOW!" [tag line:] "So don't let the deadline

THE BLOG

fool you, we need to keep lunch under an hour today! [extra, sotto tag if I'm killing:] "Lot of calls to make!"

Anyways, cats are domesticated, but only relatively recently, and they're not, like, genetically selected for their ...well, shit, I guess they ARE genetically selected for their responsiveness, their human interfacing and such. I kind of lost my point somewhere along the way, here.

I was going to say something like: Instinctively, why does a cat "know" or "care" where your head is, is it just looking at the part of our body that's "meowing," making sounds, or is there something more to it, like is it "aware" that a head is a head, whether it's on a fellow feline, or a primate, or a bird-

-and then I was going to say, OH, of course. All carnivorous mammals have instinctive awareness of the VITAL points on every variation of animal that they might ever have to fight or eat. Your cat knows about faces on things that aren't cats because, in the rare event that the shit goes down, the little fucker needs to go for your throat and eyes.

I mean, it's never going to happen, but it's pre-loaded in their DNA because our cats' predecessors used to eat our predecessors all the time.

That's something that really inspires me about anthropology. When we were forced to abandon the branches of Eden, canines and felines were our worst enemies. Not just because they could kill us, but because they could outhunt us. We were going to starve while we were waiting to be eaten.

God had been on our side in the forest, our stomachs were designed to digest the things that grew next to where we had been sleeping. Then we were on the plains, the New York stock exchange of biology. God was nowhere to be found, except maybe in these perfectly designed brutes, these killing machines with their hands made of knives and mouths full of razor blades. We were a joke. A bunch of fuck-happy, berry-loving monkeys that had spent the previous four million years developing color vision because our greatest natural enemy was an unripe orange.

So we doubled down. Everything we were, we became moreso. Including smarter.

DAN HARMON

And the lion and the wolf laughed and said, "where do you think you guys are going with this? Where do you see the plan of becoming 'the world's most awkward animal' paying off?"

And now they fetch our slippers. And we don't even remember being jealous, let alone afraid. We scratch their little bellies. We have bigger fish to fry- weather to change, other species to protect or let go, dreams to broadcast into space. Love to resist. Words to ban. Foods to avoid. Tennis.

And every morning, this little dude puts her little paw on me and purrs and drools until I get up and walk over to the magical food container that only I can operate. And she's got her eyes on my face the whole time. And I think it's because she's got files left on her hard drive that say, "if he just stops feeding you, and you can't get out, you should know that his carotid artery is under that big flapping hole he uses to kiss his own ass."

THE BLOG

- January 2nd, 2008 -

Friendly Warning For All You Life Bloggers

If you ever fall in love with someone, and one of the first conversations they want to have when kicking off your exciting new relationship is the one where they quickly verify that you won't be blogging about anything that transpires....

...it's probably not because they've got something pretty in store.

Everybody's shy. Nobody wants strangers all up in their business, just like nobody wants their pants falling down in the middle of a party.

But there's people who simply don't want their pants to fall down at a party, let's call those the "average" people. And then there's people who call you up on their way to the party and say, "Nobody's going to pull my pants down when I get there, right?" And you say "no," and then they show up, and they're wearing three belts. And their jean loops are safety pinned to their flesh.

You can't know if that person has a fascinating backstory or just an out-of-the-box anxiety, but you can know one thing: they've got a special relationship with their pants. Or something underneath them. And you should respect that. And when you decide to become an investor in this person's underwear company, it might be the smartest decision you ever made and it might be the dumbest but don't act like you didn't see it coming, bucko.

Fairy tales start "once upon a time," not "the following information is given on a need to know basis and should remain confidential."

That's how memos about MK-Ultra start.

So maybe you're gonna see some pretty colors. Or maybe you're going to be assassinated.

But don't act like you didn't see it coming. Bucko.

Thirty five years old.

DAN HARMON

- January 3rd, 2008 -

Dear 2008

I resolve to alienate you.

I resolve to hand you every inch of rope you've ever wanted. I resolve to watch every kick without batting an eye. I resolve to capture every frame of you twisting in the wind and I resolve to go home afterward and sleep like a baby.

I resolve to stop insulting all of us with the idea of me tricking you into thinking I'm a good person.

I resolve to drop my locally misguided ambitions and embrace my universally guided tendencies.

I resolve to die alone. I resolve to die in dignity. I resolve to spend every day I'm granted before that living as if I understood that to be the goal.

I resolve to say "I don't believe you" to everyone I don't believe. I resolve to say "that makes me feel bad" whenever I feel bad. I resolve to say "I like that" when I like something and nothing when I don't.

I resolve to call the sun a sun. I resolve to call it morning when it rises, I resolve to call it night when it sets. I resolve to set my watch by what's obvious to me, and not by what you think should be the case. I resolve to take my head out of my ass.

I resolve to stop pretending that I don't know what I'm trying to say. I resolve to stop inserting "like" and "uh" and "y'know" into my sentences to make me feel more accessible. I resolve to never be accessible.

I resolve to own my role. I resolve to be the baby you didn't want to have, the child you didn't want on your baseball team, the teenager you didn't want to kiss, the young adult you warned about being cocky and the man you can't look in the eye.

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I resolve that my face will be God's face, and my house will be his house. I resolve that the righteous will gain strength from my touch, and the wicked will be turned from my gaze.

I resolve that your opera will not be my opera. I resolve to not care who you think you are. I resolve that things are as I see them.

I resolve to stop lowering the bar.

DAN HARMON

- January 4th, 2008 -

I Have Good News and Bad News, Mr. Ironside.

The bad news is that, although we were able to extract the sniper's bullet without complication, the damage it caused as it entered your back appears to be irreparable. Your third and fourth lumbar vertebra have been shattered, your spinal cord has been severed, and I'm afraid that for the rest of your life, you will be confined to a wheelchair.

The good news is that, as I'm seeing on your medical sheet, here, your last name is "Ironside."

So....in spite of all that's been taken from you, there is at least one thing you now have which you did not have before, which is a name that makes a certain unsettling, dramatic sense.

At times like these, it can be difficult to find the good within the bad, but try to open your eyes to this stroke of luck. Fate gave you the last name "Ironside," and you kept it, even when it was completely athematic to your life. Now, that restraint pays off, and without expending any effort whatsoever, you can cross "having an unnaturally appropriate name" off of your to-do list.

Whatever wheelchair you end up using, I doubt it will literally be made of iron, and as technology advances, I imagine there will be chairs composed mostly of plastic, but I assure you the physical construction of the chair itself will never magnify or diminish the applicability of the name. When they told me you were going to be wheelchair-bound, and they told me your last name, my instant reaction was "Oof." A man inside a cage with no front. Metal here, metal there. Sides of iron. And I don't want to insult you by assuming you don't know this, but throughout history, "Old Ironsides" has been a nickname given to battleships, tanks and locomotives. Which is sort of what you've become: a kind of "half man, half tank," or "choo-choo person." My point being, a wheelchair is a wheelchair, and, so long as your mobility and aesthetic remain more mechanical than natural, so long as you are, in physical essence, more machine than human, the last name "Ironside" will always bear ample symbolic gravity.

THE BLOG

I want to show you something. I can get up right now and jump around the room. I guess it's fun. I'm glad I can do it. Are you impressed? Jealous? Want to guess what my name is? Toby Fitzsimmons. Get it? I don't get it, either. There's nothing to get. And what can I do about that? Walk down to the courthouse and change my name to Toby Legwalker? Chief Proudfoot? Then what happens if I end up paralyzed, too? Am I going to change my name again? Weland Rollins? Johnny Spokes? There's no point when you force it like that.

You're a lucky man, Mr. Ironside. Maybe not luckier than anyone that can walk, but certainly one of the luckiest men to ever find himself in a wheelchair. You've been walking around your whole life with a lottery ticket you couldn't redeem. And now, as if by magic: jackpot.

This is nurse Johnson, she's going to show you how to empty the bags of excrement and urine that you'll be wearing under your shirt, and then I want you to get out there and start introducing yourself to people!

Mister Ironside!

DAN HARMON

- January 15th, 2008 -

Nobody Writes Like This Anymore

Just as breaking up with my girlfriend made me realize I should have married her, striking has made me realize that I should have written more when I was allowed to do so. Maybe I'm a passionate man. Or maybe I'm an infantile control freak being told for the first time that he can't have chocolate cake for breakfast. I don't know.

I know one thing that was great about my job was that I didn't have to know shit. It was my job to dip into what I understood, scrape until I came up empty, and then frame the spoon. It was a job I never really approached with what you might call "gusto." I dropped out of college and I followed the cord on the back of our God to the place where people make it talk. It was a shortcut to attention, respect and women crazy enough to overlook the size of my hairy tits, but it was also a shortcut around humility and idealism. I pay my rent with neither. I'm an arrogant nobody that believes in nothing but himself.

I saw a movie on cable tonight that immediately sucked me in, probably because it's about an arrogant nobody that believes in nothing but himself.

It's called Havana, sort of a revisitation of Casablanca set in Cuba before the revolution. I don't recall it blowing the world's mind when it was released in 1990. I suppose I can understand why, it's not Casablanca and it's not The Matrix, so what is it and who is it for. Well, it turns out it was for me. It was about me, it was written for me, and I watched it by myself and I enjoyed it very much.

My favorite part: Robert Redford has driven into the part of Cuba from which soldiers are retreating, where houses are burning and corpses are hanging from trees. He has driven here because he wants this woman. But she has these ideals, this revolution, these politics that are turning out to be a real cock block. So Redford shoves a chair in frustration and tries to find the words to make her understand that politics are for squares and squares don't get to fuck Robert Redford.

"I don't know about a lot of things. The things I know, I know well. I try to keep out of the way of stuff I don't understand. Mostly. All this is like living your life in

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the newspapers. Like you read what to do. But they make too much out of everything. Most of the time nothing's going on. Just everyday stuff. You take a walk. You buy a necktie. You eat a sandwich. Life. Jesus, you can't live ideas. Most things that are alive don't even have ideas. What's really going on happens before ideas. Before talk. Before anybody says anything. And after. In the quiet."

That's good writing.

Note the distinct absence of the phrase "home skillet."

DAN HARMON

- January 16th, 2008 -

Why I Had to Change Email Addresses

For the last seven years, I've had one email address. For the last seven years, whenever someone or something asked for my email address, I gave them my email address. And after seven years of subscribing to porn sites, this is an actual screen capture of my inbox. For real.

And now, answers to your questions before you ask them:

Q: Are any of these not spam?

A: Yes. If you look closely, drowning in this sea of Pfizer and outdoor stripping, David Seger is trying to get Channel 101 started for 2008. Also, Delgado Moore is an old friend from my university days and I'm proof reading his new book about cu*m hungry young chi*cks being wildly c*ock_stuffed.

Q: If this is your inbox, what's in your junk mail folder?

A: An invitation to write humor for Vanity Fair, my electronic gas bill, details about a panel I was supposed to speak on, and, ironically, ACTUAL photos of Lindsay Lohan and Ashlee Simpson fucking in a sauna.

Q: What's your new email address?

A: Fuck you.

THE BLOG

- January 17th, 2008 -

There's something inside my ear

It hurts like one of those big, subdermal pimples. I don't know because I can't see inside my own ear. It hurts like hell. It better not be a fucking tumor, I haven't even done anything yet.

DAN HARMON

- January 17th, 2008 -

Depression isn't when you want to die

Depression is when you want to stay dead, and everything around you is threatening to resuscitate you. A corpse doesn't want to be revived because it knows it can't go from A to B without moving through an AB curtain. And when A is death and B is life, the curtain is ...just being in a lot of pain.

So you stay where you are. You curl up.

I just spent 20 minutes staring at my shoes. They were the last thing I needed to put on before going to get something to eat. And I just couldn't do it. I don't remember the last time I was out of the apartment, feels like a week or so.

These moods, they fall on me like an anvil. It's just chemicals in my brain, but knowing that doesn't change anything. I look for logical reasons to be sad so that my feelings make sense.

I shit away another girlfriend. It doesn't matter that we weren't compatible, I still know I did it wrong.

I turned 35.

The holidays.

This strike. I have no experience in dealing with things like this strike. It's like a caveman's first eclipse; I thought I had sealed my kingdom up pretty good, and now I find out it's all powered by some cable that can just get kicked out of a wall. Virtually everyone I know has become unemployed at the same time. People who represent joy in my life are emailing and calling, looking for some way to make money. These rich cocksuckers are standing there waiting for us to starve. The city is being damaged. Schrab and I barely talk anymore.

Kelly's gone. What a fucking dumb ass. Did I ever tell you guys what a dumb ass Kelly Kubik was? When she wasn't painting my walls or paying my gas bill, she would sit and watch me play video games. For free. I'd be like, "I hope this bitch

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doesn't think I'm going to pay her to watch me play this video game." Never got an invoice. Just wanted to watch a video game being played. Like it was fucking CSI or something. "Oo! Go in that dungeon! Go through that door! Kill those nigs!" Always laughing at everything. Nothing's that funny. Why are you having so much fun, you're my property. I'm a middle aged man wasting his life and taking it out on you, there's nothing fun about that, stop leaping around expressing enthusiasm for everything, I'm trying to drain your soul. If she was here right now, I would let her say something to try to cheer me up, and then I'd say, "shut up, that's stupid." It would make me feel so much better.

Now what am I supposed to do. Tell myself to shut up, I guess. No problem.

I can't go out there. The only thing that would get me out there would be a drink, and I don't like to drink when I'm depressed. I drink to suppress my social anxieties, I drink when I'm feeling...manic-

-Am I manic depressive? Is that really what this is? I know there's something wrong with me, is it really that simple? Am I just another fucking manic depressive? I'm sorry, bipolar. Let's look this up. Okey, dokey, reading reading reading.

Eh. They're just describing everyone. These psychological disorders are like horoscopes.

The one thing they don't have a diagnosis for is the syndrome where you feel compelled to categorize all human states into a handful of disorders and suffer the delusion that there's such a thing as a normal human being. I call it "psychological professional disorder." Fuck those guys. Last month, I thought I had a Christ complex. But then I realized, it's not a complex, it's an awariness.

I'm sleepy. That's something I can get behind. I'm going to take a nap. I don't have time to proof read or edit this entry, go stick a dick in your ear.

DAN HARMON

- January 19th, 2008 -

I Have More Than the Average Number of Arms

I just learned this. Almost everyone has two arms, but some people have less than two arms, bringing the average number of arms per human down to something less than 2. So, if you have 2 arms, you are above average in that category.

That's something that can get you out of bed in the morning. And for those of us with less than two arms, I'm sure you have more than the average amount of something, like money, kidneys, or times you've seen Robocop.

So stop complaining, you fucking no armed billionaire Robocop fag.

THE BLOG

- January 19th, 2008 -

This week's top friends theme: friends who are black and/or gay

I don't think it's enough that I spend MLK day confining my webcam searches to non-redheads, so, this week, in my Top 16, I focus on friends whom I consider not just friends, but also feathers in my cap.

Brian Green: Brian, a Milwaukee comedian, was one of my first mentors. We would drive together to remote portions of the midwest and do standup - I would open and he would headline. I was a terrible standup but Brian always laughed when I was on stage. Looking back, I think he was laughing at how bad I was. But it accidentally made me feel supported, which helped me pursue standup long enough to realize it was too hard and start doing improv. Sometimes, when he drank, Brian would get very sad, just like a white person.

Ken Cortland: I never actually bothered to ask Ken if he was gay. He has a very muscular physique but never objectifies women in private conversation, and he works at an actor's studio. As the gays say, you do the math. The studio he works at is Sam Christensen's, which offers an "image workshop" that is one of the most important things I've ever done. It would be a separate blog entry to describe the process and benefits of the workshop, but, in short, you get hard, measurable data about how strangers (i.e. audiences) perceive you. Ken, and everyone else over there, are the nicest people you'll ever meet, I guess because they're constantly exposed to critical levels of self-awareness in the workplace.

Leite Preto, aka Demorge Brown: I cast Demorge in Acceptable TV in spite of the color of his skin. Demorge enjoys soccer- there's a nice cup of coffee to spill on your racist computer- and is either friends with everyone or nobody, I can't tell. I made everyone in Acceptable TV take the Sam Christensen workshop, part of which is discovering your "myth," a word that sort of sums up your biggest strength and your biggest challenge in life. Mine is "alienation" and Demorge is "separation." So we're always a real hoot at parties, just stand us next to each other and watch the nothing happen.

DAN HARMON

Mr. New: I can't remember this guy's name, he worked at VH1. I want to say Roger. That certainly doesn't sound right, does it? Not if you're racist, which I'm not. What did you think his name would be? Sir Cash-a-Lot?
Real nice.

Brandon: My black friend Brandon Johnson doesn't have a myspace profile so I'm using this kid from Toledo as a placeholder. Brandon is the only person I've ever met that is as obsessed with race as me, so we have lots of conversations where we take turns saying "Yeah! Yeah! Exactly!" And everyone listening wants to blow their brains out from boredom and awkwardness. He's a very clothes-conscious man, always dressed like he's about to go eat vegetable stew at Harvard or propose to a woman in the middle of a snowball fight. He and Jeff Davis also have conversations where they take turns saying "Yeah! Yeah! Exactly!" But it turns out they're talking about handkerchiefs and cuff links. The only things the three of us can talk about at the same time are Paul Mooney and ABC's "Cavemen."

Wyatt Cenac: Wyatt is a comic. He does his best to pretend to like me but he doesn't. I was a staff writer on a news parody pilot produced by Courtney Cox and I was assigned a remote segment in which Wyatt and a gay man visit White Aryan Resistance leader Tom Metzger in order to find out whether or not gay is truly the new black. It was a tightrope for a white comedy writer [of my calibre] to walk and my first pass was clumsy and Wyatt didn't exactly let me off the hook. The piece turned out pretty funny and uplifting, I wish I had a copy of it. Later, I cast Wyatt as one of five contestants in a sketch I wrote called My Black Friend-which I did not rip off from the runner on Colbert's show, which had not yet aired. I hope to get a chance to work with Wyatt again, I can read his thoughts and he thinks I'm a piece of shit but he's a good guy and he's funny.

Drew Droege: Drew is part of the latest generation of Channel 101 talent, and you should have seen Mike Rose's face the day we opened his box. I am very happy that Channel 101's pot is melting so successfully. We began as a small group of doughy white men with limited talent. We tricked a few women into showing up, which brought one black man, which attracted two gays, which are now beginning to lure Asians, which is leading to the occasional appearance of David Faustino, but you take the good with the bad. People say, how is Channel 101 supposed to stay dorky with all this diversity happening, is Drew Droege going to comb our

THE BLOG

hair and teach us how to talk to women. The answer is no, and that's shamefully stereotypical thinking. Drew is just as big a nerd as the rest of Channel 101, he just dreams of kissing me instead of whoever I'm dating.

Jerry Minor: Jerry sort of tolerates me, but I don't think that makes me much different than anyone else in his eyes. He's not the kind of friend that tickles you, but he's funny and accomodating. He has the quintessential bachelor pad and some kind of unprecedented relationship with his landlord that allows him to play Rock Band on Xbox at full volume at 2am. One time a bunch of us were watching HBO's Rome on his big TV and one of our friends started freaking out because the blood reminded her of when she had to pull the knife out of her famous dying boyfriend's chest. It really harshed my mellow and it was all I could do to stay focused on thinking my girlfriend wanted to fuck Brandon.

RahnMan, aka Rahn Hortman: Rahn was a friend of mine in Brown Deer High School, which had 600 students. I transferred to that high school from a public school that had 4,000 students and yet, ironically, I was like a "fish" entering general population because all these rich white kids had grown up together and cared a great deal about how often you wore the same pants. My first week there, this kid Rusty started throwing shit at me in algebra class. I was never good at fighting but if I just sat there and took it, I was going to be on the bottom for three years, so I told Rusty that if he threw another piece of paper at me, I was going to beat the shit out of him, and the class went oooooooooo and Rusty sloooooowly crumpled a piece of paper and sloooooowly hocked a big loogie onto it, and as soon as it left his hand I got out of my seat, and so did he. Suffice to say, I was headed for a world of pain. I like to think Rusty was headed for...you know, a small village of pain. But it doesn't matter. We never have to know, because Rahn Hortman jumped between me and Rusty, put one hand on each of our chests, started singing Michael Jackson's "beat it," and made everyone laugh until the teacher got back from smoking his cigarette. And Rusty and I sat down with our manhood intact, and I went on to create things that bring people joy and I'm sure Rusty has an equally positive impact on everyone that brings their car to Sears, and more importantly, nobody had to get hurt, because of Rahn Hortman, who became my friend, and who had to sit with the other bussed-in kids in the cafeteria, but who had cared enough about two people he didn't know to stop them from doing something embarrassing. Recently, Rahn started doing comedy

DAN HARMON

professionally, maybe because he heard I was going to assemble this showcase and he didn't want to be the only black exterminator in it.

Mike Rose: They say he's shy but I'm pretty sure he doesn't like me very much, either. He probably shouldn't. I don't think I would characterize whatever's wrong with me as homophobia, because I think part of the problem is that I need to be a little more afraid of gay people, i.e. afraid of making them feel like all I see when I look at them is the word "gay." I once walked up to him and Drew Droege at a Channel 101 screening and said, and I quote, "well, well, well, if it isn't fag and fagger." Good one. That's why I make the big bucks. All I can say in my defense is that I was very drunk and I thought they were Hancock and Ridley. Rahn Hortman should have let Rusty beat me up. Anyways, I'm sure Mike Rose is shy, but I'm also sure he finds me tacky and arrogant and untalented, and, even if that's just how he makes me feel because he's classy and polite and talented, it does me some good to feel that way once in a while. Mike Rose is like Helen Hunt to my Jack Nicholson, making me want to be a better person. And THAT is why I call him Mike Hunt. Which I keep forgetting to explain to him.

Johnnie Walker: If you've ever seen "My Black Friend," Johnnie is the guy that gets eliminated, possibly for not being "black enough." I met him through Drew Carey, I still haven't gotten to know him very well but he's always in good spirits and game for anything. Whatever. Fuck you, Johnnie Walker. That's what your hard work gets you.

James Atkinson: Word has it James' very funny mother is "half" black and his father was Zombies guitarist Paul Atkinson, which, in a world where white people are "one hundred percent" white and there's such a thing as a half black person, would make James "one quarter" black. But I learned in the 1800s that if you have a single drop of black blood, you're just black.

Also, James was recently hit by a car, after which he was left in the hallway of a hospital for four hours with glass sticking out of his face, so, if he's black enough for the medical community, he's black enough for me. While I'm on the topic of the Atkinson family, are you reading this, avid blog subscriber Michael Penn? I see on Wikipedia that when he was an A&R man, James' father signed you, Judas Priest, Mr. Mister, Bruce Hornsby and ABBA. It's almost as if he set out to singlehandedly assemble my entire "music to fuck by" playlist.

THE BLOG

Romanski: Gay comedian Chris "Romanski" Romano's material has been called brave, bold, eye-opening and unfunny. He mainly stands on stage and says that he's gay, but he's figured out how to stretch it out for 45 minutes, which was a big inspiration to me in writing the third act of *Monster House*. I feel like it's not fair to mention Romano without acknowledging his writer and "best friend" Ryan Ridley, who, if you look closely, you can see in Romanski's headshot.

Abed Gheith: Not gay or black, but Palestinian, which, as of 2001, is sort of a combination of both.

Michael: I don't know for sure if Michael is gay or black, but he runs a TV network whose S&P department put a lot of energy into making sure I was never homophobic or racist, so I'm assuming he's one or the other. Maybe they just cared about other people, like Rahn Hortman cared about me and Rusty. Have you seen *Flavor of Love*? I'm sure that's the case.

Well, that's pretty much it. If you're gay or black and I didn't showcase you, take it as a compliment, like when Arnold raced up the stairs, having forgotten his new friend was in a wheelchair.

Seriously, though, please remember Dr. King's sacrifice this Monday, and remember that he didn't die just so your weekend could be longer. He died so that no matter what your race, religion or orientation, you would think twice about fucking with the government.

Keep your drugs in your sock, your dreams within reason and your head out of the crosshairs.

Dan Harmon teaches cultural studies at Cornell University and was recently appointed president of the NAACP through their highly controversial "sarcastic action" program.

DAN HARMON

- January 21st, 2008 -

Zero Research Theatre: The Invention of the Burkha

INT. MUD HUT

TOBY Muhagazawi, 25, is sitting in a wicker recliner reading the sports and leisure section of a clay newspaper. He's wearing a smoking jacket and pajama pants made of cheese cloth.

CINDY Muhagazawi, 24, Toby's wife, enters the room wearing a burlap blouse and long skirt.

CINDY

Morning, baby.

TOBY

Morning.

(looks up)

Wow.

CINDY

What?

TOBY

You know you're even more beautiful today than when I married you?

CINDY

Well. You know. I was eleven.

TOBY

I'll tell you right now, if your Dad had known you were going to be this beautiful, I'd be out a hell of a lot more than two goats and a bowl of olives.

THE BLOG

(fondly)

But I would've paid anything.

CINDY

That's sweet, Toby, thank you.

She grabs a purse made of twigs off a nearby slab and heads for the door.

CINDY

I'm going to go to the bazaar,
we need some more carpets and
I think that snake charming
flute needs to be replaced, if
that thing gets any more out
of tune somebody's going to
get bit.

TOBY

Okay. Um. Cindy?

CINDY

Yeah?

TOBY

Kind of, um. Kind of a low
neckline? For a Sunday?

CINDY

It's summer. And it's
Afghanistan.

TOBY

Yeah, but I see those creepy
dudes that hang out at the
bazaar. Nobody's that into
fresh fruit.

DAN HARMON

CINDY

I'm going to take your
possessiveness as a
compliment, and you're being
silly, and I'm going to go.

She opens the door. Toby quickly stands, panicking.

TOBY

(stands)

Cindy-if-you-love-me-you-will-
stay-and-discuss-this!

His newspaper slides off the wicker chair and shatters
on the floor. A cat with a unicorn horn runs out of the
room, distressed.

CINDY

What is there to discuss?

TOBY

By Allah's hammer, is anyone
listening to me?! I want you
to wear something more
appropriate in public!

Cindy shuts the door, irritated.

CINDY

Okay, Toby. I resent you for
making me have to say this,
but you have nothing to worry
about. I am a prehistoric Arab
woman, I'm not Kate
Beckinsale.

THE BLOG

TOBY

You are the Kate Beckinsale of prehistoric Arab women! Stan said so at poker last night! I wanted to cut his eyes out!

CINDY

Stan said that?

TOBY

OH MY SEVEN HEADED GOD, why don't you fuck Stan right in front of me?

CINDY

What are you talking about?!

TOBY

You want to fuck everyone, and everyone wants to fuck you, how do you think that makes me feel? I have a wiener the size of a stuffed grape leaf! My shoulders have afros! Look at my stomach, I'm 25 years old and I'm melting and everyone else is so sexy, I didn't know my own wife was going to be out of my league! Everybody wants to have a big bisexual orgy and cum on each other and I'm going to be the only one not invited, I hate you and I hate this world and I hate everybody!

Toby runs to the window and hides himself behind the curtain.

DAN HARMON

CINDY

Toby, don't hide behind the
curtain.

TOBY

(sobbing)

You won't even read those
pamphlets on vagina sewing.
How little respect do you have
for me?

CINDY

Toby, I can't talk to you if I
can't see you. And have you
considered how disrespectful
it is to me, and to humanity,
to live in constant fear of us
betraying you?

TOBY

Wait a minute. You're right.

Toby emerges, examining the curtain carefully.

TOBY

You can't talk to someone...
if you can't see them!

Toby rips down the curtain. He marches over to Cindy
and drapes it over her head.

TOBY

Cindy Muhagazawi, you are a
GENIUS!

THE BLOG

- January 22nd, 2008 -

Singularity

A lot of people want to know, Dan, I heard you broke up, is there still time for me to get in there, or am I too late, are you in a new relationship and you just haven't changed your status, yet?

Easy, girls. All you ever have to do, if you want to know whether or not I'm in a relationship, is check my Myspace status. It's up to the minute. As you can see, I am "single."

Juuuuuuust seeing someone.

I'm sorry, what? No no. No confusion. I'm single. Single and seeing someone. There's no option for that in Myspace. I wish there was, I really do, but there isn't. And I'm certainly not in a relationship, so: single. And seeing someone.

No, just one person. I'm not actively dating. I'm not a multiple partners type. Gross. Yuck. AIDS. Creepy. I'm a monogamous single man that is seeing someone with whom they are not in a relationship.

Here, you want me to prove I'm single? Let's get together. Do you like Yahtzee? Rollerskating? Let's rollerskate while we play Yahtzee. Here, hold my hand. Give me a hug. I love spending time with you. You are one of the most amazing people I've ever met.

You what? You want to kiss me? My goodness, you don't beat around the bush, do you? Everything in your brain just sort of tumbles out of your mouth. It's a little weird-

-No no no, come back. You didn't let me finish. I was saying, it's a little weird how much I appreciate your honesty. I want to kiss you, too. It's just that...well, I'm seeing someone.

What do you mean break up with her, how can I break up with someone that isn't my girlfriend? I think she'd be a little confused to get that phone call, ha!

DAN HARMON

What do I think she'd say if she saw us here? She'd be fine with it, she loves rollerskating and Yahtzee. She knows it's innocent because that's what we used to do together when we were just friends.

Wait, where are you going? Hold on. You're going to drag this out of me, huh? Fine. Yes, there's absolutely a chance I might at some point in the future consider the possibility of evaluating a scenario in which you and I are more than friends. God damn. I'm so confused right now. You really make me feel confused. Why do you do this to me? I just want everyone to think- KNOW- that I'm a good person.

Now, don't misinterpret what's happening here. I don't want to lead anyone on. I've been led on before, it hurts like the dickens, and the last thing I would ever want to do is spread any pain from inside me to the world around me. There are no promises being made here. My mother promised not to leave, and then left, which is why I never make promises. It's...also why I'll say anything to keep women from leaving. So, as you can imagine, this situation is very difficult for me. And if you love me, we'll stop talking about it, okay? It's been several paragraphs, I think that's enough for now, let's just give it some time.

-What? Do I love who? Oh, the person I'm seeing. Uh, sure. I guess.

Do I TELL her I love her? Well, tell me this, are you hungry? Should we get hot dogs? I'll get you a hot dog if you want. Come onnnnnn, I can tell you're hungry. Okay, suit yourself.

What were we talking about? Mustard? Do you like my shoes? Have you seen There Will be Blood?

What? You want to know if I'm going to tell the person I'm seeing that I love them the next time I see them?

I guess I don't understand why you're asking me that. I don't understand what benefit that answer could possibly have for anyone on this entire planet. What would you use that information to accomplish in your life?

What do you mean "that's a yes," no it's not, I didn't say anything, not saying anything isn't a yes. You're starting to sound a little crazy.

THE BLOG

What do you mean, "just say yes or no," why is your world so black and white, why can't we just be millions of colors-

-STOP LEAVING, okay okay okay, just stay here and hold my hand and calm down. Whatever you do, don't be of the opposite sex and walk away, it will make me very self-destructive, and I refuse to engage in self-destructive behavior. I'm a healthy, spiritual person. Have I told you about Joseph Campbell?

You're going to leave if I don't answer the question?! You diabolical mother fucker. How did you find my kryptonite. Okay. I don't know why you want to torture yourself with this information, but yes, I tell her I love her on a regular basis. What do you expect me to do? If I didn't tell her I loved her, she'd leave. Nobody leaves me. Nobody.

Well, thank you kindly for the suggestion, but I don't want to change my Myspace status to "in a relationship" and I don't see how it's any of your business, but: I just got OUT of a relationship. And I just got out of a relationship before that. There wasn't even a week's time between them.

They just bled over into each other. If I keep doing that, people are going to think there's something wrong with me and then everyone is going to leave me. The only thing a sane person in my situation would do is be alone. So I am alone.

But. You know, that's lonely.

So I hang out. With friends.

Well, yes, my friends are women, aren't yours?! It's not my fault, men don't like me, all they do is spread lies about me. Women are nice to me. They make me feel good. But they always want to be more than friends. And if I say no, they stop being nice and leave. So I have sex with them. And then they say "I love you." So I say "I love you, too." Because love is when you care about someone that's probably going to leave you.

But that's good news for you! The person I'm seeing, they'll want to leave me, too! I can see it coming a hundred miles away, that's why I always leave them first! And I'll need a friend to get me through it! A friend like you! And then you're in!

DAN HARMON

-Where are you going? Please come back! All you have to do is hang out!
That's what she did! Now look what she's got! She's probably bragging to her
friends about me right now!

Come back!

I'm single!

THE BLOG

- January 24th, 2008 -

Dan Harmon's Codependence Day Pool

I don't know if I've mentioned this, but I am between relationships.

It is within these rare windows of singleness that Jeff Davis marvels at my propensity for pair-bonding. According to my very rough calculations, of the 17 years that have transpired since I lost my virginity, I have been someone's boyfriend for 60% of the time, with my average stretch of singleness lasting 9.8 months.

My figures can only be so accurate, since I don't even measure my life in months, I use girlfriends, i.e., "I bought that car toward the last quarter of Stephanie" or "I think this cottage cheese expired two actresses ago." Two days ago, Jeff asked me to guess- not to hope, not to wish, but to accurately predict- the next calendar date on which I will once again be in a full blown relationship.

Well, I would love to break my record of 2 years single. Maybe even get that average down to 50% so that when I die, I can say "I spent half my life living," and let the cynics and poets argue about what I meant.

But what I want and what the numbers tell us is different. According to my post-virginity averages, the sweet spot is going to be right around October 16th, 2008 - approximately 9 months and 24 days after my December 22nd breakup. This means I meet the person some time earlier, and October 16th is the first day on which, if someone calls her my girlfriend, neither of us flinch.

But that's all average talk. I don't think this will be an average cycle.

There's something especially raw and gaping about the wound I sustained during the last girl's heroic escape. Something that says "This is going to take a long time to heal naturally. You might consider shoving some unsuspecting woman inside this hole, sewing it closed and ignoring her muffled whines as she is absorbed by your bloated, undead body, after which she will emerge from your fat ass as a condensed pellet of red hair and denim. That might be quicker than bleeding out."

DAN HARMON

I don't like it anymore than you do, ladies. But I've been on this Indiana Jones ride for 35 years, and let's stop kidding ourselves, the steering wheel is decorative. Sooner or later, I've got to start throwing up my hands and saying "wheee" or the joke's on me.

My original guess was February 28th, before I did all the mathematical research that went into this blog. Jeff's original prediction was March 3, and remarkably, tonight, K.K. "don't blog about me" Dodds guessed February 28th as well.

I'll give both of them an opportunity to re-guess, because I'm revising my guess in light of the newly available data. And I'll take you through my process.

I'm going to call this recent relationship 4 times more intense than average. The "I love you" came fast and furious and I actually tried really hard to hold it back as long as possible and I said it when I was sober. And if I assume that intense experience = bigger wound = shorter break, we have 2.45 months from December 22. BUT, there's an adjustment that needs to be made. I just YESTERDAY really stopped harrassing my ex-girlfriend and entertaining the illusion that there was some way to get her back. I don't often try to get my ex back at all, let alone for a third of the relationship's original lifespan. I guess it's because she showed signs of life after I stopped batting her around. So, I'm saying that the 2.45 months I will be able to restrain myself from entering a relationship should elapse from the date of January 22nd, which makes my guess: April 6th, 2008.

What's your guess? How long until there's another red hood on the wolf's coat rack? Leave it in a comment, and whoever turns out to be closest gets....well, there can't be a prize. I don't want to wake up in 2009 to find a note that says "Sorry, I actually hate Columbo and your dick stinks but my nephew really wanted that X-box." I don't know if I could bounce back from that one. So, the winner gets the satisfaction of winning.

You say, "Dan, is this your very clever and even slightly admirable way of getting women to keep away from you? Are you trying to save the next soul by screaming through a megaphone that you're a soul eater?"

THE BLOG

Well, that's a beautiful thought, and, yes, I guess that is the most attractive thing about the idea, putting a big bell on the neck of a maneating tiger. I would love to believe it. But you need only scroll back a year or so in this blog to see that "stay away" is part of my mating call. I pat myself on the back for hating myself. I wear a tee shirt that says "don't fuck me." That's how I get pussy.

Sure, the awkward mockery of it all takes "self respecting women" off the dance card. But...you know. Self respecting women? Not a huge slice of my pie chart. That's not a dig on a gender or the people I've dated. When's the last time any of us have ever met a self respecting person, let alone fucked them. We're all a bunch of crazy jigsaw pieces tumbling against each other and every once in a while, the contour of one person's insanity gets snared in another's. With a little luck and a lot of force, two psychos can get pretty well tangled. That's called "compatibility." And anybody whose sickness is "compatible" with mine is not going to be put off by things like this blog entry. On the contrary. They love the blood, the dirt, the parfait of arrogance and self-loathing. They figure they'd have to be all the more special to get onboard this Death Star. And you know what? That much is true.

In case you need it to make your own decision, here's as thorough a rundown I could muster of my romantic history. Very rough estimations off the top of my head. Names withheld to protect the victims. I even start in kindergarten.

1978 - Two months. Redhead. I was informed by proxy on the playground that she was my girlfriend. Never got a chance to speak with her as my work in the field of eating boogers took most of my time.

**** SEVEN YEAR DRY SPELL.**

1985 - Two weeks. Blonde. Let me hold her hand while watching The Goonies. First kiss in a rigged game of truth or dare. Kiss made a fart sound, after which she started writing her ex boyfriend's name on her sneakers.

**** FOUR YEAR DRY SPELL.** Every other child in the world gets a secret memo about how to take a shower. ******

1989 - Three months, brunette. Let me make out with her under a mistletoe in exchange for writing her English paper.

DAN HARMON

**** SIX MONTHS SINGLE.**

1990 - One month, brunette. Let me have sex with her in exchange for keeping a boner in a room with a crying baby. My secret? A 17 year old virgin penis.

**** TWELVE MONTHS SINGLE.**

1991 - Six months, brunette. Pom pon girl (almost a cheerleader!). I spent most of the time complaining that our relationship had to be so secretive. She spent most of the time explaining that we were not in a relationship. I think we had sex once after she was certain we had graduated.

**** TWELVE MONTHS SINGLE.**

1992 - 1993 - Eighteen months, blonde. Nursing student. Totally played the "but we just went through a pregnancy and miscarriage" card during the breakup. Doesn't matter, woman, I told you Whitney Houston was a deal breaker.

**** SIX MONTHS SINGLE.**

1993 - Six months, blonde. Bartender. Hey, what's this drug? It's called cocaine, it makes you think everyone is listening when you talk about improv.

**** TWELVE MONTHS SINGLE.**

1994 - Twelve months, brunette. Easy listening disc jockey. Anything to escape the cocaine. Yes, even Whitney Houston.

**** WHOOPS! OVERLAP! HINT: "TAKING A BREAK" IS PUSSY BOYFRIENDSPEAK FOR "BREAKING UP." ****

1995 - Twelve months, chestnut. Waitress/Actress. Tried to keep long distance thing going after moving to L.A. You'll never guess.

**** TWO YEARS SINGLE. MOST MISERABLE PERIOD OF ENTIRE LIFE. SEVERAL MOVIES AND TV SHOWS WRITTEN ****

THE BLOG

1999 - Eighteen months, brunette. Studio exec. I had difficulty addressing notes, resulting in major third act problems.

**** EIGHT MONTHS WITH A REALDOLL. CHEAPEST, SEXIEST, HIGHEST MAINTENANCE GIRLFRIEND EVER ****

2001 - Eighteen months, indefinite hair color. Actress.

**** SIX MONTHS WITH A SLIGHTLY DECOMPOSED REALDOLL. MOST DISGUSTING GIRLFRIEND EVER ****

2003 - Two years, indefinite hair color. Actress. I'm getting better at this!

**** SIX MONTHS SINGLE. BLOGGING AND MYSPACE TAKE OFF DUE TO MY PARTICIPATION. ****

2005 - Six months, brunette. Musician. What do you mean you're dumping me, woman, I'm not finished yelling at you for not loving me.

**** TWELVE MONTHS SINGLE, UNLESS YOU COUNT MAKING KELLY KUBIK CRY AS BEING HER BOYFRIEND. ****

2007 - Three months, indefinite hair color. Comic. Knock knock, who's there, not me, let's break up. Wait, what do you mean you're seeing someone else already, then I want you back. What do you mean I can't have you back, then I want to marry you. What do you mean I can't marry you, then you're a whore. What do you mean calling you a whore doesn't make you want to marry me, then I apologize. Yikes. Women, you know?

All right, that's it, post your guesses soon.

DAN HARMON

- January 29th, 2008 -

This week's top friends theme: Neighbors!

This week, I celebrate those that are lucky enough to be near me physically if not emotionally.

Lauren: Lauren is a TV writer and was one of the people I interviewed when we were staffing the Silverman Program. She had just moved here from New York, so I asked her if she found a place. Yeah, she said, in Los Feliz. Oh, where in Los Feliz? She named my street. Wait, what's your address? She recited my address, minus one digit. I thought she was fucking with me but, in fact, she had made a 3,000 mile leap and landed one hundred feet from a person she had a meeting with the next day. You're saying, "oh, a girl writer, I bet one of her eyes is lower than the other like Diablo Cody." Uh, no, jerk, she's attractive. You're saying "then go over there and knock on her door and ask her to be your girlfriend so I can win the pool." Uh, no dummy, she's my neighbor. She has a clear view of everyone that enters and leaves my apartment. She knows too much. We have, however, hung out a handful of times as friends and we get along great, but then months at a time go by. We're currently a week past the most recent week we were supposed to "have a drink together for real this time." I blame myself, not because it's my fault but because it takes too much energy to blame other people. Wow, that's pretty lazy. Maybe it is my fault.

Jeff: Jeff is another neighbor that could be considered attractive by the opposite sex, but, he's not a writer so it's not worth mentioning. He lives a few blocks from me, forming a triangle with my place and Schrab's. I owe him an embarrassing sum of money that he never asks for. For a large portion of his youth, he was in The King and I on Broadway with Yul Brynner, and, perhaps as a result, everything he says feels as important as a CIA briefing. If he says something sucks, it starts sucking, so do yourself a favor and keep on his good side. He makes it easy anyway.

Dawn: Dawn is the longest relationship I was ever in, although I'm counting the time we were living together after breaking up. She is one of those Buddhists from that Korean sect that chants for things, like the people behind the beaded curtain in The Last Detail. She's not defensive about it.

THE BLOG

Her parents are in it, too. They chanted on my balcony one day, and when they came in, I said, "You call that chanting? Get back out there and say 'nohmhohmmarangehohm' like you fucking mean it." And they just laughed, so, it can't be all that bad a religion. Dawn's Uncle Bill is visiting from Virginia right now, where he basically lives in the woods. Uncle Bill wanted to find a spot where he knew there would be no foot traffic, so he did the most ingenious thing I've ever heard. He put a dollar in the crook of a tree at eye level, came back a week later, and because it was still there, he pitched a tent.

Ryan Ridley: Ryan is one of Channel 101's most prolific contributors and has received several of our empirically meaningless but much coveted awards for his work. He lives just a few blocks from Schrab. In spite of having only one Jewish parent, he is apparently the most Jewish person in the history of jews or parents. I think it's compensation because he knows when he gets to jew heaven they're going to wave a scanner over him and he's going to have some explaining to do. Like why his last name is from a British coat of arms and why he doesn't look like Saul Rubinek. I guess his plan is to show them the time we asked him to set his HDTV so that the standard programming wasn't stretched out, and his response was "listen, I paid for the whole screen and I'm going to use it." I imagine the angel working the door is going to unhook the velvet rope at that point. I know that's the moment I realized he was not only jewish, but possibly Moses.

Kate: Rob Schrab has terrible taste in women but everybody gets lucky sometimes. Kate is a very kind person and she likes to make little videos, begging the question, "does she have a sister," the answer to which turned out to be "yes," which led to me getting totally blown off. But this isn't about me. This is about my neighbors. Kate, can I borrow a cup of sugar, and why did your sister blow me off, is it because I'm gross? So what?
Saul Rubinek is gross and he's a STAR.

Ryan (Nagata): Nagata lives about a half mile away with his sweet girlfriend who is either named Susanne or Suzanne, I don't speak Japanese. they're a lovely couple, very happy together, I'm sure they will die in each other's arms. Yawn! I get to do whatever I want! My life is an adventure!
Fuck everybody. Ryan makes perfectly accurate models of movie props for fun. His office is lined with blinking gadgets, proton gizmos and space dildos. For instance, if you've ever seen the Halloween 2006 episode of his old Channel 101

DAN HARMON

Show, Your Magic Touched Me Nights
(http://www.channel101.com/shows/show.php?show_id=211), He made all the Ghostbusters props. His new Channel 101 show, Forgotten Classics, which is hosted by Jeff, is a perfect example of his rare combination of technical prowess and humor. It got cancelled on its second episode. What a jerk!

Brently: Brently lives around the corner of my block, but he probably says the same thing about me. He drops by every couple of weeks while taking his adorable daughter for a walk. She likes to play with my cat. She's shy but she's a good kid. I'm not great with kids. I used to try goofing around with them the way I see other adults goofing around with kids, but, you know, the adults that goof around with kids also know how to goof around in general. It's called "social grace," I don't really have it and you can't force it with kids, they pick up on your awkwardness way before they have words for "tries too hard." So now I just ignore kids and some of them warm up to me before they get old enough to start making fun of me. I guess kids are like women in that I will never have one, they make me feel ugly and it would be weird to see one driving a truck.

Drew: Drew just wrapped up his very successful Channel 101 show, Cautionary Tales of Swords (http://www.channel101.com/shows/show.php?show_id=258), with a delightful finale. If you're going out with him, find a place without a jukebox, he's quiet, and you want to hear what he has to say.

Drew worked on Acceptable TV, directing half of the sketches, and whenever I was up in the air about something creative, I always deferred to him, something for which he may or may not want credit, but believe me, he's good. He has a girlfriend now. Who needs him. Not me. I don't need anybody. I write movies and TV shows. I do whatever I want. My hair is coarse and grey. I have tits.

Rob Schrab FTW: I don't know what the FTW in his Myspace name stands for. I think it might be Fuck the Writers. Rob has been scabbing this entire strike. He wrote 6 of Jay Leno's monologues and 24 episodes of The Young and the Restless. He didn't even use a pen name because everybody always thinks his real name is fake. I'm just kidding about the scabbing. But what kind of parent names their kid like that? Congratulations, Mrs. Johnson, it's a boy, have you thought of a name? "Well, gee, there doesn't really seem to be a choice, I feel like we have to name him Bronson. My little baby Bronson Johnson. I can't wait for him to leave Wisconsin and start introducing himself, people are going to love him." No, lady,

THE BLOG

people are going to hate him. They're going to think his name is a joke. Not only does it rhyme, but the last name is just the first name with a "Sh" sound, so when you say it, you sound like an old jew being dismissive of something. Hey, Old Man Ridley, Rob says you should set your HDTV so that it's not all stretched out. "What? Rob, Schrab! I paid for the whole screen, I'm gonna use it!"

Gary and Al Chalupaloop: These guys sell diamonds. I'm pretty sure they're brothers. Their diamond store is around the corner from my apartment on Hillhurst. When's the last time you bought a diamond? Buy one from them.

Wade: I'm not even sure where Wade lives, yet, I just know he recently moved to Los Feliz. His myspace photo says "fuck you" because Channel 101 rejected his most recent pilot. Then Abed started yelling at him. I like to read Wade's blog, he reminds me of myself when I used to smoke cigarettes, wear baseball hats and love football. Wade's a writer, too, he's done a lot of great stuff for Channel 101 and UTA started repping him and now he's going to interview for a staff position on South Park, which would be great for him. Ridley would be a good staff writer, too, for those of you with shows after the strike. Wait, I might have a show after the strike, so don't worry about Ridley. Ridley doesn't need money anyway because he saves so much by using the entire TV screen for all standard definition programming. You know who else is a good writer? Sona Panos. Wade is in her new Channel 101 show, the Bed and Breakfast club (http://www.channel101.com/shows/show.php?show_id=285). That's Wade as Judd Nelson. Pretty fucking funny. Whatever. Welcome to Los Feliz, asshole. Do you have a girlfriend, too? I hope you have a lot of fun with her.

So, that's it. Those are the people in my neighborhood. Not all of them. I have lots of neighbors without Myspace profiles. For instance, there's a retarded or crazy guy that kind of terrorizes people. And I started writing about him here but then it turned into a whole thing that I should post as a separate blog, because nobody's going to read this one because it's about a bunch of people they don't know. I don't care. I don't need anybody. I'm a good person.

DAN HARMON

- January 30th, 2008 -

Neighbors blog: REVISED!!!

This week, I celebrate those that are lucky enough to be near me physically if not emotionally. Actually, many of them are near me emotionally, I just have a very hard time with what others would consider very basic intimacy, which is why I compensate by talking a lot about technically private things while standing five feet away from people and staring at the floor.

Lauren: Lauren is a TV writer and was one of the people I interviewed when we were staffing the Silverman Program. She had just moved here from New York, so I asked her if she found a place. Yeah, she said, in Los Feliz. Oh, where in Los Feliz? She named my street. Wait, what's your address? She recited my address, minus one digit. I thought she was fucking with me but, in fact, she had made a 3,000 mile leap and landed one hundred feet from a person she had a meeting with the next day. You're saying, "oh, a girl writer, I bet one of her eyes is lower than the other like Diablo Cody." I'm just jealous of Diablo Cody because of her gift for dialogue and implying that she's ugly is a pretty transparently petty move to make myself feel better, as if to imply that, although I'm not a successful writer, I am a handsome one. Uh, no, jerk [Lauren]'s attractive. You're saying "then go over there and knock on her door and ask her to be your girlfriend so I can win the pool." Uh, no dummy, she's my neighbor. She has a clear view of everyone that enters and leaves my apartment. She knows too much. We have, however, hung out a handful of times as friends and we get along great, but then months at a time go by. We're currently a week past the most recent week we were supposed to "have a drink together for real this time." I blame myself, not because it's my fault but because it takes too much energy to blame other people. Wow, that's pretty lazy. Maybe it is my fault.

Jeff: Jeff is another neighbor that could be considered attractive by the opposite sex, but, he's not a writer so it's not worth mentioning. I'm not gay. He lives a few blocks from me, forming a triangle with my place and Schrab's. We're not all three gay. I owe him an embarrassing sum of money that he never asks for. It wasn't because he let me kiss him. For a large portion of his youth, he was in The King and I on Broadway not gay with Yul Brynner, and, perhaps as a result, everything he says feels as important as a CIA briefing. If he says

THE BLOG

something sucks, it starts sucking, so do yourself a favor and keep on his good side. He makes it easy anyway.

Dawn: Dawn is the longest relationship I was ever in, although I'm counting the time we were living together after breaking up. She is one of those Buddhists from that Korean sect that chants for things, like the people behind the beaded curtain in *The Last Detail*. She's not defensive about it.

What's to defend? I'm sure the first thing they tell you at the orientation meeting is "Hi, welcome to a lifetime of slight but neverending mockery."

Her parents are in it, too. They chanted on my balcony one day, and when they came in, I said, "You call that chanting? Get back out there and say 'nohmhohmmarangehohm' like you fucking mean it." What I actually said wasn't that concise, I did a floor rewrite on that line. And they just laughed, so, it can't be all that bad a religion. Dawn's Uncle Bill is visiting from Virginia right now, where he basically lives in the woods. Uncle Bill wanted to find a spot where he knew there would be no foot traffic, so he did the most ingenious thing I've ever heard. He put a dollar in the crook of a tree at eye level, came back a week later, and because it was still there, he pitched a tent. After Dawn moved out, I went on a drinking binge that ended with me passing out while broiling hamburger patties and I almost burned down my apartment.

Ryan Ridley: Ryan is one of Channel 101's most prolific contributors and has received several of our empirically meaningless but much coveted awards for his work. He lives just a few blocks from Schrab. In spite of having only one Jewish parent, he is apparently the most Jewish person in the history of jews or parents. I think it's compensation because he knows when he gets to jew heaven [lack of capitalization absolutely intentional] they're going to wave a scanner over him and he's going to have some explaining to do. Like why his last name is from a British coat of arms and why he doesn't look like Saul Rubinek. I guess his plan is to show them the time we asked him to set his HDTV so that the standard programming wasn't stretched out, and his response was "listen, I paid for the whole screen and I'm going to use it." I texted Ryan after I posted this: "I should have added that even if that was a joke, it was the most Jewish joke ever."

His response: "It wasn't a joke." I imagine the angel working the door is going to unhook the velvet rope at that point. I know that's the moment I realized he was not only jewish, but possibly Moses.

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Kate: Rob Schrab has terrible taste in women but everybody gets lucky sometimes. Kate is a very kind person and she likes to make little videos, begging the question, "does she have a sister," the answer to which turned out to be "yes," which led to me getting totally blown off. But this isn't about me. This is about my neighbors. Kate, can I borrow a cup of sugar, and why did your sister blow me off, is it because I'm gross? So what?

Saul Rubinek is gross and he's a STAR. Saul Rubinek's imdb entry: <http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0007210/>

Ryan (Nagata): Nagata lives about a half mile away with his sweet girlfriend who is either named Susanne or Suzanne, I don't speak Japanese.

They're a lovely couple, very happy together, I'm sure they will die in each other's arms. Yawn! I get to do whatever I want! My life is an adventure!

Fuck everybody. Ryan makes perfectly accurate models of movie props for fun. His office is lined with blinking gadgets, proton gizmos and space dildos. Because knowing they're called "light sabers" and "tricorders" would make me so much less cool than I was born. For instance, if you've ever seen the Halloween 2006 episode of his old Channel 101 Show, Your Magic Touched Me Nights (http://www.channel101.com/shows/show.php?show_id=211), He made all the Ghostbusters props. His new Channel 101 show, Forgotten Classics, which is hosted by Jeff, is a perfect example of his rare combination of technical prowess and humor. It got cancelled on its second episode. What a jerk!

Brently: Brently lives around the corner of my block, but he probably says the same thing about me. What am I, Frankie Muniz? He drops by every couple of weeks while taking his adorable daughter for a walk. For added enjoyment, please imagine you are reading the rest of this paragraph following my incarceration for sexual assault: She likes to play with my cat. She's shy but she's a good kid. I'm not great with kids. I used to try goofing around with them the way I see other adults goofing around with kids, but, you know, the adults that goof around with kids also know how to goof around in general. It's called "social grace," I don't really have it and you can't force it with kids, they pick up on your awkwardness way before they have words for "tries too hard." So now I just ignore kids and some of them warm up to me before they get old enough to start making fun of me.

I guess kids are like women in that I will never have one, they make me feel ugly and it would be weird to see one driving a truck.

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Drew: Drew just wrapped up his very successful Channel 101 show, Cautionary Tales of Swords (http://www.channel101.com/shows/show.php?show_id=258), with a deligthful finale. If you're going out with him, find a place without a jukebox, he's quiet, and you want to hear what he has to say.

Except when he's drunk, then he starts climbing trees and telling everyone to "fuck off" and "stick it up their butt." I'm not kidding. Drew worked on Acceptable TV, directing half of the sketches, and whenever I was up in the air about something creative, I always deferred to him, something for which he may or may not want credit, but believe me, he's good. He has a girlfriend now. Who needs him. Not me. I don't need anybody. I write movies and TV shows. I do whatever I want. My hair is coarse and grey. I have tits.

Rob Schrab FTW: I don't know what the FTW in his myspace name stands for. I think it might be Fuck the Writers. Rob has been scabbing this entire strike. He wrote 6 of Jay Leno's monologues and 24 episodes of The Young and the Restless. He didn't even use a pen name because everybody always thinks his real name is fake. I'm just kidding about the scabbing. But what kind of parent names their kid like that? Congratulations, Mrs. Johnson, it's a boy, have you thought of a name? "Well, gee, there doesn't really seem to be a choice, I feel like we have to name him Bronson. My little baby Bronson Johnson. I can't wait for him to leave Wisconsin and start introducing himself, people are going to love him." No, lady, people are going to hate him. They're going to think his name is a joke. Not only does it rhyme, but the last name is just the first name with a "Sh" sound, so when you say it, you sound like an old jew being dismissive of something. Hey, Old Man Ridley, Rob says you should set your HDTV so that it's not all stretched out. "What? Rob, Schrab! I paid for the whole screen, I'm gonna use it!"

REMOVED: Gary and Al Chalupaloop: These guys sell diamonds. I'm pretty sure they're brothers. Their diamond store is around the corner from my apartment on Hillhurst. When's the last time you bought a diamond?

Buy one from them. They live in the Pacific Northwest, fuck them.

Wade: I'm not even sure where Wade lives, yet, I just know he recently moved to Los Feliz. Wade lives in the building next door to Drew. His myspace photo says "fuck you" because Channel 101 rejected his most recent pilot. Wade tells me this is not true. His myspace photo says "fuck you" because it's a "promotional tool," to "get the word out." The word that he made a rejected pilot. Then Abed started

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yelling at him. Abed says this is not true. He wants everyone to know that Wade started it by being rejected. I like to read Wade's blog, he reminds me of myself when I used to smoke cigarettes, wear baseball hats and love football. Wade's a writer, too, he's done a lot of great stuff for Channel 101 and UTA started repping him and now he's going to interview for a staff position on South Park, which would be great for him. Ridley would be a good staff writer, too, for those of you with shows after the strike. Wait, I might have a show after the strike, so don't worry about Ridley. Ryan's mother says this is not true, you should always worry about Ridley. Ridley doesn't need money anyway because he saves so much by using the entire TV screen for all standard definition programming.

ADDED: Sona Panos: You know who else is a good writer? Sona Panos. Wade is in her new Channel 101 show, the Bed and Breakfast club, which she created with some fuck named Kyle that lives like 40 minutes away from me on foot. (http://www.channel101.com/shows/show.php?show_id=285). That's Wade as Judd Nelson. Pretty fucking funny.

Whatever. Welcome to Los Feliz, asshole. Do you have a girlfriend, too?

I hope you have a lot of fun with her. I was actually talking to Wade when I said all that but I guess it all applies to Sona so I'm leaving it that way. So, that's it. Those are the people in my neighborhood. Not all of them. I have lots of neighbors without Myspace profiles. For instance, there's a retarded or crazy guy that kind of terrorizes people. And I started writing about him here but then it turned into a whole thing that I should post as a separate blog, because nobody's going to read this one because it's about a bunch of people they don't know. I don't care. I don't need anybody. I'm a good person.

THE BLOG

- January 30th, 2008 -

These Sequels or Remakes Are Getting Out of Hand!

Um....UM....

I realize that part of what made Who Had Too Much Turkey so great was its very seventies-style, dark ending in which the three lead characters are shot by firing squad and

[spoilers]

die, but you know the OTHER thing that made Who Had Too Much Turkey so great? Correction, the other THREE things? Gee, here's a hint.

Sorry, Tony Scott, I'm sure you were real proud of your super cool blue lighting (in a volcano?!) and CG steam but guess what got me into the theater. I like Brad Pitt. I like Justin Timberlake, I like Russel Crowe and I like them together.

So, if you're going to make a sequel, and your protagonists are [spoiler] dead, then do a prequel or something.

I know, I know, the first one starts with Timberlake graduating from the CIA academy and meeting his older brothers for the first time. I KNOW. So set it in a parallel universe. Make it a "what if" movie. What if the first movie had gone differently? Retell the same story but set it in the 30s. I don't know, I'm not Diablo Cody, I don't have ALL the answers for how to write a really great script, all I know is that Who Had Too Much Turkey was its cast. If you're going to revisit it, use that cast! OR MAKE SOMETHING ELSE! If you've already made this- if you shot it at the same time or something- DON'T RELEASE IT!!! WE ARE YOUR FANS AND WE PAY YOUR SALARY!!!!

Why is the title the same? Is this a sequel or a remake? Congratulations, you've replaced three of the greatest actors of the 21st century with tabloid trollips? drug-addled debutantes? I AM SO MAD RIGHT NOW. TONY SCOTT ALWAYS DOES THIS. HE MAKES AN ENDURING CLASSIC AND THEN A MONTH LATER HE RE-RELEASES IT WITH YOUNG GIRLS IN ALL OF THE MALE LEAD ROLES. I WANT TO FUCKING KILL MYSELF RIGHT NOW.

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Tony Scott, on behalf of an entire generation- the millions of us for whom Who Had Too Much Turkey defined the month of December in 2007: Do not rape our heritage. Fluke or not, you created something with the original Who Had Too Much Turkey with which it is not your right to tamper.

This is bigger than you. Bigger than me.

Smaller Than This,
Dan Harmon

THE BLOG

- February 1st, 2008 -

Rumors About Grand Theft Auto IV

I know not many of you care about video games, but this is pretty crazy stuff.

Apparently, the new Grand Theft Auto game's map will be a nearly 100% accurate map of New York City, consisting of 468.9 square virtual miles.

There will be a subway system with 80 platforms, 1400 types of vehicle, and 650 types of pedestrian, including 70 different types of hooker.

Included in the 70 types of hooker will be hookers that "don't know they're hookers, yet." Players will have the option of "turning them out" by providing them with drugs.

As in Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas, players will be responsible for eating and exercising to stay in peak form, but in GTA IV, you will also have a goldfish and file your own taxes.

Puddles of hooker blood will affect the traction of your vehicle more realistically and reflect their environment in real time.

Hookers will have first and last names, and also families. Each hooker you rob, run over or murder goes in a special journal, along with their genealogical data, so you can find their parents and apologize, deny involvement or just show them photos. Their tears will reflect their surroundings in real time.

Twenty kinds of helicopter. Six shopping malls. Nine cancers, including bone.

In response to feedback from players of the earlier games, the police will be slower and will no longer carry weapons. When targeting them, you will have the option of a non-lethal kill shot that will render them unconscious, during which time you can put them in your trunk, take them to one of seventeen plastic-lined rooms, strap them to a rusted table with cling wrap and have a dramatic conversation with them about your unchangeable nature before slowly inserting a

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butcher knife into the spot right below the bottom of their rib cage. This will unlock the scooter.

The biggest complaint about the Xbox 360 version of San Andreas was that X was the jump button instead of the more customary A. In GTA IV, the X button will be reload and A will be rape. There will be no jump button, but you will be able to get on top of crates and buildings by positioning yourself in front of them and tapping "rape." Pressing "rape" and "reload" in rapid succession will initiate a "leaping AIDS rape," in which you leap on the target, rape them and give them AIDS.

If you stand in the shadows and do the leaping AIDS rape combination, you will leap from the shadows, rape your target and give them AIDS. I don't understand why this needs its own line item, ask the gamer magazines.

If you run over 20 babies, your car turns into a helicopter. Rape the helicopter, it becomes a baby, mid-rape. Eat the baby after raping it and you unlock a special sub-plot of the game in which you can run for mayor.

If you lick an electrical outlet, you get a machine gun. If you masturbate while doing it, you get two machine guns but you go blind.

If you stare at the sun for 20 minutes, you also go blind, but if you were already blind from masturbating, you get ESP.

Liberty City will be divided into 5 neighborhoods: Jewberg, Darkville, Los Spicanos, Village of Faggots and Downtown.

In one of the neighborhoods, I can't remember which one, there will be a special bonus round unlocked at a certain time on a certain night each week.

During that bonus round, players can smash the storefront windows of certain stores without being arrested. These stores will be marked with a special star at the appropriate times.

When your character dies, you won't just appear outside a hospital anymore. You are transported to the foot of a mountain made entirely of naked, writhing hookers and minorities. You must climb them with cleated boots, get to the top,

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insert a stick of dynamite into a giant toothed vagina, leap off the mountain while it blows up behind you and land in a swimming pool full of cocaine. If you successfully do this, you get all of your weapons and vehicles back. If you fail, you are reincarnated as a minority shopowner in one of the neighborhoods and you have to slit a hooker's throat and drink her blood from her skull before you're able to wear any of the clothes you've previously purchased. If the neighborhood where your shop is located is Jewberg, you also have to get baptised. If you die unbaptised, you are reincarnated as a hooker, the game is "locked" in hooker mode, and you are mailed a tee shirt that says "I'm a hooker." The only way to unlock your game is to wear the hooker tee shirt to a monthly gathering of GTA IV players, which will be run by whoever in your city was the first player to become "mayor" (by eating a raped baby, see above). Hooker players must stay inside a designated warehouse from sundown to sunrise, during which time they must do whatever the mayor asks them to do if they want their unlock code.

Or they can just buy a new copy of the game. But, here's the thing:

SIXTY FIVE dollars? Sorry, but that's a bit of an outrage.

DAN HARMON

- February 7th, 2008 -

Codependence Day Update

On January 24th, I unveiled a rough overview of my monotonously monogamous romantic history so that the world could join my fascinated friends in predicting the date of my next doomed relationship (not the day I meet her, the day I become her "boyfriend"). Many guesses have been made and, although I cannot offer a prize for fear of incentivizing rigging, the winner will be much celebrated in this blog, and their work will aid in the creation of a special alert system that allows women to stay indoors during periods of Elevated Dan Harmon.

Since the kickoff, the letters and phone calls have been flowing in with questions, concerns, kudos, and, to humanity's disgrace, offers.

You heard me. Albeit in facetious sidebars and footnotes, women have been placed before the smug snarl on my stone likeness, sometimes by themselves, sometimes by friends and sometimes, in the ultimate mythological gesture, by relatives.

It's not so much "please accept my only daughter" as it is "I have a redhead aunt, ha ha." But as a "noted follower" of Joseph Campbell [Wikipedia], I see the primal truth behind every modern bit.

I do share many qualities with the average pre-Christian equatorial deity: my voice claps like nasal thunder, my baggy, jeweled eyes penetrate the veils of the human mind and my powerful belly canopies my penis, which is a grower and not a shower. And Har-Mon is pleased by your offerings, and your fall TV season will be bountiful as a result. But I don't think you really want your loved ones on my altar. It's going to be 1 month of "wow, my sister has never been so happy," then six months of "man, my sister seems really down lately," then a week of "where's my sister" followed by a tear-stained postcard from a commune or overseas oil rig. Trust me, it's uncanny.

As far as the many questions you've had, I guess they could be summed up in the single question, "what do you hope to gain from this."

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Well, let me answer a rhetorical question with a rhetorical question: What's with the stupid question?

I mean, I'm a stone idol. Why ask me anything at all? My answer to any question, really, is the same as everyone else's. I hope, mostly in vain, to inhibit, corral, control or understand what I currently don't. Har-Mon is a symbol for your unanswered questions. You are Har-Mon. You have now achieved what Campbell called atonement with the father.

Now that we are atoned, can I ask you a rhetorical question? Is that your natural hair color? I think you might be one of the most beautiful natives I've ever seen in my life. Would you do me a favor? Can you...I'm made out of volcanic rock, I can't really....would you just, sort of, position yourself on my altar- yeah, that's it. Oh, man, you smell good. This is perfect. Let's just stay like this for a while. Cross your legs. Now uncross them? You are so fucking beautiful. Touch my nipple. I am the luckiest inanimate object in the world. I'm in love. Of course we can have breakfast, look at all this fruit and shit people bring me. Help yourself. What? You got a parking ticket? Don't worry about it. No, I can't really go rock climbing with you, I'm a rock, it would be awkward. What do you mean it's been five months since we've done anything? Excuse the fuck out of me, what are you, my mother? Man, I am really getting fat. Okay, get out of here, I'm on a deadline. You're not coming back? Yeah, I think that would be best. Wait. I miss you. Who's that? Your friend? Why is he touching you like that, that's how I touch you. I change my mind, Har-Mon declares we are together again. What do you mean, "no?" Then you're a bad person. Don't you think it's a little gross that you're with a human being instead of me? What do you mean he worships me, too? Is that supposed to make me feel better? Do you worship me together while you're fucking?

Am I supposed to jerk off thinking about that? I mean, fine, I will, but...Also, I'm going to pound this guy's fucking face in. Well, I can't really....Will you please tell him to come over here and bash his face on my altar? Wait. Get back here. I control you. I control everything!

Rose....bud.... Wow. That was cathartic. Okay, who's next? Oh, hi, sweetie. Aw! Fruit? Thank you so much! Turn around, let me get a look at you.

Speaking of fruit, avid blog reader J.P. Manoux, who you know as "Green Grapes" from the Fruit of the Loom commercials, tops off the "WHO IS

DAN HARMON

ALREADY WRONG" portion of the Codependence Day Update. Not because his actual guess of March 16th is out of the running. I just wanted to let him know that I did not meet an Asian girl with a red-dyed streak at the last Channel 101 screening. Also, I wanted to use that awesome fruit segue. Don't be sour, yet, Grapes. You're not dead on the vine, I'm just saying, you're no Jeanne Dixon.

Not looking good for Earthworm Jim creator Doug Tennapel, who either underestimated or overestimated all of us by guessing February 11th. I suppose it would be possible for me to go from makeout to relationship in five days. If I was 26, and she looked like Nicole Kidman in Moulin Rouge AND had damaged the parts of her brain that govern emotional self preservation and perception of other people's weight. I don't think I'm going to find that in my mailbox and I'm not going dancing in 1900s France tonight, so I think Doug's going to be our first official loser.

Some of you mid-March guessers are wondering, where do I stand, is Dan feeling the burn, is he getting twitchy? Hells yeah! Two days ago, I spent a few hours letting my ex-girlfriend know she's a bad person in a series of text messages. Something about that technique just isn't bringing her back, and if that barrel's scraped dry, it's just about time for the Tight Shots of Specialized Equipment Being Strapped and Buckled Montage. Time for Predator 2 to "want some candy." The Batmobile is revving. Relationship Rambo is tying that string around his head.

I think that by the end of February, SOME lucky ladies can be expecting furtive reconnaissance missions to become full blown nighttime raids on their ammo dumps and command centers. Most of you won't even perceive being scoped. I do thermal scans for boyfriends from 800 yards. I write lists of how many gross, fat slobs you've dated on my arm with a magic marker. My head breaks the surface of the swamp just long enough to squint at your ass, and then, plurp! Gone, like a crocodile. Was that the wind in the palm trees? Or was it a one man strike force?

Maybe you'll never find out. Maybe you won't be classified as a strategic target. Maybe you'll just hear distant popping from another village, three clicks away.

Or maybe....Shhhhh.....Maybe you'll hear a twig snap. And the last thing you'll see is me charging you in my underwear with a knife in my teeth.

THE BLOG

Stay frosty.

DAN HARMON

- February 9th, 2008 -

I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Concert Film

I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Concert Film

an essay by ?

Saturday, February 9, 2008

I wish vince Vaughn would make a standup concert film. I have many reasons why I want this to happen. Too many to list, probably, but I will try as hard as I can.

Reason 1 Why I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Comedy Concert Film:

The first and most important reason is that if he made it, I would be able to watch it. If he doesn't make it, I won't be able to watch it, and that doesn't do me any good at all.

Reason 2 Why I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Comedy Concert Film:

Vince Vaughn seems like he probably has pretty good taste in comedy. If you put 1,000 standup comedians in a warehouse, and made me pick the ten funniest ones- and please, by the way, don't ever make me do that, I think that every standup comedian is great in their own way, it's just a really creative medium that I think is at one of its historic peaks and it attracts some of the most gifted people in the world- I have to imagine that I would pick the same ten comedians that Vince Vaughn would pick. I am comedically connected to Vince Vaughn. Every time I hear a story about him threatening to beat someone up in a bar, I always laugh, and I think, that sounds like something I would do, but only if I was funnier.

Reason 3 Why I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Comedy Concert Film:

I feel like Jon Favreau needs to eat something. I'm worried about him starving to death. I'm just assuming that if Vince Vaughn made a concert film, Jon Favreau

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would be involved, and then he could go and buy a sandwich, or a bowl of macaroni and cheese, or six hundred and eighty seven thousand crullers, and eat each of them eleven times. Whenever I see Jon Favreau, whether it's him playing himself as a filmmaker or discussing filmmaking, on Bravo, or A&E, or just E!, my first response is always, "oh, it's good to see Jon Favreau," and my second response is always, "I wish he would go and get something to eat, and eat it, and then eat three more of it, because right now, just from looking at him, I'm scared he might die from not eating enough food."

Reason 4 Why I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Comedy Concert Film:

I like Swingers. I've never seen it, but it sounds like it was an amazing film, and I just like listening to people talk about it. And I feel like if Vince Vaughn made a standup concert film, Maybe Jon Favreau would make an appearance, and sit with Vince Vaughn, and eat, and talk about the 1996 film Swingers, and make Swingers jokes, like, "anybody could have played your part!" Even though I never saw Swingers, hearing about it reminds me of when I was 23, and I imagine that a lot of the movie-going audience will be reminded of when they were 3 to 6, and I don't know if I can imagine anything funnier than a reference to Swingers, except maybe a reference to Swingers made by Jon Favreau, in a standup comedy concert, hosted by vince Vaughn, on film, projected onto a screen, for my enjoyment, in a movie theatre.

Reason 5 Why I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Comedy Concert Film:

I just think standup concert movies are great ideas, no matter who is doing them. Whenever my car breaks down outside a movie theater, and someone hands me twelve dollars and says that I need to spend it in the next 20 seconds or they will shoot me in the face, so long as that movie theater is not a multiplex, and the single film they are showing is a standup concert movie, I will always choose to see that movie. I could write a whole sub-list right now of all the reasons why I love to sit in movie theatres and watch people do standup concerts on film, but I think you KNOW already what all 800 reasons would be. They're your reasons, too. It's just something that clicks in your brain, it makes a kind of primal sense. What do you want to do tonight? Well, I don't even know why you're asking me

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that, I think you know what I want to do, I want to go and watch the image of someone doing standup comedy projected onto a screen in a movie theatre. Don't even ask me a question like that, you will find my answer never changes, I have always, and will always want to watch a standup comedy concert film. The only things that could possibly compete with that desire are my desires to look at Vince Vaughn's face and watch Jon Favreau eat.

Reason 6 Why I Wish Vince Vaughn Would Make a Standup Comedy Concert Film:

I like Vince Vaughn. I know I sort of covered this already but that's how much I like him. Something happens in my heart when I hear his name or see his face, or look at his Wikipedia entry. Did you know that in his Wikipedia entry, under influences, it says "Bill Murray?" I hope Bill Murray sees that one day. I think that it would make Bill Murray very proud and excited to know that he had somehow made it possible for Vince Vaughn to bring his comedy to people, whether it's as an actor in the 1996 film *Swingers*, or his followups to that film, *Jurrassic Park 2*, the remake of *Psycho*, *Clay Pigeons*, *A Cool, Dry Place* and *Return to Paradise*.

Look. I could go on and on with Vince Vaughn's filmography, straight through to Fred Claus, but why would I do that, you're on the internet, just look up Vince Vaughn and go through his filmography, film by film, and you're going to realize how much you like Vince Vaughn, too, and how he brings a certain magic to everything he's been in. And you, too, are going to think exactly what I was thinking today: "This guy should do a standup comedy concert film. And I should go into a movie theatre, and I should watch it."

Oh, by the way, I don't know if I introduced myself earlier. I am absolutely nobody on the entire planet. I don't exist.

I don't even have a head, because if I had a head, there might be a piece of brain in it, and then I wouldn't wish that Vince Vaughn would make a standup comedy concert film.

Fortunately, that is not the case. I have no head.

THE BLOG

I have no body. I know this about myself because if I were a headless body, and you dragged it to a theatre, and sat it in front of a standup comedy concert film hosted by Vince Vaughn, I would get up and walk out. If I had legs. If I had no legs, I would crawl out on my hands, and if I had no hands, I would roll out the door, and if I was nothing but a heart in a dish, I would stop beating. For these reasons, I know that I am none of the above. I am nothing. I am thin air.

No, wait. I am not thin air. If I was thin air, and you projected a Vince Vaughn standup comedy concert film on a screen in front of me, I would become a breeze and I would blow under the exit door.

I guess I must be a pure vacuum.

No. No. Wait. That doesn't make any sense. Because if I was a pure vacuum, I would manifest myself in Vince Vaughn's lungs so that he stopped breathing and died. And I'm not doing that. I am, instead, sitting here wishing that Vince Vaughn would continue to live, and that he would make a standup comedy concert film, and that I could watch it.

So, I guess I don't really know what it is that I could possibly be. Maybe I'm some kind demon or warlock. Maybe I'm the ghost of Ted Bundy. Maybe I have finally gotten all the satisfaction I possibly could from the memory of raping, torturing and murdering anywhere between nineteen and thirty six innocent girls, and I don't know how to continue the natural trajectory of my spirit life, except to recommend that someone out there please shoot, edit and distribute a standup comedy concert film hosted by Vince Vaughn in which he jokes with Jon Favreau about Swingers.

Yes, I think that's it. It's coming back to me now. I remember having a violent, abusive father, I remember smashing in the skulls of good people who didn't deserve it, and I remember being a huge fan of Vince Vaughn, and of standup comedy concert films, and I remember that after society executed me because nobody on the planet could say anything good about me and every single human being in the world wanted me to never have been born, I began walking the Earth, rubbing my hands together and relishing the idea of watching a standup comedy concert film with Vince Vaughn in it.

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So, please, someone out there in Hollywood, if you would like to make a movie that Ted Bundy's electrocuted ghost would gladly pay to see, please go find Vince Vaughn and get started. I know I haven't done anything to deserve a reward, it would just be a favor to me. Thank you.

THE BLOG

- February 11th, 2008 -

Dear German-Themed Restaurant's Redhead Bartender:

Dear German-Themed Restaurant's Redhead Bartender

Can I please marry the back of your head?

You're very beautiful from the front, but every time you turn around, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Probably because that's when I can stare at your perfect, burgundy hair with impunity. Unless you consider it punitive that my friends are making fun of me, which I do not.

They're only making fun of me because it's funny to them. And if they stopped laughing and pulled knives on me, I couldn't stop looking at you, so it doesn't matter to me. It was my decision to share my fetish with the world, perhaps hoping to distribute, alleviate or even neutralize its shocking grip on my otherwise somewhat human mind. It didn't work. Maybe it made it worse. Maybe, having celebrated my affliction, I feel permission, upon seeing hair like yours, to become a juvenile chimpanzee, instead of struggling for higher thought. Maybe if I had kept this thing a secret, my shame of it would have forced me to cure it by now. Men with tourette's don't just throw up their hands and run through the street hoping others adapt. They burden themselves with the need for change.

It hardly matters right now. As you would see if you were turned around, my face has a placid expression on it, a "please standby" title card that goes up automatically every time I see a woman whose hair color is anywhere between strawberry blonde and auburn, because my frontal lobe shuts down in a shower of sparks and all that remains is some lower animal. The closer the woman's hair gets to your particular shade, the closer I get to being what I am right now, which is, essentially, a moth, unable to navigate by anything other than your carmine-colored tresses.

There's nothing primal or romantic happening, just chemicals, crossed wires, sickness. But I never want it to stop. I want to stare at you forever. If someone carted you away, I'd be disappointed, but I'd be alive again. If you stood in front of me forever, I would starve to death, but I don't care, because it's

DAN HARMON

only in these brief moments that all of my scattered thoughts can be focused into a single coherent laser. It's like being plunged underwater, but without having to worry about when I'll breathe again.

When I see hair like yours, it no longer matters if I live or die.

There is a longing to get closer to you, to touch you, smell you, hold you.

But I'm older now, smarter now, more tired now. It would take days of strategy and small talk, starting with your name, which becomes a smile, which becomes some random combination of politics, pop culture and pet peeves. Lists of rules, flaming hoops. Embellished eccentricities, embarrassing ambitions, desperate affectations. You'd show me the giant hole where your identity should be, I'd show you mine, we'd shove them together and create a sad smuck, then we'd stick to each other while the vacuum decayed over three weeks to twenty four months.

And after it was all done, and we were both a little older and a little more scuffed, after we had said our goodbyes and our yes-of-course-I'd-love-to-work-with-you-one-days, after everything good that happened on the way in had been undone by something bad on the way out, the only thing that would be left would be me wishing I could touch your hair.

So don't turn around, German-Themed Restaurant Redhead Bartender, because what we have right now is as good as it gets. I am happy to see that your lips are naturally pink, and that they match your two barrettes, which I suppose are there because your silken, cardinal locks long to caress your porcelain face as much as I do. But sooner than later, do a 180 and get back to that cash register or that beer tap, so I can stop avoiding eye contact and just haunt you like a fat demon, running my slime-coated, lecherous gaze along the length of your lush, burnt maroon hair as it cascades over your shoulders and terminates in a straight line of slightly frayed tips just above the delicate impression of your bra strap.

And after your shift, let's get married. Just me and the back of your head.

Don't look at me while I promise to have and to hold you, to cherish and shampoo you, to be yours, for tangled or brushed, in cute hats and ponytails, for as long as you shall stay that exact color.

And we'll have beautiful, half redhead, half lonely fat pervert children.

THE BLOG

- February 13th, 2008 -

This Blog Entry is Poorly Written

And for a good reason.

Strike's over!

That means my writing is worth cash again. So fuck you, hippy. You want a paragraph? Pay an n-word. That's right, I'm not even going to give you the word "nigger" unless you put some food on my table.

I was only hanging out with you because the media corporations dumped me. Well, guess what, they came crawling back, because the fact is, without us, TV is just as shitty but very lonely. Jay Leno can always notice that Phil Spector's hair is crazy, but without seven guys high fiving each other by the monitor, it's just not the same. Hollywood and I are in love and we're going to be together forever and you're fat and I was using you.

What's the matter, fat hippy going to cry? I bet you wish your tears were ice cream so that you didn't have to PAY for it. Broke ass fat hippy jew, reading my shit for free when you KNOW it's worth duckets.

I'd say "A-B-see yah" but you ain't no ABC, bitch. ABC got bling. FOX got a checking account. What you got? Soup can for a hat motherfucker, sittin on some train tracks talkin' bout "let me read some shit." Read some want ads, motherfucker. There's a "story" for your hobo ass: Once upon a time you got a JOB, bitch. That was free.

What your trick ass NEEDS to do is become a multinational media conglomerate, THEN maybe we can talk about an exchange of goods and services. Til then, I got shit to do, bitch, sitcoms to type, finances to transact, throngs to pacify, military industrial complexes to support. Beeeee yotch! How you gonna get me to write something for you when you can't even maintain hegemony over one little ass apartment, let alone an oil rich region of feudalistic nations populated by godless savages? Huh? Answer me, bitch! I axed you something. What. You. Got. For. Me.

DAN HARMON

What you got for me?

THE BLOG

- February 16th, 2008 -

I Saved Over Two Dollars on Ramen Noodles Today

I have this special checking account feature that protects you from bouncing any outgoing payments by allowing you to go into negative numbers. It's really nice of them, and they only take a small fee of 30 dollars out of your already negative account for each and every charge that occurs. So, for me, going broke is extra dramatic, because I'll look at my account and think, oh, shit, I better get some money, I only have two hundred dollars. And then, the next day, I'll look, and I'll have negative 720 dollars, including 270 that will be going into the bank's furnace upon my next deposit.

I'm not very smart with money until it gets to days like today, when I have ten dollars in my hand, and it's all I have to my name- less, really, since I still owe Jeff 6,000 and now I owe the bank 720. So I have this stolen 10 dollars in my hand, and I'm hungry, and I'm standing next to a burrito stand, where that ten dollars is worth another day's worth of food, but I'm across the street from a grocery store, where ten dollars can feed you for a week.

For some reason, it's only when I have ten dollars, and not when I have 100,000, that I'm able to weigh the consequences of my actions.

So I went across the street, and the 23 year old in my brain took me straight to the Ramen noodles, three packets for a dollar. I counted out five dollars worth, knowing I'd be wrong, but figuring I couldn't be more than 50% wrong.

And I just wanted to get back home and eat two of these packets so that the fire in my belly would stop distracting me from finishing my sitcom pilot. I'm almost done with this cocksucker but I'm starving.

And the last thing I want to do is have the stupid fucking conversation about the Albertson's Value Club or whatever the fuck. No, god damn it, I don't have some special card, fuck you.

"Would you like to enter a phone number?"

DAN HARMON

Yeah, fine, jesus christ, you fucking mongoloid, anything to shut you up. I think my old land line has an Albertson's membership on it.

So I punch in the number.

And I watch my \$5.65 worth of Ramen noodles become \$2.15.

Holy fucking shit.

It felt so much better than being told that if I incorporate this and declare that I can save 17,000 dollars six months from now. Sometimes I'll move a couch cushion and find a 3,000 dollar check from MTV or something. It's just never real to me unless it's cash in my hand. I haven't felt that good about money in a long time.

I've got money coming in, supposedly, but it never really gets to me on time, because rich people are so much better than poor people at holding onto it. Not only do I forget to ask for it, they forget to give it to me. They bide their time, they earn interest, they see how many corners they can get away with cutting, they make you strike for 5 months so that six cents on the dollar can become five cents on the dollar or vice versa.

But that's what I like about being poor. I always feel like I'm going to end up being rich no matter what I do, so why be rich now when being rich leads to terrible thoughts. The more money you have, the more other people with money come to you and say things like, "you know, if we pull back a little on the amount of rubber we put on these Firestone tires, we could make six million dollars."

I'm going to have to live the life of a wealthy man soon enough, because I'm getting to that age, now, where my body's going to need expensive maintenance. I'm going to be sitting here one day, happily typing about my carefree life and I'm going to feel some strange pain in my lower abdomen that I've never felt before, and I'm going to call 911 and I'm going to find out that my spleen or my gall bladder or my kidney is doing this or that and needs to have this or that done to it...and I'm going to need to have my shit together when that happens, I'm not going to be able to shrug at the doctor and say, "listen, man, I'm a writer, I don't

THE BLOG

really understand this insurance stuff." I have to get my shit together eventually, I know that.

But today's a nice day, because there is no pain in my gall bladder. I've made it to 35 without needing my shit to be together. And I'm almost done writing another nice piece of television. And the same chaotic element that brought me this bout of poverty- the strike- may also result in an increased chance of a production order, maybe even an episode order. Maybe I'll E.P. a prime time show that gets to 100 episodes and I'll buy a house and when my gall bladder does start stinging, they'll bring me a new one on a sterling silver platter with a pina colada. And if that does happen, it's going to be extra nice to say, "ah, yes, I wrote that one after the writer's strike of 2008.

I was eating a plate of Ramen noodles when I finished it."

You know, and then there's the six million realities in between this one and that one, including the one where I don't do a very good job, or I do and it's not FOX material, or terrorists blow up LAX and everything changes again. I don't even have a point. All I know is, I saved over two dollars on Ramen noodles today. You know what I can get with that two dollars? Another week's worth of fucking noodles.

DAN HARMON

- February 20th, 2008 -

jesus christ, i'm done

i finished the first draft of my sitcom.

holy christ. that took a really long time. when did i start? someone look.
i'll look.

feb 13th. it's only been 7 days?

I feel like i am 800 years older. i feel like i've said "i'm almost done" 75 times in a row. i don't know how much of it is sleep deprivation and hunger-induced delerium but i don't think i've ever worked that hard on anything in my life.

what a pussy i am.

Fox wanted their scripts by a certain deadline right after the strike and it was completely unreasonable, but god damn it, they're going to have my script on their deadline. i feel like john fucking henry.

i have to go have a drink. i can't believe that's over. that was seven straight days of writing, for real. not seven days of playing san andreas and getting in the mood to write for an afternoon....seven straight days, day in, day out, typing, typing, typing, reading, changing, typing, pacing, typing, freaking out, freaking out, freaking out.

it's done. there will be revisions, but the birth is over.

i wrote a sitcom. we all talk about them like they're the shittiest level of anything in the world, and it's probably very true. but it's also a very specific, very old medium that i've always been secretly intimidated by, and now i've done it. i wrote a sitcom.

i guess it'll be a couple days before anyone can make any judgment as to whether i wrote a halfway decent sitcom. i'm sure nothing that was that takes that long to write can be very good. heat vision and jack took 2 days, sarah's pilot was like an

THE BLOG

afternoon, i've written good stuff before and i've never had this much difficulty so i have to assume that the difference is that i just wrote something really bad.

i don't even care. i actually wrote a sitcom. i mean, i do care. i hope it's good. i won't be surprised if everyone hates it, though. and i won't be surprised if they love it, either. it's a total mystery to me right now. my mind is wrung like a sponge.

that was not fucking easy. it hasn't even sunk in that i'm finished, yet.

DAN HARMON

- March 12th, 2008 -

The Present and Future of Advertising for JD Roofing

Ladies and gentlemen of JD Roofing. I would first of all like to thank you for retaining my services as consultant for your company.

Secondly, let me explain what I do. My job is to come in with fresh eyes, and, without judging what I'm seeing, discern the intentions behind what I'm seeing, then offer an array of alternative paths to the achievement of those intentions.

Your marketing spectrum is currently limited to this sign, which you have placed in the front yard of a home you are roofing in Los Angeles. I walk by this sign on my way to breakfast, and this morning, I took a photo of it.

Now, what is it that I am seeing when I look at this sign, and what are the possible intentions behind what I'm seeing. Well, let's outline it.

I. Logo

A. Description: Shingles roofing the "J" in "JD Roofing," which is either hewn in stone, sculpted in feces or coagulating on a surface as discharge.

B. Possible font names and symbolic associations

1. "Bedrock Sans Serif" - font represents the "rock solid" security afforded a home covered by quality roofing.
2. "Poopvetica" - font represents the "shittiness" of a home in need of quality roofing.
3. "Spermatopia" - font represents the orgasmic satisfaction that "cums" with a well-roofed home.

II. Slogan

A. Description: "Roofing is what we do, integrity is who we are."

B. Questions raised by slogan

1. if "integrity" is who you are, then who is JD Roofing?
2. if roofing is what you do, why try to design your own sign?
 - a. if you did it to save money, will your savings be passed on to me as a potential roofing customer?

THE BLOG

- b. if you did it because you have creative ambitions, how do I know you won't leave my home half-roofed the day a more creative opportunity arises?
- 3. if someone else designed this sign, were you satisfied with the job they did, and, if so, are your roofing standards higher or lower?

III. What's Working

- A. The shingles

IV. What's Not Working

- A. The logo font - UNLESS the slogan changes
- B. The slogan - UNLESS the logo changes

V. Alternatives

- A. Alternative logos (assuming slogan remains the same):

- 1. change name to "Integrity Roofing."
- 2. select font that implies more "integrity" than "poopy semen."

- B. Alternative slogans (assuming logo remains the same):

- 1. "Roofing is what we do. Logos, not so much."
- 2. "Want fast? Want cheap? Look at our logo."
- 3. "The truth is, if there were 25 hours in a day, our sign wouldn't change. We'd spend the extra hour making your roof more awesome. Sue us."
- 4. "Who do you want patching your roof, a graphic fucking designer?"

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and good luck. My invoice will be in the mail.

DAN HARMON

- March 17th, 2008 -

A microscopically tiny, endlessly fascinating blog entry

I wonder if I'd even be capable of leaving a short blog entry. My iphone is synching right now. Syncing?

Did you know that atoms are not only mostly empty space, they're nearly ENTIRELY empty space? If you made an atom the size of a house, you still wouldn't be able to see the nucleus or the electron(s). If the nucleus of an atom was the size of a period in this sentence, the electrons' orbit would be halfway down your block. And everything in between? Exactly what everything is made of. Mostly nothing. Nothing plus a little bit of energy. They blew up a comet with a rocket named "deep impact." The thing was moving like 6,000 miles per hour and NASA fucking bullseyed it with a little robot rocket the size of my coffee table. I don't think they actually blew it up, they didn't want to destroy it, they wanted to know what was in it.

One thing that was in it: Clay. Which means there was water in there. We had already previously verified that comets have pre-biological organic molecules like amino acids flying off of them like dandruff, which scientists reckon could have seasoned our primordial soup. But now we know that it's even possible for comets to be primordial-soup flavored hot pockets; crunchy, dirty ice on the outside and hot, gooey mud on the inside, microwaved by the suns they orbit...and when you've got amino acids and water and radiation, you've got everything you need to make the kind of wee beasties we used to be.

I'm a big fan of the exogenesis model of life. You're saying, Dan, what's the big deal, who cares if the egg was fertilized in the lining of the womb or on its way down the fallopian tube.

Well, that metaphor illustrates my point. Lucky me. My point being, if the Earth is our mother, it's more poetic for us to also have a father. It scans better, mythically. To paraphrase Campbell paraphrasing Freud paraphrasing Sophocles: The hardest part of fucking your Mom is becoming your Dad.

THE BLOG

For a while now, we have definitely been fucking Mother Gaia. Some of us are spooning and some of us are drilling, but, in general, let's face it, we're nailing her. And I don't think we're nearly done; we're just getting to the "let's stop taking this for granted" phase. But, it's comforting to feel like there's a second half of the story. And if, as exogenesis would have it, we are not spores generated by an asexual planet, but rather babies born here because the universe "came" here, then we are scheduled to do more than just go land on other planets. We will one day be atoning with the testicles of chaos. We will one day become the universe, which means we will one day not need to fear it.

And that "one day," for me, as an individual, could be right now, before I go get breakfast. It will make my eggs taste better knowing that I am not some growth on some giant hermaphrodite's mushroom cap. I am a product of conjugation. I have a mommy and a daddy. And my Daddy was there at the Big Bang and my Mommy isn't much younger if you count her years as a cloud of hydrogen. Is it a happy family? I don't know. She cries a lot and he's not much of a talker, but who cares. It's a family. That's nice.

Not to mention the fact that if we ever do meet another species, it makes the relationship easy to understand in human terms. Half siblings. Same Dad, different Moms, kind of uncomfortable, maybe we'll get along and maybe we won't but no matter what they're like it says virtually nothing about us. I think that in the year 3000, we'll all be Jewish, because the Old Testament is better preparation for space travel than Buddhism. Nobody's going to take comfort in the idea of having a thousand lifetimes when we're actually floating through neverending inky fucking blackness. We're going to have "Tao" staring us in the face every morning, there's not going to be a need to have "don't sweat the little shit" taped next to our medicine cabinets. We're going to feel like little shit. Wandering an interstellar desert, if you will, and we're going to have to stick together, and we're going to want to draw a face on that black void and have a covenant with it.

I'm going to convert to Judaism over breakfast so that I'm ready to be a space trucker for the Wutani corporation, just in case the next comet is an Armageddon comet and our Deep Impact fails like the one in Deep Impact the movie, not the one in real life. In real life, we fucking nailed that fucker! Six thousand miles per hour, zooming through outer space, and we hit it with a slingshot. That's way

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more impressive than landing on the moon and not eating pork put together. Okay, iphone is sync(h)ed. That was not a short blog entry. Not going to edit it. You're entitled to nothing, fuck you.

Oh, and also, Phil Holland, could you please use a random phrase from this blog entry as a point of departure for an unrelated 11 paragraph comment? I'm just curious to see what that would be like.

THE BLOG

- March 24th, 2008 -

One Note For SNL and I Put a Sharpie in my Butt

I don't think the anchors on Weekend Update need to laugh after the jokes.

That's it, that's the only bad thing I'm saying, if you work on the show, or know someone that works on the show, you don't need to defend SNL's historical significance as a comedic institution and imply that I'm jealous.

I'll do it for you. I am jealous. I am writing this instead of the second draft of my pilot because I feel like a bad writer right now. I'm starting to feel like it's not just a feeling.

I wrote the first draft in 7 days because they told me if I wrote it fast and good, they'd shoot it.

Well, I wrote it fast. And I thought good.

Nothing like a page one rewrite to take the wind out of your sails. And set you looking for opportunities to rev yourself up; convince yourself you know anything at all about comedy. And you, Amy Poehler, laughing at your own jokes on my tivo, you were the first thing to come along at the wrong time.

There is nothing wrong with you. Everything is wrong with me. I am not funny, I'm not talented in general, I'm mediocre at a couple things and terrible at the rest. I had a sketch show on VH1 so boring that it couldn't retain the audience from "What's Eating Diamond Dave Season Three," I'm fat, I'm old, I'm ugly, I'm a drunk, I'm a druggie, I'm stupid, I rub a mannequin leg on my nipple when I jerk off - wait, you know what, I don't even do that anymore. Ever since I started telling everyone about it, it stopped giving me a boner.

Maybe because women that read my blog started paying way more attention to my nipples. I don't know. This is really off topic.

I once put a sharpie in my butt. There's something new I can tell you. I remember Rob Schrab was the one that told me about "rubbing your prostate when you're

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coming," meaning rubbing, like, the taint, on the outside- this is how long I've known Rob Schrab, we go back to when we were still learning about how to cum- and subsequent to that, I read about it in some men's magazine, some guy asking, "hey, why does it feel so good when my girlfriend rubs between my balls and my ass when I'm cumming," Paragraph break for no reason, cuz I have to go meet Morgan Murphy at Rustic and I don't want to make this entry poetry. And the magazine said, "well, sir, that's your prostate, and some people choose to stimulate it from the INSIDE,"

So I tried to put a sharpie in my butt when I was jerking off. The non-cap end. Seemed like the right size and shape for a virgin butt.

And I guess it felt kind of good. You know, it feels good to have stuff in your butt, everyone that poops knows that, there's a turd "in" your butt when it's coming out, you know that feels good.

But it didn't feel good enough to have to remove a poopie pen from my asshole after cumming. Guys know what I'm talking about when I say the moment that begins 8 seconds after you orgasm is the least sexual of your life. There's 20 minutes of recharge during which the idea of sex is like the idea of mowing the lawn and the idea of sleeping is like the special theory of fucking relativity. And it is during that time that you least want something in your butt, and least want to remove something from your butt. And it is 20 minutes later, even though you're recharged, that you least want to be throwing away a sharpie pen and thinking, "that was in my butt today."

So, I don't put stuff in my butt anymore

But I did once, which is why, when I speak of SNL, I speak only upward, and that's why you can listen to me. I support the troops, I have many friends over there, I am proud of them, I think it's hard to get on that show, I think it's an honor to be on it, I think everyone working there is a good, talented person, I watch it and I laugh out loud. Do not deactivate my credit cards or bug my phone, just listen for a second:

You don't have to laugh after each of the comedy news jokes. There's an audience there laughing. I'm not trying to be an asshole.

THE BLOG

I'm sure you're getting feedback like "I love to see that the comedy news people are having a good time." If that's true, you might be getting too much feedback from your mother. I'm not trying to be an asshole when I say that. I just think you might be asking the wrong people whether or not it's a good idea to laugh after your own jokes.

Maybe you're only asking people in the hallway that are scared to get blackballed. It's a bad time for comedy right now because there's a lot of money in it. More money, less honesty. So don't listen to anyone that seems enthusiastic, really. Find the shadows, listen for silence, look for the crossed arms. People you respect, and who respect you, grieve in silence and secret, because they are trying to be nice, good, supportive people. "The censure of the which, one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

Also, I'm scared the laughter is not sincere. I'm worried about you. It doesn't seem like holy man, I can't fight this laughter laughter. It seems like maybe-this-will-help laughter, or I-promised-my-therapist-I'd-laugh-today laughter.

I am not an SNL hater. I don't know if I've made that clear enough. I'm talking to you as a man that put a pen in his butt. I have nothing but humility and honesty to offer.

When I was 12, I wanted to be on the TV like Ed Grimley, too. I must say. I'm completely mental, I must say, baby, do I make you shaggy, alrighty then.

Everyone loved SNL when they were 12, and some people continue to love it into their adulthood, and count me in there, because it's just as funny as it ever was, probably funnier, maybe a little more grossly ass kissy and self impressed, and I could do without the non-ironic political endorsements but who knows and who cares if it was ever better, I like the nice funny people on it.

And I do like to think they're having a good time.

But you're not having a good time on the Comedy News part. So let that be the case. Explore the misery. There is comedy in misery. Let it crumble. Part of the luxury of SNL is supposed to be that there's no competition, no pressure, no standards. This is a great time to find your voice. If you're a naturally

DAN HARMON

stressed-out or awkward person, that's good, too. Step on that gas pedal, be the tightly-wound preoccupied type A personality news anchor. Why try to convince me that person is having a good time. It's a lie without mileage.

The laughter during the comedy news could go and nobody would protest. I think it would pay off huge dividends. It's a real, instant, simple thing you can do to make that part of the show viewable. It's as easy as not chuckling while struggling to balance on a log.

Same note for Jon Stewart. In and out, buddy. Stick and move, it's how you started.

I have to go meet Morgan Murphy. That is today's excuse for not editing my blog. I wouldn't have said any of this had I had time to think about it.

I'm going to talk her into putting a pen in my butt.

THE BLOG

- March 28th, 2008 -

Are You Phil Holland?

Sure, you think you're the guy named Phil Holland that comments on Dan Harmon's blog. But are you really? You might be surprised.

There are no wrong answers on this test, simply tally the letters of your honest responses and compare them with the results key below.

1. Dan Harmon is on a train headed from Chicago to Los Angeles, and writes 10 paragraphs about it. Which would best describe your comment?

- A. 1 paragraph about trains
- B. 2 sentences about travel
- C. 13 pages about Chicago- not the city, the band

2. You are going into diabetic shock and you need insulin. What do you say?

- A. "I need insulin."
- B. "Give me insulin, hurry."
- C. "I would like to request you allow me to participate in the ingestion of a portionated morsel of insulin-like substance item."

Read the following sample blog comment before answering questions 3 – 5: "I accept your point of view, but I think you failed to talk about Texaco gasoline. There's nothing quite as satisfied as the filling of a large, gigantic, sizeable tank containing this beloved petroleum item of choice. For the better portion of my childhood rearing years, throughout my upbringing, I was raised by my parents being taught by them with the advice of choosing to consume Mobil gasoline, or, at the very least, if the previous was unavailable, some lower-grade caliber of combustible product in the form of a certain substance called Citgo, which tends to have a clear, slightly yellowish appearance but which is surprisingly adept at successfully causing one's car to excelerate. Only as a young teenager of sixteen did I surmise the availability of Texaco and, I must say, I have never quite so much as looked back. The Texaco company itself has all the earmarkings of a corporation of some standing and merit, if not at all. For some time now they have provided many goods and services to the american people, as well as the world as a whole in addition to that simultaneously, if even at the same time

DAN HARMON

notwithstanding. I have often been curious as to how such a company could exist but I suppose life is one big mystery."

3. I would leave the above blog comment underneath a blog entitled:

- A. "I Love Amoco"
- B. "Everyone Tell me Your Favorite Kind of Gasoline"
- C. "Tex Ritter"

4. The above blog comment is:

- A. Too long
- B. Too long
- C. Too short

5. If someone asked me if I had written that blog comment, I would:

- A. Deny it and accuse whoever was asking
- B. Change the subject, build a fort made of sofa pillows and never come out of it
- C. Nod, brush my hands off like Mighty Mouse, put on an old timey night cap, climb into my bed and sleep the sleep of Mother fucking Theresa

6. Dan Harmon making fun of me is like:

- A. the pig's blood in "Carrie"
- B. the crucifix in "Fright Night"
- C. the spinach in "Popeye"

7. Which of the following fits perfectly with this group: "Humility, Brevity, Restraint, _____"

- A. Shame
- B. Editing
- C. The Loch Ness Monster

9. A stop sign is to a car accident as writing is to:

- A. The exploitation of the proletariat
- B. Dishonesty
- C. The relentless, echoing commands of my neighbor's dog

10. The thing I admire most about Dan Harmon is:

THE BLOG

- A. He keeps people at arm's length to artificially increase the value of his friendship
- B. He has a way with words unless someone is paying him
- C. His face is wide enough that even after the curing and stitching, it would fit over mine like a mask

11. If a blog entry is a pickle, a blog comment is:

- A. One of those bumps on a pickle
- B. A pickle seed
- C. A three hundred pound purple football duct taped to a pickle

12. I know that I am done with my blog comment when:

- A. My thought is completed
- B. I have to get back to work
- C. The letters on my keyboard have been scratched away by the exposed bones protruding from the tips of my bloody fingers

13. Quality is to Quantity as:

- A. Peanut Butter is to Jelly
- B. Water is to Kool Aid
- C. This question might as well be in Latin

14. This test is making me:

- A. Feel bad for Phil Holland
- B. Realize that Dan Harmon cyber-bullies people to compensate for his inability to achieve results at work
- C. A household name!

15. If I had one wish, it would be:

- A. For a million dollars
- B. For a million wishes
- C. The first thing that ever made a 5,000 year old genie glance at his watch

16. Time is:

- A. Money
- B. On my side
- C. Frequently left unguarded by others

DAN HARMON

17. BONUS: Any suggestions on how this test could be improved?

A. Delete it, it's really mean

B. Make it about me, why is my reward for being cool that I get ignored

C. Yes, as a matter of fact I do have a handful of insights and questions, first of all, have you heard of spaghetti? It's made of noodles. Usually they're long and thin but sometimes they're flat and wide. Secondly, I must say I found your test to be in need of improvement on several counts: firstly, and second most importantly, the first question should have been second.

Thirdly, the second question could have been third. Fourthly, and, at the risk of seconding myself, I must first and foremost preface this thusly: I apologize most wholeheartedly for provoking this barrage of jibes and I am both honored and, I must say, confused by the attention. If you would like me to stop commenting on your blog I am more than happy to, although I must say I have a difficult time understanding where the harm in it could precipitate from for which thus understanding regarding at this point in time.

Furthermore and forthwith, notwithstanding, I shall henceforth no longer impune the variety and turbulence of ice cream without first consulting with your graciousness in all due humble if not entirely sarcastic praise of traffic light shoeboxly coal mine- which, if I may be indulged in one tangent, however much it will only deem me all the more target worthy in the eyes of someone with so much free time - shouldn't you, by the way, be working on your pilot right now, and is this perhaps related to the frustrations therein? - gore vidal seaworthy palm pilots aside, I can only suggest that you rent Sleepless in Seattle and watch it with the volume turned down and substitute in its place a CD I recently purchased called gravy Q tip button clown, a prestigious turned cum laude ipso toleration of denmark freon glib glab click clack putt nut.

RESULTS:

Give yourself 1 point for each A, 1 point for each B and 100 points for each C.

1 - 1,698: Sorry, but you are not Phil Holland. If that saddens you, you are Joshua.

1,699: For someone who isn't Phil Holland, you sure are a lot like Phil Holland. Are you sure you didn't misread one of the questions? Take the test again.

1,700: You're Phil Holland! "Good" job!

THE BLOG

- March 31st, 2008 -

Erin, I Contest Your Blog Regarding Abigail Adams

Reading my friend Erin's most recent blog entry, one would get the impression that HBO's blockbuster miniseries event entitled John Adams: The Man that Complained America into Existence, is portraying Abigail Adams as a woman whose function is limited to washing windows and worrying that John hasn't written enough letters.

Erin's reaction to Abigail's character is typical of women, who often have so much makeup and glitter in their eyes that they fail to see the equality that is right under their pert little noses.

I have also been watching HBO's miniseries event, John Adams: Grimace of a Nation, and it's very clear to my man-sized brain that even though all that was required of a woman back then was to clean up around the house, Abigail Adams did way more, establishing herself as a hero to all women.

1. She got totally sick. Which, in a lot of ways, was just as hard as building our country. Men get so much credit for defeating the British but nobody ever mentions that at the same time, women were fighting headaches, colds and periods. In many ways, this war still rages on.

2. She only fucked John Adams. History shows that Abigail Adams had conversations with several famous men throughout her life, even while John Adams was in a different room or out of the country, and, as we can see from the directing of these scenes in HBO's John Adams: Everything But the War Parts, every time a man talked to Abigail Adams, he wanted to fuck the living hell out of her. George Washington. French generals. Thomas Jefferson. Abigail Adams looked EXACTLY like Laura Linney, you couldn't be near her without looking at her like her pussy was made of ice cream. And did she want it, too? Hells yeah! Everybody wants to get out their wieners and pussies and totally do it, all the time. Especially when George Washington is hanging out in your parlor in his George Washington costume. But Abigail Adams didn't do it. She didn't do it because she's a hero. A hero to women.

DAN HARMON

3. All the men were always pointing out how smart and effective she was. Every time a famous guy met Abigail Adams, right before he started flirting with her, he would say something like, "Hi, I'm Thomas Jefferson, I heard you're totally even smarter than your husband," or "Pleased to meet you, I'm Ben Franklin, your reputation as the woman that gives John Adams all his ideas totally precedes you," or, "Mmm, this is good tea, Mrs. Adams, but of course, anyone can make tea, I don't mean to imply that's your job, John's always talking about how he has to run all his speeches by you before he goes to Congressional meetings, it's too bad women aren't allowed to participate in government." And Abigail never says anything like that about herself, because then she'd be a bitch. Dudes say it about her. Not so much in history books, but they say it in HBO's John Adams: Tales of a Long Nap in Amsterdam. Dudes don't say shit like that about women unless it's true.

4. Her man needed her. At one point in HBO's John Adams: History Up Close and Handheld, John Adams grimaces out the window and snarls, "these British people shouldn't even be here, this should be our country," and Abigail, tears welling in her eyes, head shaking, says, "say...that...John. Tell Congress that." And he's like oh my God, I'm totally going to do that.

That is how you make an America. Boys and girls working together. I mean, let's be honest, history doesn't tell the whole story. Some man didn't just wake up in the morning and say "I'm going to throw some tea in the harbor."

He woke up and said, "sometimes I think about throwing tea into a harbor."

And his girlfriend started crying and threw down her dishes and said, "then you must!"

And then he started crying and said, "god damn it, you are so much hotter than me you should leave me."

And she cried harder and said, "I would never leave you in a million years, Founding Father. Not because I would be branded, stoned, and ostracized, but because I'm smart and I make my own decisions and I've decided to dedicate these tits to your hungry mouth so that the people's thirst for liberty might be quenched!"

THE BLOG

And then they stopped crying and both made out, with tongue, and the camera totally got all up in there, and his powdered wig came off while he fucked her on the sink.

Cut to him in a bar brushing tea of his pantaloons and high fiving Ben Franklin.

Because, you know, why bother showing the Boston Tea Party. We know how that bullshit goes. If I wanted to watch a Boston Tea Party, I'd read a history book. Or increase the budget of my miniseries.

This isn't a dusty old history book. This is John Adams: Don't Edit On Me. This is where you see the shit the way it REALLY might have happened, BETWEEN the stuff that actually happened.

JOHN ADAMS

Doctor Franklin, won't you
have an ale with me, it costs
but a penny!

BEN FRANKLIN

Mr. Adams, it would seem to me
that a penny saved is a penny
earned.

JOHN ADAMS

(snarling grimace)
Quite true, Doctor Franklin,
quite true indeed.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

What's up, guys? Got room at
your table for a guy that
hates slavery?

JOHN ADAMS

Mister Jefferson, I must say,
have you written that

DAN HARMON

Feclaration of Findependency,
yet?

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Yes, I have. Although, after
much thought on the subject, I
have come to the decision that
I shall name it...a
Declaration. of Independence.
Such as it were.

Long, dramatic pause. Everyone looks around the table.

JOHN ADAMS

Mister Jefferson, I must say,
you have come up with a name
for a document that shall live
for many ages to come, may God
save the King and these
thirteen colonies.

BEN FRANKLIN

Well, good night, friends.
Early to bed, early to rise.

JOHN ADAMS

Doctor Franklin, I must say, I
am surprised by the volume of
your dialogue that comes from
Poor Richard's Almanac.

BEN FRANKLIN

Well, I already wrote it,
right? Didn't I write that
when I was younger? So, it's
stuff that would be in my
head, now, right? It makes
perfect historical sense if

THE BLOG

you think about it. Of course I would say things in everyday conversation that I've already written. Like, when you hang out with Charles Dickens, he's always saying everything was the best of times and the worst of times. It scans.

JOHN ADAMS

(scowl)

I suppose it does, Doctor Franklin. I suppose it does.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I don't know about you guys, but if I don't fuck a black chick in the next ten minutes, my balls are going to crack like that big bell in the background.

DAN HARMON

- April 8th, 2008 -

Do You Want Your Ex to Date a Fireman, a Ninja or a Mumbly Drip?

Which are you supposed to "want" more: someone you dated ending up with a guy you think is more awesome than you, or less awesome?

In a vacuum, I would think less awesome, because then you could be like, "she traded down." But that means she has bad taste. Or that she, herself, sucks. And you loved her. And that's bad.

I guess the ideal, and the thing that happens to me more often than not, is my ex ends up with someone that is a similar physical and/or personality type to me. And it's weird that THAT'S better. There doesn't seem to be any logic to these feelings. But I feel most comfortable, I think, breaking up with a girl, and then hearing that she's dating Dan Harmon 2, or, as I call him, Ewan McGregor. Just kidding. Fred Belford. Okay Patton Oswalt.

Maybe the thing that's comfortable about that is the continued security that you DID know this partner intimately. You were "with" them, and that's them over there now that they're not with you, and you're you, and she loved you, and you loved her, and it didn't work, and she's doing something you understand. She wasn't crazy and she wasn't hiding or suppressing some vital piece of information about what it is that they really wanted.

And I guess for that reason, it's ALSO comfortable to break up with someone, and then hear that they're with douchey/fratty/banker guy, because first of all, those guys are always good for an honest handshake and a "right on, bra, nice to meet my girl's ex," and second of all, you can just write them off as generic or even idealized men, and your girl ending up with one doesn't surprise you. It doesn't catch you off guard and raise all kinds of alarming and embarrassing questions. It just means she finished eating a plate of spaghetti and now she's having a corn dog, or vice versa.

It is what it is.

I have had exes that have ended up with my friends, I have had exes that have ended up with my enemies, I have had exes that have ended up with people I have

THE BLOG

to look at on TV, I have had exes that have turned out to be lesbians, I have had exes that have ended up with guys that have made me think, "oh, jesus, she really peaked with me," and I have had exes that have ended up with guys that have made me think, "yikes, she was really slumming it with me."

I have had exes that have ended up with guys that have made me think:
"poor thing, I bet she misses laughing out loud.",
"hey, I think that guy's cooler than me",
"awww, she finally found the right guy",
"she deserves better",
"I should have treated her better",
etc.

I even had an ex that killed herself, which is like breaking up with someone and then hearing that they're sleeping with God.

And all of these things, in their own way, seemed natural. Accessible.
Something I could file.

I've only had one girlfriend who broke up with me, and then started dating a guy that made me feel:

"?"

I think that is the most difficult scenario because it's called being insecure. Feeling vulnerable, confused, unsure, about yourself.

This girl is someone you shared your mind and body with. Their choices, previous and subsequent, in some way, relate to you. They don't have to make predictable Sesame Street sense, but there should be some kind of cosmic internal logic. Your girlfriend shouldn't tip her hat to you, turn to walk away, then become a pterodactyl or an ear of corn. In a puff of smoke. And if she does, what does it mean about me, I'm the important one here.

The thing I fear it means about me is that I'm capable of falling in love with anyone

DAN HARMON

It's a horrible phrase to include in your blog, but it's time to say it. "Maybe I've never been in love before." It's either that or I've been in love 800 times and it's about as hard to come and go as styrofoam peanuts.

"Hard to come and go?" Making up a new language. I've been awake for 2 days straight- chasing a sitcom deadline, using performance enhancing drugs. The myspace letters are actually waving like they're underwater, no exaggeration, that's how long my eyes have been open.

I need to sleep and I need to get up in time to finish the latest draft of this thing. There's residual speed (adderall) left in my brain from this push, and it's a weird kind of tired: if I lay down, I'll be out like a light, but as long as I think "stay awake," I can.

I wonder how long this blog entry is going to be. I wonder how long I could make one. This job has been going on forever, I've never worked on anything day after day after day like this. It's almost done. I think it's pretty good but I'm beyond delirious right now.

My head is bobbing and my focus is going in and out but I'm afraid to leave the keyboard. I've been here for days, weeks, and that's as far as my memory goes back so it seems like I've always been here.

It was a mistake to stay up this long. I should have gone to bed at 7pm and slept til midnight or 3am, so I could make a final push and deliver by 6pm.

Then again, what am I talking about, I could sleep for 12 hours and I'd still have six to wrap it up. But I want to take longer than that. I want to sand her little arcs and polish her little act seams.

There are weird locii in scripts that receive disproportionate treatment and it has nothing to do with how important they are, and most often, those locii just become threadbare spots, and finally holes, before whatever they're on disappears, BUT also, sometimes, on the journey from fabric to hole, there's a unique shape....I ...hole on..

Okay, I'm definitely starting to not know what I'm doing at all.

THE BLOG

What was I just talking about? I'm really going out of my mind. I swear to god I don't know where I was going with that. I want to share a few lines from my sitcom script that will probably never be in the final version. Let's see here.

EMMA

Your father was a mentor to me. That's why I called him to get his advice on how to deal with you. He had an interesting suggestion.

CJ

You're going to get drunk and throw my birthday cake at my mother?

That's one of my favorites because when I turned 12, my Dad got drunk and threw my birthday cake at my mother. I remember not even knowing they were fighting. I remember the family therapist saying I was in a "bubble." Maybe that's why I shut down with the ladies.

I'm going to die pretty soon. I don't want to live much longer than 45. I don't want to have children anymore, I think I'm just going to try to get something on the air that will generate some real revenue and hopefully retire by 40 and kill myself around 45. Not ritualistically, if I turn 45 and everything's great physically, like I don't have any chronic pain or bags or tubes or anything, I'll go as long as I can go.

Who knows, maybe that's what everybody thinks in their heads and then one day you get a colostomy bag and you think, "didn't I promise myself I would commit suicide before this happened?" And then you think, "well, Jesus, what the fuck's worse than plunging into infinite darkness, certainly not shitting in a bag." I don't know how I would do it.

I should change my default photo if I'm going to talk like that. I wouldn't use a gun anyway. But how the fuck do you kill yourself? You know what would be

DAN HARMON

easy enough to TEST a little, would be hanging. Not hanging like gallows snap your neck, but like prison cell shoelace. I wonder if that hurts.

You could easily sort of half hang yourself with some means of bailing out to see if it was going to work for you. I'm assuming. I wonder if BEFORE it sucks, you just black out. That might be the ticket right there. You just put yourself in a sleeper hold with a belt and there's barely anything for your friends to clean up.

What was I doing. Oh favorite lines from my FOX sitcom with the most complicated premise in the history of television. I'm not judging it. I didn't say convoluted, I said complicated.

That was one of the big lessons I had to learn from the sitcom world. My first draft made use of this therapist character and various other devices to gradually walk the audience into the deep end, one complication at a time.

And, essentially, the studio's note was, "drop the audience into the deep end on page four." Which, if you think about it, makes perfect sense. I'm not being sarcastic. If your show is successful, only 20 percent of your audience is ever going to SEE your pilot, and only eight percent of them are going to see the whole thing. I'm making these numbers up, but for all we know, they're smaller. I've tuned into Frasier for 8 minutes a dozen times throughout my life, and never once did I start shrieking at the TV and saying "WHY DOES HE LIVE WITH HIS DAD?!"

It's a sitcom. My sitcom is "about" this or that and is set up in this or that way, but what it IS is a bunch of cops in a house. Which can either be well written or poorly written. And I don't know which I'm doing on this next draft. But I think the first draft was there. And then they threw that in the garbage. Which means that this next one will be better or worse or the same, and why am I pretending to work in an office.

I guess first I should go through the first draft that went to the studio, because they threw that in the garbage and asked me to write a completely different one, which means that if I share some material from it, I won't be spoiling anything you'll see on TV when my show gets shot and aired by FOX which is 100% guaranteed to happen because 1) God loves joy 2) it never doesn't happen 3) the studio's response to the first draft was "write a completely different show." which is always a good sign where I come from.

THE BLOG

Can't fit it no more...starting to sleep with eyes open. Can't re-read ...

DAN HARMON

- April 9th, 2008 -

Clarification

A few of you ladies (when did my blog readership become a platonic harem [not a complaint]) commented on my "have you ever had an ex that, after dating you, started dating someone so random it made you question your identity" blog entry by describing perfectly natural feelings about your exes and the people they end up with.

And I tried to make it clear, I know what it's like to think of my exes as "old war buddies" and "time capsules," and to accept/embrace/dismiss their post-breakup activity.

I know what it's like to see an ex-girlfriend with, for instance, a midget bullfighter. I mean, I don't "know," but I understand that it's possible. And if I had an ex that dated a midget bullfighter, I would just think, "wow, that's neat." Or, hell, I might even think, "ha ha, what a loser" or "god damn it why didn't I take those bullfighting lessons with her," but MUCH more to the point, I would know what to think. There would be a thought, there would be an experience, therefore there would be coping, closure, moving on.

What I wish I could do, without abandoning common grace, is explain some of the details that are confusing me with this one guy. And some of the generalities.

Let's just say, for the sake of argument, that there's such a thing as an empirical personality value system, which there isn't. And let's say that on that scale, I am the LOWEST. I say this to remove any thought in your head that what I want to do is put this guy down. Believe me, successfully insulting this guy only makes me look and feel bad. So, let's forget about "value" of personality, and focus on one thing:

Distance between personalities. To illustrate the distance between our personalities in an objective, random way, let's say you sat me and him at a table, and put a banana in front of each of us. Without even bothering to say who is who, one of us would wear the banana like a hat, and the other would put it in his

THE BLOG

butt. If one of us would give two big, big thumbs up to a movie, the other would try to wear the movie like a hat.

Do I think that he is a "worse" person than me? Well, for one paragraph, can we drop the Spock and bring up the Kirk? Subjectively, primally, yes, but that's a psychological truism. I am me, I don't necessarily like me but I certainly like being me, which means if you were holding a gun that turned things into him, I would ask that you please not point it at me, because that would be "bad." If you left a book about how to be like him on my coffee table, with a photo of him on the cover, I might browse it for edification or read it out loud at a party but I would not think, "ah, here's my ticket."

THOSE are subjective value judgments that you OBVIOUSLY have to not only take with a grain of salt but dismiss entirely because not only did I want to get back together with her, I'm an asshole. I'm a judgmental person. I am an ego driven man. Yes, I believe that to be less like me, and more like him, is to be "worse." You got me.

But that value is beside the point, it's the distance, distance that makes me wonder, who the fuck was this person I was with, and therefore who the fuck am I.

And I suppose the first question doesn't matter, either. Just skip to who the fuck am I. It doesn't matter if she has multiple personalities, one capable of dating me and one capable of dating him. It doesn't matter if she's brazenly utilitarian and dating him for his sewing machine because her jeans have a hole in them. It doesn't matter what her problem is and it doesn't matter if she has a problem and it doesn't matter if they're soul mates and it doesn't matter if she rolled a pair of dice.

What matters is, once again, I was in love, and it was baseless. It was a waste of everyone's precious, magical time on this planet. No matter who the protagonist is, no matter if it's a comedy or a tragedy, that story was fucking random and unfulfilling.

Give me some order. Give me a character with an arc. Show me two CATscans of her and tell me I was with someone that had or didn't have something that then appeared or went into remission on a specific date.

DAN HARMON

You're saying, "it was the tumor of life, Dan. The stroke of experience."
Will you please try to remember how much smarter I am than you? I'm TAKING
THE WIND DIRECTION INTO ACCOUNT. I'm adjusting for Heisenberg. I
know EVERYTHING about people and life that you know.
Sorry. I didn't mean to yell at you. I mean, I meant to but you didn't do anything
wrong.

Okay, 5 more hours of work and this thing is over. I can't believe it.
Everybody that likes me get ready to have a drink somewhere.

THE BLOG

- April 9th, 2008 -

A Second Clarification

When I talk about committing suicide at 45, it's not because I'm depressed or feeling worthless. I like my life, that's why I don't want to go on cholesterol medication and inject myself with insulin and use a stick to drink water and wear a button around my neck that makes a bag in my foot keep my lung from collapsing.

Knocking on wood when I say this: I've never broken a bone, except the usual hairline fractures in the face and knuckles that come with being really manly (and/or getting jumped by ten guys in a hotel room). I've never been stung by a bee. When I get a minor headache, it ruins my day because it's unusual.

I just want things to stay the way they are, and since the only way to keep them the way they are until I'm 55 is to run on a treadmill and eat a sack of oats instead of chasing my burger with a ketel one and doing bits about Voltron, I'll be very lucky to make it to 45 without some kind of medical bullshit eclipsing my carefree life. And when that happens, it's a fucking deal breaker, that's all I'm saying. I wasn't born to suffer, I was born to watch Law and Order while I eat fake vegan chicken sandwiches between blogging about jerking off, getting paid to write nonsense and experimenting with pharmaceuticals.

The way the cards are laid out, it's a good life that ends around 45. I like it that way. It's not Sorrows of Young Werther, it's Harold and Maude, except there's no Harold and Maude is a middle aged dude and the vaginal sculpture is Grand Theft Auto IV, which comes out this month.

You shouldn't pity or encourage me, you should build a statue of me on your front lawn.

Also, if you live in L.A., you should kiss me and touch my nipple and let me smell your hair. If you live somewhere else, you should let me know what plane tickets cost and send me HEAD TO TOE photos of you with a RECENT NEWSPAPER in the frame.

DAN HARMON

Thank you for your time.

THE BLOG

- April 9th, 2008 -

Done.

Finished. Script on the barrel head. Going to Happy Hour at the Bigfoot.

pr 11, 2008

Done 2 : Urban Harvest

Delivered script to network at 6. weekend is free.

going to tee gee because the crowds come out on fridays.

i'm a sleepy pants.

i put the birthday cake line back in, and turned an otherwise potentially flat expository character into a fat black woman that talks about robots. also, at the end of the scene, having established all the information, the protagonist says, "that's it? you don't want to add anything else to this situation? can I stop by a zoo on the way there and pick up a monkey?" this enables me to get past the shame i felt for writing a scene in which there was no way around someone having to say:

"you're sending me to a halfway house for crazy cops run by my dad?!?!?!?!?"

oh, man. nobody has ever worked as hard as i worked on that script. You're saying, what about those guys in the diamond mines, i don't know, do they work hard? i have no idea. i refuse to capitalize. i won't do it.

if you live in los angeles, the weather was beautiful today, i walked around and listened to music and i felt likehmmm...think dan, think.
professional writing ability, don't fail me now. i felt like nigger aids cunt.
in a good way.

DAN HARMON

- April 12th, 2008 -

I Talk About You in this Blog Entry

Later on, in this blog entry, I talk about you. But first, some chit chat.

In my previous entry, I said, "if you live in los angeles, the weather was beautiful today." What am I, an immigrant practicing conversation? What's the unspoken remainder of that insight? If you don't live in los angeles, I have a hat. If you live in Quebec, there is a library.

I apologize for that. It was out of line. The weather was beautiful yesterday, regardless of where you live. I try to keep the contents of my Myspace blog concise, polite, accessible, soup and faggot. It's not often I step out of bounds, but when I do, I account for it. I apologize. I am sorry that I said "if you live in los angeles, the weather was beautiful today." You don't need that kind of bullshit. This blog isn't written by your fat daughter, I don't get that kind of latitude. I slip up, POW, you pull the plug. You stop reading.

Alternate suggestions for the sound of someone "pulling the plug:" Plook! Kloop! Pullug! Bloop! Unplook!

New paragraph. Still not talking about you, yet. Maybe I'll talk about you later. Maybe the last sentence will be "you're a bad person." Dropped like a fiz-ucking biz-omb after 11 pages of improvised onomatopoeia and stream of consciousnesses. What the French call le consciousness aux strems.

All right. Enough. Let's talk about you. PSYCH ("sike"). You know what? Maybe I will never talk about you again. Maybe I will not talk about you for six months, but then talk about you for 20 pages.

Would you like a schedule of when I'll be talking about you? Well, wouldn't that be convenient. Given the amount of text I write that you have to scan, and the time you'd save not having to scan it, you could take up tennis. Get some shopping done. Work on that thing you do that only you do that I may or may not be referring to right now.

THE BLOG

Well, it just doesn't work that way. You fuck. Welcome to hostage - don't look it up, I'll tell you. It's the state of being held hostage. Wait. Hold it. Stop. Do not use that word today. I made it up. I almost made you look stupid in front of your friends today. Speaking of friends, - ah? Ah? Am I going to talk about you? Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnnnnd -

- NO! New paragraph! Nothing to do with you! Heyoooooooooh!

I'm not talking about you, yet. But I am talking to you. Just you. You know who you are. You know I'm only pretending this is generic. You know I'm looking directly at you, and you alone. And there is something I need to say to you, that I would only want to say if I was talking to you:

I shouldn't have this kind of control over your life.

You should be floating through space and have Newtonian interactions based on your gravity, your mass, your momentum. I shouldn't be affecting you. I think you should stop reading. I promise that if you stop reading, right now, I will stop writing.

Ugh. Okay, we both broke that deal. Another paragraph. What's this one going to be about? Is it going to be more bullshit about how sad, lonely or scared I am? You don't have time for this shit. If I'm going to say nothing of any importance to you, the least I could do is keep it short. If I'm going to talk about you, can't I just get to it? You don't have all day. You have a conversation scheduled immediately after this to talk about me talking about you.

I feel bad about this enormous mountain of self expression. I can't imagine how angry you must be when you pull up to it in your empty pickup truck and see how many meaningless chunks of me you'll have to toss over your shoulder before you find anything that reflects enough of your special face. Well, here, let me give you a break. Here's a shiny gem about you:

I think you're stupid, selfish and untalented.

Here, let me help you load that into your truck, you vacuous piece of shit.

DAN HARMON

We'll strap it with some bungee. Actually, why don't I ride with you so I can help you get this onto your identity pile. It can be pretty heavy to realize that I perceive you as a whiny, empty, self-important bore.

Is this your pile, here? Oh, wow. Impressive.

Man, you sure have a lot of stuff from other people on here. No no, that's not a judgment, although I suppose if it was, it would go right on this pile.

Okay, let's get this big mother off your truck. Man, I really let you have it with this one, you parasite. This is bigger than anything you've already got. Now, I'm required to say this to everyone, just as a formality: You do realize, of course, that this giant jewel you got from Mount Harmon, while inspired by you and reflective of you, is not you, and that its value as a piece of expression is not value that can be directly attributed to you, but is, in fact, the direct result of Dan Harmon's tendency to make things interesting. Okay, good. I know it's obvious, but I'm required to tell people that.

You know, as long as I'm here...Mind if I take a look at who you really are?

I wouldn't mind getting underneath a lot of this stuff, let's sort of...Can we do a little experiment, here? We can put everything back the way we found it as soon as I'm done, but I just want to try something:

Could we please remove everything from your identity that is the result of someone else saying something about you? Let's just- whoa whoa, easy, I'm not doing anything permanent, we're going to put it all back, you're going to be who you were before I came here, I just want to show you something.

Let's just make a separate pile for all these rumors people have spread about you, and compliments and insults people have dealt you, and these horoscopes, and, oh, personality quizzes don't count as self expression, people are always surprised to find that out. Applause, boos, your mother said a bunch of bullshit that cuts both ways but none of it matters, your accountant says you're attentive, your roommate says you're a slob, someone said you were a genius (he was on coke), here's some photographs, those are of you, but they aren't you, here's a clipping from a publication, not you, and, of course, this giant, sparkling jewel I created when I called you human garbage, not you.

THE BLOG

Next, let's set aside all the things you like. Yes, the things we like are there because of who we are, but we're trying to get to the who we are part, and we are not BBC America, sunsets, baby elephants and converse.

Okay, if we did this right, what we should have left is the stuff you've generated, including anything you've expressed about yourself that hasn't been propaganda, sabotage, or lies. And we call that your "actual identity."

Well, now, don't be ashamed, just because it's not a giant pile of stuff doesn't mean you're not a person. It's exactly fears like that lead to people overpiling with other people's stuff. You have plenty here, and once your pile is cleaner, it makes it easier to make it bigger. What do we got here.

You're a chocaholic? I'm sorry, that shouldn't be in here. That's just saying you like chocolate. You can't put "aholic" after something you consume and call that an identity.

Aw! What's this little doo-dad? Did you make this? See, there we go, you make stuff, everybody makes something. Let me check it out. I won't break it, I'm very familiar with these. This is called an attention sucker. It's designed to draw attention toward an identity pile. These are cool. Can I show you something? I have to actually open this - it's okay, take it easy, I make these things all the time, I know them inside and out.

A lot of people hate these things because they draw attention to identity piles that have nothing in them but more attention suckers. But inside every single one of these lame ass, embarrassing, derivative pieces of shit that we make is something incredible, look there, see that? It's right at the center:

That's a little baby expression! See how pretty?

This expression contains something called need. And even though no two expressions of need are the same, the need they express is universal and eternal - so much so that you normally can't even see it. Unless it's "expressed" inside one of these little gems.

Isn't that pretty? Look at that need. Look how insanely incomplete and alone you are. It's infinite. You were born in need, you will die in it. Some people think that not only does need connect all people, and all life, but that life is, itself, an

DAN HARMON

expression of need on the part of a physical universe, and that the physical universe is an expression of need on the part of the nothingness it's trying to fill, and some people actually believe that that's what God is, the original, infinite unknowable, unfillable Need, a single thought that says, "something that is not must now be."

And these people that believe these things, they say that you can atone with that God by expressing your own need, by simply figuring out what it is you want, being honest with yourself about it, and then expressing it in some way, in a conversation, a poem, a joke, a movie, a stained glass window, etc. And everything you touch grows, and everything you imagine becomes, and you get laid, and you make money, and your life is easy. And you never have to defend yourself because everyone that means you harm bursts into flame, because you're doing God's work and he doesn't want you fucked with.

Now. Let's put this unintentional expression of need you made back inside this dumb thing surrounding it that wasted the world's time. And let's put that back in your pile. And let's put all your bullshit back there, all your rehearsal, ambition, misdirection, self pity, melodrama, entitlement, restraint, privacy and brazen, bold-faced lies. There. You're all back to your shitty self again. With me saying you're shitty right on top, like a star on a Christmas tree.

You are quite welcome!

THE BLOG

- April 13th, 2008 -

My Retarded Neighbor

Retarded needs qualifying because it makes you picture someone with Down Syndrome. Not the case. But if I just say "crazy" you picture Michael Keaton in a straight jacket. Also not the case.

It's a special case. I'm not a novelist, my descriptive tools are rusty and blunt, and using them drains my karma, but you need an image:

He's six feet tall, about 230 pounds, shaped like a bowling pin with tits, dresses like a late eighties drummer on laundry day (Jam pants, giant tee shirts, high tops). His face has seen some bad treatment, maybe in the womb, maybe in a bar, probably both, as if someone said, "hey, a guy that looks like a fish, let's beat him with a pool cue." His eyes are always wide and his mouth is always peeled back into a grin that, be it neurological or psychological, is anything but logical, because, simply put, he shouldn't be smiling.

I know that when I conjure this golem, your desire for balance makes you imagine him on the front lawn singing softly to himself while combing a toy horse's mane. Well, tell it to Steinbeck.

This guy's myth has long since crossed Campbell's return threshold. There may have been previous chapters in which The Phantom was still in the rafters, and there may have even been a time when Edward tried to use his scissorhands to function within the system. Those times are behind us.

This hero's at the stage where he creates a new world, part ours, part his.

Robocop's visor is off, his bald Peter Weller face is exposed and he's all up in our OCP board meeting. It's time for change.

I "met" him while walking to the grocery store. It was years and years ago, I can't remember a lick of the actual dialogue, this is my best attempt at an equivalent, meaning, this was not what was said, but it made this little sense:

DAN HARMON

EXT. STREET - DAY

DAN Harmon, male, 30s, handsome, walks briskly down the sidewalk. A giant RETARDED MAN is walking ten feet behind him, keeping pace.

RETARDED MAN

Oh, man! Do you see that?
That's crazy! Where's Bobby?

Dan slows down and glances back over his shoulder. Retarded Man appears to be addressing him.

RETARDED MAN

Have you ever seen anything
like that?

Dan stops walking and turns.

DAN

Like what?

The retarded man slows down.

RETARDED MAN

It was so weird. You don't
even know Bobby, do you?

DAN

No, but I think we're
neighbors, I live -

RETARDED MAN

(dismissive)

I thought you knew Bobby.
Something crazy happened!

DAN

Oh. Okay.

THE BLOG

RETARDED MAN

Pffft! Whatever!

Retarded man turns and walks the opposite direction. Dan turns and continues walking to the store, looking violated.

Yeah, that's right, I got "the gas face" from my retarded neighbor. You see, to him, I'm retarded. Walking around like I know Bobby, when even the most cursory investigation reveals I don't. And I guess it's mythically/spiritually valuable to have a Willy Wonka around to turn the tables on my alleged sanity, to remind me that soundness of mind is subjective.

But you know what? I'm not writing him a check for his services just yet. Because he also does shit like this:

There's a low cement wall in front of his yard. One night, I was walking with my then-girlfriend, and he popped his head up onto the wall like Marty Feldman in the Young Frankenstein Brain Room and went "Ahhhhhhh ha ha ha!"

He scared the fucking shit out of us, even though, fortunately, I had actually seen him scurrying into position. He still made me jump out of my god damn pants. I think that's why this guy looks like Mickey Rourke. I think between his condescending "pffts" and his hilarious "surprise, I may look like a monster, but I'm also leaping from the shadows at you" jokes, and the fact that not everyone in the world is a pussy like me, this guy probably gets his face punched in once a week.

I don't know, maybe he saw that it was me and he likes me and wants to be my friend by scaring me. If that's the case, I want to say to him, "My friend, you come to the table scary. You're a fucking minotaur. I would be scared to play checkers with you, therefore, your creepy bit is not only redundant, it's counterproductive. You're setting normal/retarded relations back decades."

My favorite story about my retarded neighbor is my favorite because I am not a character in it. I prefer Having a Retarded Neighbor to be a spectator sport.

DAN HARMON

There was a blackout here about a month ago. Now, you and I, we have things we do when there's a blackout. For instance, you might light some candles. Here's what this guy did, and I mean, he did it as fast as you'd get to a candle:

He got on a bullhorn and started screaming through it incoherently. Non stop. "AGABABABABABAGA. ATTENTION, MURPHALURFA BING BONG, ATTENTION, PLEASE, CLICKY CLICKY CLACK CLACK, POOT POOT..." I mean, there would be ten second pauses. But like eight straight minutes went by where this guy was just shouting through a megaphone. I was writing on a dwindling laptop, I'm pretty autistic when I'm working, so, I was conscious of this going on, but my brain wasn't bothering to process it until the end, when, after like eight minutes, the Mexican widow in the building next to me opened a window, and yelled at him. She yelled at him by name. They have a relationship. She knew his name, and, amazingly, she knew exactly what to say to make him stop shouting through a megaphone:

"[Some Name]! Just because the power's out doesn't mean we don't have cell phones, we can still call the police!"

Instant silence. The sound of her window closing. Good night.

And I immediately wrote down exactly what she said, because I had always wished I had bothered to transcribe my encounters with this guy. Also, I feel safer knowing there's a sweater you can put on that might make Jason Vorhees at least pause and cock his head.

Just because the power's out doesn't mean we don't have cell phones. We can still call the police.

The power going out doesn't mean you can start acting as retarded as you've always wanted to. The world hasn't ended, there's still a society, and you are still retarded in relation to it. We haven't all become instantly retarded just because we can't read our books. You are still a minority within this community. As long as I have fingers to snap, you will always be one snap away from a butterfly net. So act like you do when there's electricity.

THE BLOG

I assumed that's what she meant that at the time, but now that I'm telling the story, I'm wondering if it was less of a threat and more of a demotion, like maybe she meant:

Hey! Put the megaphone down. Those are for police. We still have them.
You're not like Riddick in 2000's sci-fi horror film Pitch Black. You don't become more valuable to us when the lights go out.

You just become retarded in the dark.

DAN HARMON

- April 14th, 2008 -

Post Partum

Turned in script at 6 on Friday. Walked around in the beautiful weather until well after dark, glad to be finished, looking forward to network's notes, looking forward to writing other things, looking forward to everything.

Essentially slept all weekend.

Woke up yesterday around 5pm in emotional agony. Shame. Rage. Depression. I never want to look at what I wrote. I'm embarrassed anyone read it. Whatever they say is going to make me upset. If they like it, they're stupid, if they don't like it, they're retarded, if they shoot it, it's going to suck, if they don't shoot it, it's a travesty, I hate myself, I hate everything I do, and no matter what, I'm going to have to look at it again, probably today, and it's going to make me want to puke and cry.

Housekeeper comes over today. I had to go buy cat litter and paper towels and toilet cleaner. Had to walk up and down the same three aisles ten times each to find the right things. Everything was where it always is, but I can't see. I'm blinded by how much God hates me. Nothing makes sense, there's no point to anything, everything is stacked in neat piles and everyone is acting like they're doing something but everyone's lying, especially me. I want to curl up in a ball and skip all of this emptiness. I want to wake up when I have a purpose again. I want to be special again.

For a sitcom, I have to do this to myself. The only thing worse than being a bad writer is being pretentious and acting like your bad writing really takes a lot out of you.

And the only thing worse than that is trying to cheer him up. It's not going to work, you're just going to make me look like a bigger asshole if you try. Anyone that leaves a positive comment gets deleted as a friend. I'm not going to be guilty of fishing for bullshit pep talks on top of all my other crimes against myself and my God. Just shut up for once in your stupid life and let someone be depressed. And don't do it ironically. And don't be ironically negative. You don't

THE BLOG

get to be cute, nice, mean, funny or heroic underneath this blog entry. You will just reveal yourself to be a stupid, selfish, hack asshole. Just shut up. The world dies today, because I say so.

I control everything. I say today is enveloped in impenetrable darkness. Contradict me and I swear to Jesus Christ I will destroy you.

Okay, well, that cheered me up a little. Just a little, though. What's this. I'm getting a text message, right now.

Oh, it's from a famous person. They want to eat breakfast with me.

And why wouldn't they. I'm amazing.

See, everything's fine.

Later, losers.

DAN HARMON

- April 17th, 2008 -

Elisabeth Rohm, May I Check Your LUDS?

Dear Elisabeth Rohm, who played assistant district attorney Serena Southerlyn from 2001 to 2005 on Law and Order:

May I check your LUDS? And by your LUDS, I mean, your underwear? I would like to go over them and see if I can find any leads, and by leads, I mean your vagina.

I've already had a couple of unis set up a perimeter so I can canvass the area. Between your legs. Are you following me? What I'm trying to say, in Law and Order language, is that I would like to have sexual intercourse with you.

If you don't want to discuss it here, we can always go downtown. I mean I can go downtown. I mean my mouth can go down into your pussy's town.

Why do you need a lawyer? Did your pussy do something wrong? We're just chatting, here. Of course, I do have three witnesses that picked you out of a photo array and can put you in a cab at 108th street ten minutes before what the M.E. determined to be the time of death. Which was enough for a judge to sign a warrant, and while you're sitting here dreaming up an alibi, my partner is searching your home. How long do you think it's going to be before we turn up that .38 and ballistics matches it to the slugs found at the scene? We've already got a partial thumb and index on the shell casings. I got a dead cop and raped kid on my hands, someone's going down for this and it might as well be you. So why not make it easy on yourself.

Cooperate with my boner.

Honestly, it's a favor I'm offering you. I have means (my dick), motive (wanting to fuck you) and opportunity (to fuck you), especially when you're wearing reading glasses and a sweater. It's enough for a jury.

When I arraign that ass, you'd better believe the people (of my dick) will request that [your pussy] be remanded into custody without bail, due to the severity of your crime and the substantial flight risk. Of my balls.

THE BLOG

Let's discuss a plea for each of your boobs. Man 1 depraved indifference and Man 2 criminal negligence, to be served concurrently. While I suck on them.

In return for your testimony, and following your allocution, your voluptuous, Germanic body will receive 25 to life (my dick). It's either that or I get a grand jury to return an indictment (my balls) and we take this to trial (my bed), in which case you're looking at the needle (also my dick).

Take your time and think about it (having sex with me). Maybe a few days in Riker's (the state of not having sex with me) will help you make up your mind [to have sex] (with me) [while wearing your glasses].

DAN HARMON

- April 18th, 2008 -

My Life in Advertising

We catch occasional glimpses of our parallel lives. We drive past a college campus, we see a baby, we overhear a conversation about American Idol, and we think, oh, that might have been me, I thought about going there, or trying one of those, or carving out that part of my brain with a spoon.

I just saw a commercial on TV that made me think about the life I might have had in the field of advertising. It made me wistful.

This is how the commercial starts. I really want you to take this line in, it's good stuff.

"Time is a thief. As you age, it may even silently steal your bones."

Not bad. I want to be the guy that wrote that. I want to toast my colleagues over a pitcher, celebrating our ad firm taking on a major pharmaceutical company, bobbing our gelled heads and saying "time is gonna steal your bones" through smiles like one of us is getting married. I want to wear my cell phone on my belt.

And I want to brainstorm ways to accelerate the time-as-bone-thief campaign if it takes off.

I want to be in the bull pen at the ad firm and say, "hey, who says time has to be referred to in the third person? What if time becomes a character, a thief that steals bones? More of a franchise."

And Troy, my superior and jealous rival, the guy that's always trying to take credit for my ideas, would say, "right, like, fade in on James Caan scaling a penthouse window with suction cups? And he turns to the camera and says hey ladies, it's me, time, trying to figure out how to get at those bones of yours, but I can't do it if you're taking the right pills?"

And everybody would be like murmur murmur oh that's great Troy murmur murmur, while I leaned back in my roller chair and shot a ball of paper into a

THE BLOG

wastebasket, and said, "Good one, bra. Classic Troy. Right up the middle, low risk, low yield."

And everyone would stop and look at me.

And I'd be like, "I was thinking something more like this."

And, on cue, a door would open up, and a naked black man would run in wearing a witch doctor mask and shriek, "HEY, YOU CRINKLY OLD BITCH! BUY THESE PILLS OR I'M A TAKE YOUR MOTHER FUCKIN BOOOOOOONES!"

And there would be silence, and then of course, Troy would lead the attack, grand standing for the old man, being all, bra, where do I start, you can't put a black man in a witch doctor mask, let alone make him talk like Ice Cube, let alone both. That's triple racism, you're reinforcing stereotypes of primitive african mythology and modern african american culture then drawing some kind of connection between them-

-And I'd stand up and pound the table and be like, "Oh, I'm SORRY, bra! Are we here to help black people feel better about society? My MISTAKE! I thought we were here to frighten middle class sixty year old women into asking their doctors about osteoperosis medication!"

And everybody would get real quiet, and one dude would nod his head a little while looking at the table.

And I'd be like, you people make me sick. This place used to be about moving the fucking pills.

And I'd head for the door.

But I wouldn't make it all the way out before the old man at the head of the table said, "Harmon. Get back here."

DAN HARMON

And I'd stop in the glass doorway and, without turning around, I'd lean my arm against the wall and be all, "give me one reason why I should hang around here with a bunch of faggots."

And the old man would be like, "I'll give you two reasons: Troy's corner office and a fucking yacht."

And Night Ranger would start playing.

And Troy would be like, "this is ludicrous!" And the old man would be like, get him out of here! And security guards would come in and Troy's hair piece would come off. And I'd go home and fuck Kim Catrall, except my version of Kim Catrall would stay a mannequin UNTIL other people were around, at which point she'd become quirky and inspiring. And Madison Avenue would be lined with platinum statues of me sitting on a horse.

It would have been a good life.

Oh, well. I wrote one third of Monster House, and my hours are flexible, so, fuck it.

THE BLOG

- April 19th, 2008 -

God Blog!

Let me do my best to wrap up the God debate. I know it's gone unresolved for a few millenia, but I have a 2 o clock call time and I'm bored.

To mutate one of my favorite proverbs: There are two ways to think. You can think there are two ways to think, or you can think.

Easy example: What would you like to drink? Water? Here you go, a nice tall glass of Coca Cola soda water. What's wrong? That's not what you wanted? Hey, it's your choice, this isn't Russia, one Pepsi coming up.

Pretty easy to smell the rat there, since I've got two cans of visibly identical soda on the table and you're standing on a planet made almost entirely of what you wanted to drink in the first place. So let's go to level two.

I've got two walnut shells here, each representing a political ideology. The left says our military industrial empire should be run with compassion, humility and awareness. The right says it should be run with aggression, pride and faith. Guess where the pea of power is. Choose correctly and I'll let you control your own country.

You're correct. The pea is in my hand. As with the soda, I tried to dictate the margins of your selection, drawing your attention to a line between "left" and "right," misdirecting it from the line between "the guy holding the power" and "a bunch of people frowning at empty walnut shells."

But you outsmarted me again. Because you know the trick to cola wars and bipartisan systems. You know that if you just turn the table 90 degrees, a battle between two brands of soda becomes a man compelled to consume corn syrup, and a struggle between liberals and conservatives becomes a self-policing class of underpaid laborers participating in virtually inconsequential civic rituals while funneling their salaries to a transnational ruling class via a system of unconstitutional tax laws.

DAN HARMON

So why is it so hard for us to "think laterally" about religion? Why can't we see that the "debate" between "there is a God" and "there is no God," turned 90 degrees, is an entire planet full of people engaged in a willful act of self infantilization?

Well, because, it's willful. Who wants to grow up? Boring. Here's something that's not boring: Totally proving God doesn't exist! Rock and rolllllll, baby! Karate chop! Yeah! Here's another thing that's not boring:

Totally believing in God! Pazow! Laser eyes! Awesome! Let's fight!

Here's the boring and obvious truth: What the hell are we even fighting about? How can a god exist or not exist? Gods are specifically designed to be the only thing you can never understand. It says so on the package in Mesopotamian. Where's the debate?

Here, let me show you something: There's no God. Oh, FUCK! Where'd God go? Oh my shitting shit, I KILLED GOD! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

Wait! I know! This might work: There's a God. HOLY SHIT, GOD IS BACK! THERE'S A GOD!

I wasn't "lying" when I said there was a God. Hook me up to a "lie detector" if you don't "believe" me. Hey, as long as you've got it hooked up to me, I'll say there is no God. Looks like I'm still telling the truth. Should I swear on a bible, too?

There's absolutely nothing any of us can do or say. We can't get in a boat and go to God's house. We're not fucking Vikings. We have to grow the fuck up already, it's MYTHOLOGY. It's supposed to blow your mind, it's supposed to be a connection between you and the shit that freaks the piss out of you, whatever that may be.

And it's supposed to be YOURS. You don't have to believe what other people believe, religion isn't a board game that you buy and then open and then win or lose.

THE BLOG

You know who I hate? Atheists. "Mmmm, hello, I'm an atheist, I don't believe in other people's imaginary friends, erm, ahem, there's a little thing called science..." Oh, christ almighty, Spock, stick a dick in it, will you? You figured out that Santa Claus can't fit down the chimney, do you want a fucking medal? Do you realize who's going to bother to argue with you about this? A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT KIND OF IDIOT.

You know who else I hate? Fundamentalists. "Wah wah, you're not allowed to interpret the universe, only I am, God said so, me, me, me, you're going to hell." Well, gee, professor pooppy pants, thanks for the heads up, but I've got this HUNCH you might be wrong, based on that time you said you didn't want to suck EVERY DICK in the WORLD. Why don't you come up with a couple more ways to make your problems mine, you fucking sweaty lipped, shifty eyed, ulcerated twat.

You know who else pisses me off? Agnostics. "Ooh, look at me, technically, man cannot know." You don't say. You're really blowing my mind, buddy. That's a great "religion." What? Stupid. It's like having your flag be a flag pole. Good one. That's what everyone starts with, what's your point, you're an atheist without balls to kick? What do you drive, a buick painted with primer? Hey, let's go get something to eat. Mmmmm, a plate of flour, please. No, no mustard. I wouldn't want to get CALLED OUT on anything.

Just stop being a bunch of silly faces. There's nothing at stake. It's religion, it's like a blackjack system or an arts and crafts project. You're supposed to make one, for yourself, with your own brain. Base it on other shit you've seen that works but leave out the shit that doesn't, that's all anybody has ever done that came before you.

You want to spread your religion? Well, be a billboard for it. Are you happy? Are you effective? Yeah? Well, what's your religion, maybe I'll steal some of it.

Ah, shit. My call time just got bumped up, I didn't really get to wrap up the God debate. Then I have to finish Heat Vision and then Grand Theft Auto IV comes out. Oh well. Guess you'll have to float through spiritual oblivion for the rest of your life. So close.

DAN HARMON

Here, put it this way: Yes, there's a God. If you can say there is one. And I certainly can't conjure one up for you if you can't say there is one, so, I guess there also isn't one. But it's part of God's job to not exist, so, overall, really, there is a God. For now.

The war is not between people who believe in God and people who don't. The war is between control freaks and awesome people. I'm an awesome person, and everyone else is a control freak. And the only way to join my side is to worship me, and give me control over your life.

Because I'm God.

There, that should do it.

THE BLOG

- April 21st, 2008 -

Zero Research Theatre: The Genesis of L'il Bush

Jeff Davis has a "blog jam" in his blog, where he gives a topic in his blog and everyone's supposed to "blog" in the comments. The latest topic was the Comedy Central show L'il Bush. In particular, Jeff wants to know anything he can find out about it. I don't really know anything about it but I took a stab at explaining how it might have come to be, which turned into a script, which was too long to fit in a comment, and if I don't paste it somewhere, Schrab will think I spent this two hours writing Heat Vision, and then he might invite me to watch movies at his apartment with all our friends, and that would be terrible.

INT. COMEDY CENTRAL BOARD ROOM - DAY
Comedy Central development executive C-17 [half Asian, one quarter Cherokee, female, 26] is having a "pitch meeting" with writer 697 [white, disgusting, 40].

C-17

Do you want some Skittles?

697

Oh, I can't, I'm on the Atkins-

C-17

-I love it, I love Atkins, tell me more.

697

Oh, I'm sorry, I haven't started pitching a show yet.

C-17

I love it.

DAN HARMON

Spike TV development executive B-9 [two thirds Hawaiian, one third Cuban, 28] pokes his head through the glass door.

B-9

Britannica, are you guys going to be using this room in five minutes? Jon Cryer and Cornelius Zappa, jr. are coming in to pitch a show to Spike TV and we have to change the sign on the door.

C-17

We're almost done, Dexitrim, I'm just listening to this pitch for our new hit show, I love it.

B-9

Oh my God, I don't want to hear it, la la la, cross contamination!

He leaves, covering his ears. C-17 takes off her shoes, puts her bare feet on the table and unwraps a lollipop.

C-17

Do you want a lollipop?

697

No thank you.

C-17

How. Cool. Are. Lollipops.

697

They are cool.

THE BLOG

C-17

Love it, love it, love it.
Love lollipops. What's your
show?

697

It's about the president.
Except as a baby.

C-17

Can I just ask? How amazing
are babies?

697

Babies are the most amazing
things in the world.

C-17

I want to have a baby soooooo
bad, but then they take your
parking space.

697

Watching this show would be
like having a baby!

C-17

- I love it I love it I love
it -

The door opens. C-17's ASSISTANT [asian, male, 20,
seven feet tall] comes in holding a miniature greyhound
in one hand and a shitzu in the other.

ASSISTANT

Is one of these yours?

DAN HARMON

C-17

Uh, we're in a meeting?

ASSISTANT

Sorry.

C-17

Will you just? Please? Just
walk him. Walk them both, and
just...we're in a meeting.

The assistant leaves with the dogs. The greyhound is
pissing everywhere. C-17 throws her lollipop and rubs
her temples.

C-17

I can't. I just. Eugh. I am so
sorry.

Tears roll down her cheeks. Her lip trembles.

697

I can take off.

C-17

Could yooooooooooooou?

697

No problem, it's your network.

C-17

Yeah, I wish! Give me a hug.
Give me a kiss. Kiss me.
Gimmie a kiss.
Come on, you can kiss me
better. Put your hands there.
Now hold, squeeze, and kiss. I
love you. I love you so much.

THE BLOG

(realizing)

And I love your show! Atkins
Baby! I love it!

TITLE CARD:

SEVEN MONTHS LATER

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Writer 697 is eating with his AGENT.

AGENT

So how's it going, what have
you been up to, tell me about
yourself, tell me what's going
on, tell me who you are,
explain how we know each
other.

697

Have you heard from Comedy
Central?

AGENT

I did. I absolutely did. They
want to buy your Atkins Bush
thing.

697

Oh, good! What a relief, I've
been running out of money.

Agent looks at him, confused.

AGENT

So go to the bank.

697

I don't have any money in the
bank.

DAN HARMON

AGENT

The bank is full of money,
bra.

697

Well, each person has a
separate bank account, and
mine is empty.

AGENT

Okay, I don't know what the
fuck you're talking about, but
you're my client and I want
you to be happy so have it
your way.

The naked WAITER descends from the ceiling wrapped in
gauze.

WAITER

Gentlemen, our special today
is alligator teeth pounded
into dust with an HIV negative
mallet and sprinkled over an
Arab woman's severed clitoris,
all proceeds go to fight a
memorial to apartheid.

AGENT

I'll have the special.

697

Can I get a menu?

WAITER

I'll bring you the special.

The waiter ascends.

THE BLOG

697

So, what happens next, with Comedy Central? They give me money and I write a show?

AGENT

Well, they'd like you to put something on paper. Just so they can sell it to their bosses. Not an outline, just a document, like a few lines of description, you know, what is the show, who are the characters, where are each of them at any given point in the story, what are they saying to each other, how does that change from one scene to the next, how many scenes are there, do the scenes transition with some kind of wipe, and what would each episode be about.

697

Then what happens?

AGENT

Five biracial men and women in their late twenties take your idea upstairs to two white women in their late thirties. The white women in their late thirties take it upstairs to a white man in his late forties. He goes up to the roof and waves a red or green flag at

DAN HARMON

the brain of a 300 year old
jew orbiting the planet in a
glass bubble. If it's green,
you get a check. Three
thousand big ones. Forty
percent of it in your pocket,
douche.

697

Why am I a douche?

AGENT

No, that's the sound of money
in your pocket. Douche!

697

Okay, well, it's not about the
money, I mean, I love writing-

AGENT

- Hey, WHO THE FUCK DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE? If you don't
like how the business works,
go back to fucking Iowa, I'm
trying to help you!

697

I said I'd do it!

AGENT

Oh! Ha! I practice these
lunches over breakfast, sorry.

TITLE CARD:

TWO YEARS LATER

INT. COMEDY CENTRAL PRESIDENTIAL SUPER OFFICE - DAY

TOM Comedy, president of Comedy Central, looks out over
Los Angeles from his office. He is wearing a rhinestone

THE BLOG

jacket and a hat made of a cheetah's head. There are seven posters for Crank Yankers in different languages on the wall.

TOM

when I came here to Comedy Central, Mind of Mencia's fifth season was nothing more than a dream. There were some that didn't even think it could be a reality. "Mencia's mind is too unpredictable," said my enemies, "four seasons is all you can do, get out of there, it's getting dangerous, do a show with Andy Dick." But I didn't. I planted my feet and I did nothing, because that's my job. Now look at us. We are currently taping our third episode of that fifth season of Mind of Mencia. And I probably shouldn't tell you this, but this time, we really get into that mother fucker's mind. I'm not kidding.

697

I'll be watching, sir.

TOM

Who knows what will happen after I'm gone, hell, maybe Mind of Mencia will have a sixth season, that's not my world, that's not my time, that's September of next year, I'll be sipping lemonade at

DAN HARMON

MTV Films. This is my time.
The present. And the present
is the future, and the future
is the internet, are you
following me, fatso? May I
call you stinky disgusting
sweaty gross deluded
midwestern fatso?

697

Yes, sir.

TOM

Fatso, how would you like to
do your show on the internet,
instead of on television?

697

Oh. Uh.

TOM

The internet is the future,
fatso. TV is dead.

697

Okay.

TOM

Here's your contract, slight
variation on the old one, new
media, new attitude, new
contract. That's laser paper,
it came out of a laser
printer, laser contract from
the future.

THE BLOG

697

It's seven hundred and twenty pages.

TOM

There's stickers where you sign, farm boy, it's not an eye tuck. Listen, I've got a fucking cheetah head for a hat, I don't talk to fat people about money, go play Dungeons and Dragons with your mother or something, The Olsen Twins are supposed to lick my ass and balls tonight and they won't do it unless they're dipped in green tea flavored Pinkberry.

TITLE CARD: TWO YEARS LATER

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Writer 697 is on top of an ACTRESS [white, female, 30s], humping away. He rolls over, frustrated.

697

Sorry. My tiny penis is having a hard time extending beyond my apron of fat again.

ACTRESS

Oh, baby. Are you thinking I wouldn't be in bed with you if you weren't in the industry, or are you thinking that you wouldn't be in bed with me if I was smart enough to detect your lack of talent?

DAN HARMON

697

No, no, it doesn't have
anything to do with you.

ACTRESS

Well, that means everything
you say is going to sound like
a fog horn, so I'll just run
my fingers through your
shoulder hair until your mouth
stops moving.

697

Jennizabeth...have you ever
had a dream, of doing
something really important to
you, something that would
express your pain, and
resonate with other people,
and leave a mark on the world?

ACTRESS

Nuh-uh.

697

See, me neither, that's why I
came to Los Angeles. And
that's why I made up a pitch
about Bush as a baby on the
drive from Sherman Oaks to
Century City. But that was
five years ago, and now I'm
still working on this fucking
internet show. Do you remember
on election night, when Bush
won that second term, and I
started weeping? It wasn't for
the same reasons you were.

THE BLOG

ACTRESS

You mean, his name didn't make
you remember you skipped a
brazilian wax?

697

(chuckle)

No, sweetie.

ACTRESS

Hey, you can use that in your
show!

697

Nah, I can't. It failed the
L'il Bush laugh test.

ACTRESS

You laughed.

697

Exactly.

TITLE CARD: THREE YEARS LATER

INT. LI'L BUSH PRODUCTION OFFICES

697 is giving current Comedy Central President FERNETIA JONES [black! female! 40s? Wanda Sikes?!] the grand tour. His eyes are sunken deeply into his twice as fat, even more sweaty head. There are potato chip crumbs stuck in his beard and clinging to the tracks of his tears.

697

And this is the "bull pen," as
it were, this is where we take
thoughts and ideas that make
people chuckle, and, after a
bit of tweaking, they become

DAN HARMON

what we call jokes. We send
the extracted humor to King
Syndication, I guess they make
panels of "New Doonesbury"
with it.

FERNETIA JONES

Mmmm hm! Why you cryin',
fatty?

697

I just. You know, I just want
to kill myself. I just want to
die.

FERNETIA JONES

Mm mm mm! Well you ain't dyin'
while I'm runnin' this
network! This a new Comedy
Central, young man, no more of
this white man's glass ceiling
bullshit, I'm a make a seventh
season of Mind of Mencia allll
up in this mother fucker and
it's gonna be mm mm mm!

697

Yes, I understand.

(deliberate)

So, uh, big election coming
up, huh? 2008? Election?

FERNETIA JONES

Mmmmm hmmm! What's this,
fatso? What's this bin?

THE BLOG

697

Oh. Um, that's a garbage can.
We throw pieces of paper and
food in there.
So, I notice there's no, um,
no Bushes running in this
election, and I was thinking-

FERNETIA JONES

- What's all this paper in the
garbage? This look like a
script! Holla!

697

Well, it's a piece of a
script. See, first drafts are
usually longer, more confusing
and of lower quality than
second drafts. And, as we say
around here, one out of three
ain't bad, so -

FERNETIA JONES

- Oh, and we PAY you to throw
some shit away, huh? How long
are your scripts before you
"shorten them?"

697

I don't know, eleven pages.

FERNETIA JONES

Single space?

697

Yeah.

DAN HARMON

FERNETIA JONES

And your actors, they talk
fast or slow?

697

Fast, I guess.

FERNETIA JONES

Not anymore, mother fucker!
Fernetia's up in your shit,
now! You got three seasons in
this garbage can, bitch!

697

Oh my fucking God, why can't
my fat heart just stop.

FERNETIA JONES

And I'm putting this shit on
TV, too!

697

What?

FERNETIA JONES

Mmmmm hmm! The internet is
dead, mother fucker! You got
to co-ordinate! You got to
raaaaaaise the holla! You
double space these first
drafts, have your actors talk
slow, all these mouths and
arms and shit you be drawing,
upgrade your broadband
contract, I got me a show cost
seven hundred dollars an
episode, put it between South
Park and South Park, get a 1.2

THE BLOG

rating, charge Clearasil up
they black asses, make a
800,000 percent profit, I'm a
TV network runnin' mother
fucker, y'all, holla holla
holla! Bok bok bok!

Fernetia Jones struts out of the office flapping her
arms like a chicken.

697
I gotta keep doing this show.
(realizing)
on TV!

TITLE CARD: SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

697 is wearing a top hat and a monocle, sitting across
from assistant 3045, who is eagerly taking notes while
he talks.

697
You see, Joseph Campbell
believed that all stories are
the same, that we tell these
stories with every breath.

3045
Man. If someone had told me in
Detroit that one day I'd be
helping the creator of L'il
Bush compile his memoirs, I
would have been like, holy
shit, I wonder if that means
one day I'll get to meet
Demitri Martin.

The waiter descends.

DAN HARMON

WAITER

Gentlemen, the special today
is -

697

- We'll take it!

He looks at the camera and does "pussy eating" fingers
with his mouth, smiling from ear to ear.

FREEZE FRAME.

Foo Fighter's "Learn to Fly" plays under CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

THE BLOG

- May 28th, 2008 -

Long Time no See

Blogging really is like doing dishes...the longer you wait, the harder it gets. I guess the only thing on my mind right now is:

FOX passed on the script for my sitcom pilot. I heard today. I got paid to write it but they ain't shooting it. That was my retirement plan. I've never spent so many hours writing anything in my life, and so, of course, how good could it have been. I'll never read it. Someone else let me know.

The good news is, when I heard FOX was passing, I didn't even flinch. And I don't think it's because I'm calloused, I think there might be some growth happening.

Strangely, the thing that equipped me to deal with this rejection was an ADDITIONAL, unsolicited, preceeding rejection that came out of the blue. Through no effort or sacrifice whatsoever, the same day I turned in my FOX script, I was called in to audition for a series regular role on an ABC pilot. I have no talent agent and no headshots, it's just that some friends of mine created a show and couldn't fill the role of the chubby loser and thought what the hell, bring in Harmon. And I went from the audition to the studio test to the network test and everyone was saying, "sure, fine, this is the guy," and all of this happened in the span of 3 days. On Tuesday, I was a writer, on Wednesday, there was this funny joke happening where people were pretending I was an actor, on Thursday, I was an actor and on Friday, I was a hair's breadth from getting a job that would make any of my actor friends fall to their knees weeping in gratitude.

And on the following Friday it was over, with a quick, apologetic phone call. And, if you ever catch Horatio Sanz on your TV playing the former lover of Alicia Silverstone, apparently, that guy would have been me, but for the opinion of one man. Some guy in some cabin farted, and it smelled like the wrong kind of beans, and my life went down one path instead of another. And that's what my actor friends go through for a living. If they're lucky. I could never do it. I'm a writer.

DAN HARMON

But the miracle of it all is, this out of the blue opportunity to be a part of According to Jim's companion show, and the equally out of the blue disintegration of that opportunity, were so random, so absurd, and so unrelated to my ordinary world, that it worked like a vaccine. It was God saying to me: "Hey, Dan, congratulations on working so hard on that sitcom script. I couldn't help but overhear you talking about how great it would be if they ordered it, and how you were pretty sure it was a good script, but you weren't sure, and blah blah blah. And I just wanted to remind you, as your God, to stay in the moment. Because shit just happens to people, randomly, and there is no cause/effect relationship between how hard you work and how much shit happens to you. And I could easily send you this message by making your gall bladder explode or running your legs over with a bus, and believe me, that's how I roll, ask around. But you know what, you little fuck? I like you. I think you're kind of a pussy, but I also think you're smart, so I'm going to put some training wheels on this epiphany. This one's on the house. I'm going to give you a fake opportunity that you didn't earn at all. And I'm going to take it away. And while you're watching that happen, and marvelling at the flashing limbs of Shiva, I'm going to pluck this FOX thing out of your dick hole and you're not even going to feel it."

So here I am, standing in the middle of what my 26 year old self would have considered the worst week of my life, feeling somehow blessed by it all. Not in a sour grapes way- those grapes are delicious, mother fucker. I wanted it all. I wanted to make important decisions about my hit FOX show from the makeup chair on the set of someone else's hit ABC show. I don't know if TV Guide still exists, but fuck it, put me on the cover. I wasn't going to complain. Put me on there twice, nigger. Do a little joke TV Guide cover where half my body is dressed like Buck Henry and the other half is holding Yurich's skull and Rose McGowan is sucking my dick and Amy Adams is licking my balls and the title says HEY LOOK AT THIS GUY WOW LOOK AT HIM GO HE DOES EVERYTHING HEY EVERYBODY SUCK HIS DICK, TWICE, SUCK IT ONCE SO HE'LL PUT YOU ON HIS SHOW AND THEN SUCK IT BECAUSE HE'S ON A SHOW, AND ALSO, KELSEY GRAMMER HAS A NEW DIET ON PAGE 50. Those grapes are not sour. If FOX had ordered my pilot, and ordered episodes of it, I would have bought a house. Those grapes would have been fucking delicious.

THE BLOG

But. That being said. I wasn't hungry. And I live in a vineyard. This universe has been treating me like a guest of honor for 35 years. Ask my sister if she thinks I'm lucky. If she could talk, she'd say, "yeah, he's been given a gift or two. The ability to walk, for instance. I could go on and on.

Oh, wait, no I couldn't. I couldn't do anything. I'm Dan Harmon's sister."

I guess there's a fine line between reminding myself that I don't have it so bad and picking on my retarded sister. I'm not sure if I crossed that line but if I did, it's because I'm sleepy. I'm going to bed. Which is more than I can say for my sister. She sleeps in a crib! And she's like 40! Ha! I stole her brains! And I don't do anything with them!

Sorry, too tired to edit. Goodnight.

DAN HARMON

- May 29th, 2008 -

Damiano's Pizza is not Affiliated with Nazism

Months ago, it was like 3am, a few of my friends and I were very hungry, and I told them that the only place in L.A. that would deliver at that hour was Damiano's, which is true.

Then I added something which is not true, which is that I once went to Damiano's in person, and there were college students handing out protest flyers in front of the restaurant because "Damiano" is an ex con who was in prison for hate-related manslaughter and he still supports a local white power group he founded. So, when you're buying one of his pizzas, you're kind of funding neo nazi activity.

But, I reminded them, their pizza is really good, and they deliver to any part of L.A. until 6am.

I just thought it would be funny to place ourselves momentarily in a moral dilemma. Where we had to weigh our humanity against our hunger, like that soccer team in the Andes mountains, or Orson Welles in the early eighties. And I distinctly recall saying, after about five seconds, "I'm just kidding." I even remember talking about how I had been kidding for the next twenty minutes. Because I never do that. I never lie as a joke. Which is why, when I do, nobody believes me anyway. Which is why I felt okay doing it, it was just a dumb joke.

But obviously, if you're ordering pizza at 3am, you're drunk or high. And some information sticks to your brain and some doesn't. And Wade Randolph was at my apartment last night and I suggested Damiano's and Wade said, "what, the racist pizza place?" And he wasn't kidding.

And it occurred to me that this was the second time I had to clarify to someone that I had been kidding that night.

And I got scared that this might accidentally start an urban legend, and that Damiano's would have to put up a sign saying "our head chef is Jewish" and everyone will be like, methinks you protest too much, and someone will open a place across the street called Papa Passover's Pro-Semitic Pizza and it will drive

THE BLOG

them out of business. And the new place won't deliver at 3am (jews), and I'll go hungry. We call that karma. In fact, I probably lost my acting gig to Horatio Sanz (jew) because of this stupid joke I made in my living room two months ago.

So, because I can't remember who was in my living room that night, I'm hoping everyone involved reads this blog entry and we can nip this thing in the bud. Your purchase of Damiano's Pizza does not support anti-semitic organizations.

To my knowledge.

Speaking of racist humor, two more things:

I texted Jerry Minor (black) (friend of Horatio Sanz) [jew] to get his Xbox gamertag because Brandon [black] Johnson told me he and Clayton [black] like to play Grand Theft Auto IV (typical) and I thought we could play multiplayer sometime. And in reference to Xbox Live, in which you put on a headset so that you can know that the person that just shot you is one third your age and thinks you're a faggot, I said, "I guess my generation's ironic racism sort of backfired. I've never heard the N word so many times per minute in my life. Except when I'm freestyling in my kitchen." And lovably dry Jerry responded "That racist stuff online is out of hand, I wonder where these kids even get it." And I said, "I guess from....my blog...and stuff." And Jerry said "yep." But without the period. And I had a pretty pithy response to that, but let's let that story end with me on the bottom because my people control all the pizza.

One more thing that seems to fit in with this theme. I just now wiki-pedia'd the phrase "Soup Nazi" because, while typing the Damiano's thing, I started wondering, is that what the Soup Nazi episode from Seinfeld was about, did the guy make delicious soup but was rumored to be a nazi? So I looked it up to confirm that the answer was no, he was just a nazi about his soup.

And in the article, it mentions a "Kenny Kramer," who is apparently the "real" Kramer, the guy on whom Cosmo Kramer was based. And it mentioned he had a website. And I thought, well, this is not going to disappoint me. Google. Click. Buckle up.

Picture the website for the "real Kramer" in your head. Yep. He's available for appearances. Yep, he's got a tour bus in which he offers the "Kramer Reality

DAN HARMON

Tour," which I will assume is a tour of the spots in New York that correspond to the events/characters/locations depicted in Seinfeld.

And yes, the bus has "Kramer's" written on the side in a crazy font that suggests plucky bass riffs and mouth popping sounds. I guess he tried to fit "Kenny Kramer's" on the bus but it just didn't fit, you know?

And here. Comes. The best. Part. God damn it I love this world.

Right smack in the middle of the "Kramer for Mayor" buttons, the offers of "real Kramer ringtones" and the links to book an appearance by the real Kramer at a college, club or party in your area, you see a hyperlink that says:

REGARDING THE MICHAEL RICHARDS "INCIDENT"

Um. Ca-lick. Please do what I think you're going to do please please please "In no way do I condone or endorse what Michael Richards said or did. It is really annoying, and sad, that people are saying that Kramer is a racist."

Oh my God. Yes. And there's more. Please be even more ironic please please please

"Michael Richards ceased being Kramer eight years ago."

Jesus Christ I'm going to cum in my pants. It can't possibly get any -

"I would hope that the public would be smart enough to make the distinction between a character on a show, the person playing the character, and me, the person the character was based on."

Okay, that's it. I came.

Yes. I would hope the public would, at this particular point, suddenly acquire the previously discouraged power to distinguish Michael Richards from Kramer from the guy driving the Kramer Mobile. How "annoying" that this had to happen. You know...I mean....my thoughts and prayers to the African American community and yadda yadda yadda, but seriously, does anyone want to buy a fucking bus.

THE BLOG

It's enough to make a guy start going by his first name.

DAN HARMON

- May 29th, 2008 -

The First Chapter of my Book About Feminization of Hollywood Labor

My friend Erin recently successfully "defended" her dissertation and is now free and clear to acquire her Ph.D....but first she has to write some big thing that blows everyone's mind. And she just said in her blog: "writing a whole book, or at least a whole book about feminized labor at the hollywood studios in the 1930's and 40's, takes at least 2 years."

Yeah, right. Eat this, Erin. I'm already five percent done with mine.

PERFUMED PRODUCERS:

The Story of the Women Behind the Men Behind Our Favorite Black and White Movies

by Dan Harmon

Chapter 1: A New Pair of Legs on the Lot

The twenties had long since ended. Prohibition, human flies and footage of guys taking a cannon ball to the gut were nothing but memories. But Lizzie Short was a "flapper" before there was a word for it, and a "flapper" she would remain until the night of her mysterious murder in 1947.

Seventeen years earlier, on June 3rd of 1930, as Lizzie reported for her first day of work at The United Artists Film Lot on Cahuenga and Sunset, her bobbed hair did not yet look out of style, nor did her knees - which she often called her "bee's knees" - still flushed and chaffed from a long evening of doing the Charleston with Douglas Fairbanks at Musso and Frank's.

It was after that Charleston that Fairbanks, admiring Lizzie's "moxy," had given her a business card and a job offer that would not only change her life, but the course of Hollywood history.

Well, maybe not Hollywood's OFFICIAL history.

THE BLOG

The official history would be written by the official winners. The fat cats, big wigs and clucky bucks whose names went on the films and whose bank accounts swelled with the ticket money.

The truth is, although it was the job of "script girl" for which Lizzie was this morning reporting, by any modern objective standard, the duties she would find herself performing would be those of nothing less than an executive producer. That version of history has existed only as fragments; hidden account books, sepia toned photographs and, in a strange turn of events, a deathbed confession by none other than David O. Selznick.

It is my goal with this book to bring these fragments together. I have spent years re-examining Hollywood history through a camera lens wiped clean of sexism's dust particles. I have "checked the gate" for misogynistic bias and "refocused" on these "extras" we call "studio women."

What I found will not only change the way you look at Hollywood. In the case of Elizabeth "Lizzie" Short, much reknowned as the so called Black Dahlia, but much less reknowned as the driving force behind Animal Crackers, Dracula and Bringing up Baby...

...What I found will bring an eighty one year old killer, who still walks the streets, to justice.

My name is Dan Harmon. This is my book about feminized labor at the Hollywood studios in the 1930s and 40s. I wrote it in like six hours. And it's going to blow your fucking pussy through the bottom of your soaked panties, because it was written by a dude.

Years from now, you may read another book on this topic. By some chick. It will be a ripoff.

My book is the real deal. Buckle the fuck up.

DAN HARMON

- June 1st, 2008 -

Some Some Some a Some I Murder, Some a Some I Let Go

After three years of reading youtube comments, I found one that didn't make me want to puke and kill myself. Some kid, talking to another kid underneath a music video:

"first things first buddy, no matter how hard you try i guarantee you wont change the way anyone thinks or acts."

If I could put that thought in everyone's head on a loop, I could save the world.

But, like the kid says, I can't.

THE BLOG

- June 3rd, 2008 -

Courier? SERIOUSLY?!!!!

I was looking for a font. I googled fonts. I found an article someone had written called "30 Fonts ALL Designers Must Own."

116 "responses." To an article about fonts. I had to. I had to read all 116. Why? Because I'm one of those people that copes with 9/11 by focusing on its justifications.

These are my favorites.

By Andrew (5 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

These choices seem almost too obvious to me... but it's a good list nonetheless.

By Ric (2 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

I take it you limit yourself to only one specific type of design then? ;)

Nowhere near enough diversity in this font list, although I will admit there are some absolute necessities in there.

Ric.

By Eugene (1 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

This post sucks. Why?

1) its called "30 Fonts That ALL Designers Must Own" but you could not find a preview for Bodoni (don't you OWN the fonts?).

2) Showing the name of the font in preview? Seriously, how does the rest of the font look like? next time try with "The Quick Brown Fox..."

3) Vag Rounded on instruction manuals?

Burried

By Bigalow (1 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

I have been looking for a font with an over sized period (.) Anyone know where to find one?

By Wisefool9 (1 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

DAN HARMON

Well, I agree with many of the selections I disagree with a few as well. I know they're culled from a book, so please don't think I'm criticizing you, but the original authors.

Courier? Seriously? I could go my entire life without using a monospaced font. If we want technical, typewriter-styled fonts there are quite a few others out there that are not kerned so horribly.

I personally don't see the need for Bell Centennial ever, since there are many quite good fonts out there that will suit its purpose.

Meta...and don't get me wrong I friggin LOVE meta, is quite trend laden, and isn't a lifetime type of font like Garamon or Sabon. Meta's was back 'in' last year, so expect it to be 'out' for 2008.

And I'd completely disagree with them regarding Times. Nobody 'needs' Times New Roman, but it's ubiquity simply means we'll never get rid of it. For you aspiring typographers out there, anything where Times will suit, try Minion or Garamond instead.

I'm surprised that there isn't a single 'web friendly' font like Georgia or Verdana in the list. These fonts are important because they are designed better for on-screen reading compared to others (turn of anti-aliasing on your system and look at these fonts...they're still legible at nearly every size, now look at Garamond without it...yuck.) which is critical today, and will definitely be needed for a lifetime.

By Yonah (1 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

Best fonts? Why? By who's metric? What justifies these as the "BEST"? Simply your say so?

By Rick (3 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply

I believe that the Gill Sans family has over-sized periods. Gill Sans Extra Bold for sure. My favorite font, hands down.

By Felicity (2 comments) on Mar 5, 2008 | Reply

The title of this page (in my browser) is "30 Best Fonts, Downloadable Fonts, Free Fonts, Cool Fonts for Designers," yet as far as I can tell, all the links go to ITC, who charge for their fonts.

Also, I don't like most of those fonts. The only ones on that list that I like are Courier, Times, Trajan, and Helvetica. I could not disagree more with Wisefool9, who said that there is no need for Times; if I were the client, I would certainly not let the designer use Minion or Garamond in place of Times. ITC Garamond might

THE BLOG

be OK because its x-height is more than half its cap-height; regular Garamond is too distorted for me.

Fonts that should be included? Let me check my font folder...A.C.M.E. Explosive is the only decent free comic book font; for money, Whizbang or Comicraft's Gibbons. Everyone should have a good Souvenir, a good Benguiat, and a good Cooper Black for their retro needs. At least one decent calligraphy font is necessary; the best is RSLaserLondon, an outline version of the old London from the 1980s Macintosh "city fonts." For simulating computer text, real, actual computer fonts are necessary, like OCR A Extended, November, PC Senior, and one of the many old-style video game fonts like Joystick/Emulator/Arcade. For typewriter fonts, VTCorona and American Typewriter. And here's one that just recently came up in a project: ModeSeven. A friend of mine needed a font to make a video he was editing look like someone was changing channels on a TV, and he turned to me for advice. I used to have the right font, but after racking my brains I couldn't think of its name, so I asked the LiveJournal community "fontaddicts," and someone gave me the name. See the result here:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wvn6kvVLbjc>

(Edited to turn notification of followup comments on and replace HTML directed quotes with copied-and-pasted directed quotes. If post appears twice, please delete first version.)

By Alexander (2 comments) on Mar 26, 2008 | Reply
Helvetica should not be on the list.

By kristarella (36 comments) on Mar 26, 2008 | Reply
Ha! The typeface so revered they made a movie about it shouldn't be on the list? Care to give a reason?

By Alexander (2 comments) on Mar 30, 2008 | Reply
kristarella: Because it's too common - it's used too much. Helvetica is about as exciting as gray asphalt, with the glow of a cheep convenience store. It should be banned, just like the incredibly ugly looking Comic Sans MS.

By ed (1 comments) on Mar 4, 2008 | Reply
no script font?

DAN HARMON

(I hear that last one in the voice of "The Stomach" from Meatballs saying "what, no mustard?")

THE BLOG

- June 6th, 2008 -

Alternate Titles for Sweeney Todd

The Dreamin Barber of Sleep Street

Goth at Fifty

Scissorhands 2: The Worsening

Men Who Write Songs and the Audiences They Hate

Embarrassing as it Sounds: The Jack Sparrow and Hans Gruber Duets

Patience's Lack of Virtue: Literally Featuring a Song Entitled "Wait"

The First Time in Your Life You Will Wish You Were Watching Sleepy Hollow

The Ordinarily Intriguing Idea of Eating People Presented Between Two Sixty Minute Segments of Unbearable Opera

Dr. Strangereasoning, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying About my Wife's Unpunished Rapist and Love Inventing Trap Door Barber chairs for the Purpose of Murdering the Innocent

Sweeney Todd: Because When Your Girlfriend, Who Started Fucking You on the Set of Planet of the Apes, Says She Wants to Sing, You Can Direct a Musical or You Can Pray That Everyone Working on Robert Marshall's Next Film is Uglier and Gayner Than You

DAN HARMON

- June 6th, 2008 -

Alexander's Fall at the Siege of Helvetica

My favorite part of the 116 comments beneath the article about fonts is the one little story that occurs. The exchange between "Alexander" and "Kristarella" regarding Alexander's hatred of Helvetica.

It begins with the arrival of young, brash Alexander, his heavy, armored footsteps evoking those of his historical namesake.

Alexander, in Greek, means "Defending Men." It is a title for warriors and leaders. From the statistic next to his name, we can see that this will be Alexander's first comment ever. It will, nonetheless, be as decisive as the Battle of Issus.

By Alexander (2 comments) on Mar 26, 2008
Helvetica should not be on the list.

Alexander understands that a hero's job is to bestow wisdom. His key flaw is shared by many uninitiated heroes: he thinks he's already a hero. From his perspective, Alexander has been across as many thresholds as there could possibly be to cross. He left the nourishing liquid of the womb for the open air; he "shooshed" a stranger during the Spiderman trailer and, most recently, he drank an entire micro-brewed beer. Consciously, he believes he is a master of life. Unconsciously, he knows it is only a wish.

And it is our unconscious, not our conscious, that deals us our cards. So sayeth the Q'uran: "Well able is Allah to save."

Summoned by Alexander's unconscious yearning for manhood, Kristarella arrives laughing. That's Krist from the Greek khristos, meaning "the anointed," and Cindarella, as in pretty, underestimated girl who is always right about everything. She appears, shimmering, right where Campbell would put her, at the nadir of Alexander's pubescent dive.

By kristarella (36 comments) on Mar 26, 2008

THE BLOG

Ha! The typeface so revered they made a movie about it shouldn't be on the list?
Care to give a reason?

"Care to give a reason?" Because certainly, one only needs to give a reason if one cares to do so. So sayeth Kristarella the water nymph, embodiment of feminine mystery, her 36 comments glinting like jewels on her tiara, hinting at an existence outside mortal Alexander's comprehension.

He is proclaiming, she is... laughing? He is unyielding, she is...interrogative? How can this be? By being fluid, instead of rigid, she has surrounded him, enveloped him. She merely awaits an explanation for his aggression. If he cares to give one. If not...he is dismissed.

He came here bearing armor and a sword, designed to attack flesh, spill blood and protect him from the weapons of dark Alexanders, men like the men he once shooshed, men like those who gave him a hinder binder in the cafeteria. Now, his defenses are weighing him down in her ocean.

He drops his sword and grasps at the buckles on his chest plate. He must acquiesce to be aquatic. He must bow to be bouyant, assent to ascend.

Naked, flailing, drowning, he cries out her name.

By Alexander (2 comments) on Mar 30, 2008
kristarella: Because it's too common - it's used too much.

Even as he types it, he knows it makes no sense. The article is "30 fonts every designer must have." Ubiquity can't be cited to disprove essentiality.

He can't leave it at this, she'll laugh again. Destroy him. He must elaborate, make his case, and he must do it in her language. The language of the heart.

The soldier must become a poet.

Helvetica is about as exciting as gray asphalt, with the glow of a cheep convenience store.

DAN HARMON

Fuck. He's out of his element. Is the asphalt glowing like a convenience store, or is it reflecting the glow of a nearby store? Aren't glowing things beautiful? How do you use beautiful language to make something sound useless and ugly? How did he get into this mess? And how in God's name do you spell cheap?

Sadly, because some stories are tragedies, Alexander turns away from this second womb. In the context of his "fight," he's saying "lay on, Macduff," but in the cosmic context, he's cutting and running. Running from transformation.

It should be banned, just like the incredibly ugly looking Comic Sans MS.

Over sized period. He has been reduced to taking pot shots at a different font.

Kristarella's silence speaks louder than anything she could say. She asked for an explanation, and although he tried to improvise his own, the real explanation he provided was that he's a cowardly, overreaching simpleton.

Alexander, the boy who dreamt of being a hero, will now become a holdfast tyrant, a villain. His next suit of armor will be thicker, his sword sharper, and his tactics, once dedicated to the defense of mankind, will now be dedicated to the defense of Alexander. And the getting back of that which was taken from him today, in the blood soaked fields of Helvetica.

Ironically, what he believes was taken from him was in fact being offered to him by life, through this goddess. He cast it away.

Through surrender to her, he could have taken another step toward manhood. He could have apologized, joined her in chuckling at himself, and made a friend, not only of her, but of himself, his species, life, and the entire universe. Through the embrace of his weakness, he could have become stronger. He could have learned that being wrong is being alive, and is nothing to fear, but is instead an ocean to which we must become native before it will do our bidding.

Instead, his role in future stories will be that of a hideous, hunched, cautious figure. He will argue with his head, not his heart. He will follow rules and jump on others for not following them. He will become the opposite of Christ. Instead of half man, half God, he will be half man, half system.

THE BLOG

And, in the end, he will either be redeemed or dispatched. It will again be his choice to make.

Whichever it is, it will most likely be at the hands of someone that reminds us all very much of a young Alexander. The version of himself who turned left where he turned right. The righteous shadow he casts by blocking God's light.

And that, children, is why it's important to remember: No matter how hard you try, you won't change the way other people think and act. You can only change yourself.

Sleep tight.

DAN HARMON

- June 11th, 2008 -

My Revisions of Bad Law and Order Cold Opens 001

Law and Order

Episode: "The Myth of Fingerprints," 2001

THE ACTUAL COLD OPEN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Detectives Green (Jesse L. Martin) and Briscoe (Jerry Orbach) are standing over a murder victim. He is face down, with a massive head wound that has the floor covered in blood.

Detective Green turns the victim's head slightly, revealing that there is some shaving cream on his face.

GREEN

Looks like he was in the middle of shaving.

BRISCOE

Yeah, well, I think he missed a spot.

TITLE SEQUENCE

WHAT I IMAGINE HAPPENED DURING THE TITLE SEQUENCE:

GREEN

...Is the "spot" that he "missed" the big head wound, or the shaving cream on his face?

THE BLOG

BRISCOE

It's gallows humor.

GREEN

Not if you're talking about the shaving cream. He didn't get suffocated by shaving cream. The shaving cream isn't the grim straight line here, you can't humorously "understate" something that's completely overshadowed by a massive head wound.

BRISCOE

I'm talking about the wound, that's the joke.

GREEN

Okay, THAT'S what I thought you might have been talking about. Because understating a massive head wound WOULD be gallows humor, for sure. One problem: He missed a spot and it caused a massive head wound?

BRISCOE

Have you ever been shaving, and you cut yourself? It doesn't result in a fatal wound. Irony. Get it?

GREEN

I most certainly do not get it, sir. I do not get it. Because I have been shaving my

DAN HARMON

whole life, and I have cut myself many times, but never, ever, ever, in the entire history of shaving, has a man ever cut himself by "missing a spot." Here I am shaving. Whoops! Slice. Ouch. I cry out in pain. My wife says, "what's wrong, honey, what happened?" I say what, Lenny? What do I tell her?

BRISCOE

"I missed a spot."

GREEN

Fuck you, you fucking lying idiot cocksucker. I tell her I "cut myself shaving." And when someone has shaving cream on their face, they did the OPPOSITE of cutting themselves, Lenny. The OPPOSITE. They "missed the spot" they might have otherwise cut, had the razor ever been near their fucking face. Do you see the problem?

BRISCOE

Yeah, I made a joke and you're Kevin Smithing it.

GREEN

Nope. Nope. You dumb fucker. You asshole fuck. You fucking dick. The problem is, you

THE BLOG

didn't make a joke. You failed. You suck.

BRISCOE

So, what's your version, I'm supposed to say "oh, look at the shaving cream, that reminds me of shaving, maybe this wound is from him cutting himself shaving."

GREEN

Yeah, that's your ONLY other option. It's one of those two. Either you say he "missed a spot" or you do some retarded rambling monologue about what you see in the room and how it reminds you of shaving, fuck you. You are a seethingly dishonest piece of shit.

BRISCOE

Yeah. Indict my fucking character. I'm a bad person because I riffed a bad homicide joke.

GREEN

Mother fucker, you're a bad person because it just took you five times longer to admit your shitty mistake than it did to make it. Here, this is my impression of what you should have done. You be me,

DAN HARMON

you tee me up, say he was
shaving.

BRISCOE

"He was shaving."

GREEN

"Yeah, well, I think he missed a spot - oops, you know what, I fucked that up. That doesn't make any sense. I'm a fucking idiot. I have a fucking potato where my head should be." Done. Instead, you have to fight me. Everything has to be a fucking fight, because you don't have the power to say, "I'm a dumb piece of shit." Which is why you're going to die incomplete. And you know what, mother fucker? You know what happens when you die incomplete? Your last thought is a negative thought about yourself, and because time is subjective, it lasts forever. There's no such thing as a portion of time so small it doesn't exist, you just get closer and closer to a destination you never reach. You're one nanosecond from death, then half a nanosecond, then a quarter, and on and on, ad infinitum, dwelling on your final thought. And in your case, because you're such a

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fucking dip shit, because you spend so much of your ADJUSTABLE life trying to con people into thinking you know what the fuck you're talking about, Your last thought is going to be, "oh, shit, I'm a fucking turd. I'm an empty god damn fraud." And you're going to think it- you're going to DREAM it - For. Ever. And that's called "Hell." That's called "punishment for being a fuck face."

BRISCOE

Fuck you, man.

GREEN

Fuck you, mother fucker. Seriously, fuck you. I fucking hate you. And if I die today, my final thought is going to be how much I wish I could rip your fucking throat open with my teeth, and I'm going spend eternity murdering you in my mind, and that's called heaven.

BRISCOE

Fine, I'll put in for a transfer.

GREEN

I want to fucking shoot you. Every day I think about it. I want to stick my gun up your

DAN HARMON

wrinkled old asshole and just empty the clip, but it's too good for you. You'd die with something up your ass, which you'd love, and you wouldn't die alone, which is what you deserve. I want you to die cold and alone. Just fucking shivering and gasping to nobody while God draws the stinky black tarp of infinite night over your repulsive, waxy body. As much as I want to be there when that happens, I need so badly for you to experience it all by yourself. As soon as you catch that last cold, which we know is going to be sooner than later, I'm going to lock you in a fucking warehouse and guard it with my life from a block away. I will kill anyone that comes near giving you any closure or comfort. You're going to die like a frog on a concrete slab, Lenny. You're going to desecate while you ponder your wasted life. And I'm never going to bury you. I'm going to piss on your rotting corpse every morning and I'm going to sleep like a baby every night. Because I fucking hate you. So, yeah, get a transfer, you bag of shit.

THE BLOG

BRISCOE

I will.

GREEN

I hope my new partner is AIDS Hitler. I could work with that. Because over time, Lenny, I can make anything work. Because I'm a good guy.

BRISCOE

Well, I don't know about that, you're being really mean to me right now.

GREEN

That's part of what makes me good. I'm "really mean" to homelessness when I volunteer to build shelters. Homelessness is a bad thing, and I smash it with a hammer. People who are mean to you are better people. I could rape a nun, and not apologize, and still get into heaven, as long as before I died, I called you an asshole. God would be like, "well, fuck, I hate it when people rape nuns, but all things considered, this guy's got my number."

BRISCOE

You're just...Dude, you're being so mean to me right now.

DAN HARMON

GREEN

Oh, relax, I'm just fucking with you.

BRISCOE

Really?!

GREEN

Of course. You're the best. I just didn't like that joke.

BRISCOE

Yeah, it was awful, I fucked up.

GREEN

You're better than that.

BRISCOE

I'm so glad you're not really mad at me.

GREEN

How glad are you? Are you glad enough to get on this?

BRISCOE

Holy shit, look how hard you are!

GREEN

That's how hard you make me. You do this to me.

BRISCOE

Oh my God, I want it in my mouth so bad but I don't want to mess up this crime scene.

THE BLOG

GREEN

Fuck this crime scene, get on this dick scene. Solve this shit. Solve it with your mouth.

BRISCOE

Oh, man. I feel so weird doing this. Mmmmm.

GREEN

Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, Lenny. Oh my God, Lenny, you're sucking my dick so good.

BRISCOE

Am I doing this right?

GREEN

Are you fucking kidding me? This is the best.

BRISCOE

Do you like it when I play with your balls?

GREEN

I like it all, baby, yeah. Those are Law and Order.

BRISCOE

Your balls are Law and Order?

GREEN

Man, I don't even know what I'm saying, you're driving me so crazy.

DAN HARMON

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
What the hell are you two
doing?!

GREEN
Oh, shit!

BRISCOE
Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
This is a damn crime scene!
Are you two out of your minds?
Do you even have a suspect in
this case?

GREEN
Uh, yes ma'am, we were
thinking we would look at the
wife first.

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
Oh, I see, because every time
a man died, the wife did it.
Has it occurred to you that
this man's been divorced for
nearly three years?

BRISCOE
Hey, I've been divorced three
times and I still want to kill
every one of them.

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
Well, your marriages aside,
Lenny, I think you two might
want to check the deceased's
LUDS, find out who he talked

THE BLOG

to before this happened. AFTER
you talk to the M.E. and
establish a time of death.

GREEN

That's a good idea.

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN

Then why are we having this
conversation? Go!

GREEN

(to Briscoe)

We'll finish that later?

BRISCOE

Sure, kid, maybe if you ask
real nice.

Briscoe rolls his eyes at Van Buren. She shakes her
head and smiles as they leave, closing the door behind
them.

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN

Well, time to eat.

She unhinges her lower jaw and swallows the entire
corpse. After a moment, a condensed mass of the
victim's clothing and hair the size and shape of a
football comes out of her butt!
A meteor hits the world!!!!
But there are some people left, and they inhabit the
stars!!!!!!

DAN HARMON

- June 11th, 2008 -

Fuck You, Whatever Bruce Willis Symbolizes in my Unconscious!

A few days ago, Ryan Ridley and I were talking about dreams, and I told him I didn't usually have very interesting ones, that my dreams, much like my waking life, are a series of forgettable expeditions for lost wallets and awkward conversations at parties.

Then I had this dream the very next night. And before I describe this dream, I have to make the unrelated disclaimer that I apparently have seventies television style stereotypes baked so deeply into my synaptic circuitry that I am literally racist in my sleep. And, while this is undoubtedly frustrating to my three black friends*, I just want to point out that while my dreams can change me, I cannot change them.

* I technically have like eight black friends if you go by the white person criteria for black friendship, criteria I have always felt were intentionally lax, therefore, as a card carrying non-racist, when counting my black friends, I always divide by 3 and round up.

In the dream, I am part of a small high school class of misfits being taught by Bruce Willis circa Last Boyscout. We are in a very large, sunlit chemistry lab.

One of the students starts to feel sick, and wants to leave the class. Bruce Willis interrogates him: "What are you on? How much did you take?"

The student confesses: he got something to "keep him awake" from another student. He indicates a black male sitting across from me.

Bruce Willis dismisses the sick kid, then goes over to the black kid and asks him about his ambitions. "What do you want to do in life, kid?"

The kid's response, and I am so sorry to all of America:

"I want to play basketball. And not like those other guys that think they're gonna be stars, just cause they can make points. I want to play because I'm not as good

THE BLOG

as them, but I'm gonna be. When I'm on that court, I'm a wannabe. Because I have to be. I have to take everything except what I'm given. I have to play basketball."

Bruce Willis is sitting down next to him by this point, and now raises his hands and says "let's see your sticks, show me your sticks," and the kid, without batting an eye, pantomimes throwing basketballs at Bruce Willis' upraised hands, as if demonstrating his skills, although, in the larger picture, what's being demonstrated is my complete ignorance of basketball.

Finally, the kid stops, kind of winded from...showing his sticks...and Bruce Willis gives him a Last Boy Scout nod and says, "That's pretty good, kid. Come here. I want to show you something."

The kid gets up and follows Bruce Willis to the front of the room. Bruce Willis has his arm around him. "You got pimples, kid?"

"No."

"That's good. That's gonna help you a lot. It's important to look good."

And with that, Bruce Willis punches the kid right in the kidney.

The kid punches back, really takes a piece out of Bruce Willis. Bruce Willis recoils, then attacks.

The two of them keep trading blows and the fight moves around the room. Every time they pass another student, Bruce Willis inexplicably but intentionally gets the student in the crossfire. A girl gets hit in the face and runs from the room.

I stay put. I'm not sure what to do, but the fight is circling the entire room and, after every other student has gotten abused by it, it's now landing on me.

By this time, Bruce Willis isn't even hiding his actual agenda, he wants all the other students involved in the fight. I'm thinking maybe, after we're all beaten and tired, he's going to say, "that's how they felt at the Boston Tea Party" or "you have to get mad about geometry" or some shit like that. And it's pissing me off, because it's not going to work and we aren't that bad a class. So I stay put and pretend I

DAN HARMON

don't even see them. I don't want to dignify it. I'm just going to take the punches and be like Gandhi, and all the kids will rally on Bruce Willis and he'll learn the true meaning of power.

Bruce Willis gets on one side of me and grabs my wrists. And the black kid is just swinging away at Bruce Willis. And I'm trying to dodge the punches, and I'm doing a pretty good job, but I'm getting angry. I'm angry at Bruce Willis' audacious, irresponsible "stand by me" routine, I'm angry at the black kid's gullability, and mostly, I'm really fucking angry because Bruce Willis is holding my arms down so nobody can tell I'm not trying to fight.

Finally, I've had enough. I get up out of my chair. The black kid stops punching. But Bruce Willis won't let go of my hands. I'm facing him. "Let go of me," I command. He just stares at me. I'm trembling with rage. I'm so fucking mad. I'm shrieking and snarling at him. You fucking let me go I'm gonna fucking kill you. The madder I get, the more I want to hit him, the less I'm able.

But then, I realize that if I get really, really, really mad, and put all of my anger into one arm, I can free it from him and smash his face in. So I start doing that.

And Bruce Willis gets this smirky look on his face, which, at the time I'm thinking is compensation for his fear, because he can feel that I'm about to win.

And with the power of mighty Thor, I wrench my right hand free from Bruce Willis, and I swing with all my might -

- and I wake up in my bed exactly .01 seconds before my punch lands on the wall next to my bed, right on a stud. Not hard enough to break the plaster or my hand, but hard enough to bruise my middle knuckle and radiate pain halfway up my forearm.

And I have to lay there like a fucking idiot, cradling my limp, throbbing paw, realizing the following:

Bruce Willis' smirk wasn't compensatory, but anticipatory, because he knew he was about to inflict actual physical pain on a Waking Person, which among the population of Dream World, is an achievement of Lindberghian proportions; that

THE BLOG

Bruce Willis was an avatar for my misguided definitions of manhood and leadership; that the black kid, along with the rest of the class, symbolized the indirect victims of my elitist, self-serving fantasies of heroism; that in the end, all of my misguided ambitions are only going to come full circle and hurt me the most after disrupting a society of people who have their own lives to consider;

And that above all, when talking to a friend about one's dreams, one is wise to be a little more respectful.

DAN HARMON

- June 12th, 2008 -

Kari From Mythbusters: I Have a Myth to Bust, Let me Finish

Dear Kari from Discovery HD's Mythbusters:

I have a myth that I would like you to bust. LET ME FINISH. It's not what you think. I know you get a lot of these letters, this is not going where you think it's going.

The myth is my wiener. WAIT. You're not being scientific about this. Just please hear all the data before reaching a conclusion, all right?

Supposedly, as the story goes, if you make out with me, and touch my wiener, and then sleep with me - will you please just hear me out for five seconds - according to legend, it will feel really good, for both of us, and then I'll fall asleep.

I call this the "myth of my wiener." I don't know if you and that guy that looks like Steve Agee have heard of this one, but I certainly have, and I would love to see it busted or confirmed on your wonderful show, which I think is doing great stuff for kids and science and whatever, especially when you have pigtails and wear stuff like hooded sweatshirts.

I guess I'll leave the details to you, you guys are the mythbusters, I wouldn't know how to "test" this myth, I'm just a guy with this hypothetical wiener that allegedly gets hard when you theoretically touch it, and who then is rumored to have sex with you, then fall asleep and then MAYBE have breakfast with you IF you're smart and friendly.

Good luck, I look forward to a new season of your show.

THE BLOG

- June 12th, 2008 -

The Blog in Which Beau Brooks, Not Dan Harmon, is the Topic

I blog a lot, so it's hard for people who need to communicate with me through comments. You could be having a conversation with me below the blog where I talk about rubbing my nipple with pantyhose, but just when you think you've really let me have it, all the eyeballs have moved to some blog where I talk about putting a pen in my butt. And there's no way to subscribe to my responses so you don't know whether or not your messages about your relationship with me are even getting through.

And I feel like there's a lot of improvements Myspace could make to help this situation, like maybe if everyone could have their own "space" where they could talk about themselves and say whatever they want, and pick and choose who they're friends with- look, I don't know, I'm not a web designer.

What I can do is design a blog entry, so what I've done here is created a blog entry where I can talk about Beau Brooks, or address Beau Brooks, and Beau Brooks can respond, or talk about himself, etc. So if you're interested in that kind of thing, I would bookmark this blog entry. I can't enforce a rule saying contain all of your Beau Brooks related thoughts here, but what I can do is say that if you say it here, Beau Brooks will read it, and if I have anything to say about Beau Brooks, I'll try to say it here.

I guess the first order of Beau Brooks business should be to talk about where he and I are at so far. We had a little bit of a falling out recently under my blog entry where I talked about Jerry Orbach kneeling in blood at a homicide scene and sucking Jesse L. Martin's cock and playing with his Broadway balls. His comment was this:

And then I said this:

And then he totally said this:

DAN HARMON

Then, while I was writing my response, there were more comments coming in from him, on other blogs I had written, where he does his impression of the kinds of blog comments he hates, where people say stuff like "I liked this blog!"

Which, as he points out, you could totally say without even reading the blog, whereas it takes a little craft and individuality to say something like, "I didn't like the part where you did that one thing!" Especially if you say it in a way where we can imagine you pointing a finger and cocking a thumb, and winking, and making a little clicking sound.

I think that's his point of view. I don't share it.

I like it when people give a direct compliment or supportive comment. I feel like if you like something, and you say you like it, there's no real crime being committed there, and you're not revealing any flaws in your personality. I also like hearing what people are compelled, upon reading my blog, to share. Like if I say "I saw a dog today," and then someone comments and says, "I saw a cat today," or, "I didn't see anything today, I'm blind," or "I love my dog," I don't respond to their comments and say "hey, fuck you, pal!"

I guess I just respond negatively to comments I feel aren't communicating what the person is really thinking. I imagine when Houdini was even mildly impressed by a magic trick, he probably said stuff like, "wow, I enjoyed that, bravo, thanks." He probably didn't say, "that sucked, just kidding, well, it's not cool to be so magical, wink wink, awesome, just kidding, not, ha ha, by the way, I'm a magician too." If he had done stuff like that, he'd probably be less famous as a magician than he would have been infamous among magicians as a dick.

But enough about Houdini, I want to talk about Beau Brooks, and his comments, and why I don't like them.

I don't know, do I need a reason? Does anyone need a reason to like or dislike someone, isn't the customer always right? I'm just not buying what Beau Brooks is selling, it smells like something I don't like.

I think maybe it reminds me of my older brother? I felt like my brother was always jealous of me and didn't handle it very well. I always wished he would just

THE BLOG

say, "I think you're better than me," because that's what I could feel him thinking, and if he had said it, I could have told him, in all honesty, "that's not true, you're better than me," and I could have made it true, just by saying it, because I have that ability, which is something that, between you and me, makes me better than everyone. Instead, he chose to think "you are better than me" but SAY "I am better than you," which is dishonest, and dishonesty cannot be rewarded, so I had to systematically ruin his life through psychological sabotage that, to this day, nobody suspects me of because I was a child. Don't feel bad for him. He deserved it because he was a liar.

Let me explain it this way: Because I'm a good person, God gave me the power to make anything true that I want to be true. And if I abuse that power, by making untrue things true, he will take it away, because bad people can't have that power. Which is how I know I'm good, because I have that power. And I keep it by only using it to make good people feel good. Which is as easy as doing nothing because they're already good people.

And bad people want me to make them feel good, which is how I know they're bad, and why I can't do it. It would be a lie. If you say, for instance, "I need a hug," you don't deserve one, and giving you one would make me as bad a person as you. I have to find people that don't need hugs, and hug them, in order to stay someone whose hugs have any value.

So, I guess I could tell, the moment Beau Brooks walked in the virtual door, that he was someone that was going to need me to make him feel good, which meant he was a piece of shit. My Dad didn't tolerate people needing him and I don't have to, either. That's why I hate women. Because they need men, which I find disgusting, because we're the ones that need them.
Women and Beau Brooks. Gross.

Nah, I'm not explaining myself right. Here, let me try this: I can say whatever I want...and everyone but me is stupid...if I say so? Does that make any sense?

DAN HARMON

- June 13th, 2008 -

My Revisions of Bad Law and Order Cold Opens 002

Law and Order

Episode: "DR 1-102," 2002

THE ACTUAL COLD OPEN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Detectives Green and Briscoe are standing over a murder victim. She is in pajamas, face down on a blood-drenched rug, with a wound on the back of her head.

The NERDY FORENSICS GUY approaches them.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY

If you want, I can take
samples from the carpet and
determine the time of death.

BRISCOE

Knock yourself out.

Nerdy Forensics Guy holds up a plastic evidence bag with a bloody barbell in it.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY

Found this in the closet.
Haven't dusted it for prints,
yet.

Green takes the bag and examines it.

GREEN

Free weight.

THE BLOG

BRISCOE

Dead weight.

TITLE SEQUENCE

WHAT I IMAGINE HAPPENED DURING THE TITLE SEQUENCE:

GREEN

What, so the weight is dead?

Briscoe sighs deeply.

GREEN

Seems like the weight was used
to kill someone, I don't know
if "dead weight" -

BRISCOE

- Well, there's no such
expression as "killer weight."
I work with what I'm given and
I don't know what you expected
with that setup but "free
weight" is kind of like having
seven fucking vowels in
Scrabble.

GREEN

It's right under your nose,
prick.

BRISCOE

Beg your pardon?

GREEN

Tee me up.

DAN HARMON

BRISCOE

"Free weight."

GREEN

"Looks pretty costly to me."

Long pause.

BRISCOE

Wwwwwwhat?!

GREEN

Oh, fuck you. Something like that, not that exactly.

BRISCOE

That would have sounded GREAT coming out of my mouth. "On the contrary, my good sir, it appears as though that weight came with a bit of a price. Fancy a crumpet?"

GREEN

So you MAKE IT YOUR OWN. Say "yo, I dunno, looks like it cost a life, badda bing." Like you're such a fucking tough guy that the word "costly" isn't in your essence. Have you looked in the mirror? You look like a fucking nerd.

BRISCOE

You know what? Fuck you, man. And I'm not kidding around, you are a fucking dick to me, every day, and you ride my

THE BLOG

shit, and there is no pleasing you, and I fucking hate you.

GREEN

Come on, man.

BRISCOE

No, you "come on man." Come on man fucking be nice to me for ten seconds. I have fucking had it with you. You just called me a fucking nerd.

GREEN

You weren't this sensitive when I made you suck my dick yesterday.

BRISCOE

You didn't make me, Ed. You asked me to, and I did it, because I like making you happy. Because I care how you feel. Ta da.

GREEN

Ta da, huh. I think I want some of that ta da right now.

BRISCOE

No.

GREEN

Come here.

BRISCOE

Stop it. Don't touch me. I mean it, I'm really pissed at

DAN HARMON

you and if you don't get your
hands off me so help me God I
will file charges.

GREEN

Pfft. Fine. Like I want to put
my young, hip dick in your
nerdy old ass.

BRISCOE

Yeah, don't do me any favors,
pal.

GREEN

(to nerdy forensics guy)
How about you, you want some
of this?

NERDY FORENSICS GUY

Oh. Shit. I...

Nerdy Forensics guy looks at Briscoe.

GREEN

You don't need his approval.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY

Well, he's your partner..

BRISCOE

Ex partner. I don't give a
shit what you guys do.

GREEN

Yes or no, kid.

THE BLOG

NERDY FORENSICS GUY
..Well, I'd..ha...I'd be a
fool to say no. Are you going
to fuck my butt?

GREEN
Sounds like a request to me.
Bend over.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY
Sure thing. Okay. Wow. Holy
mackerel. That's something
else. You're really letting me
have it back there.

GREEN
I've only just begun, my
friend. This is what Lenny
could have had. He didn't want
it.

BRISCOE
Yawn.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY
Oh, yeah, pull my hair.

GREEN
You like that.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY
No, I hate it. Of course I
like it, don't be ridiculous,
this is one of the greatest
things that's ever happened to
me. Do you mind if I look out
the window while you do that?
My God. This city. You know,

DAN HARMON

people think our job should
make us jaded. They don't know
that, because we work inside
the ugliness, we can look out
and see the beauty. Eight
million people living their
lives, separately and freely,
but meshed, mingled, on
schedule. A symphony of
soloists, a family of orphans,
a humming, hopeful, heroic
human hive. New York.

GREEN

I'm cumming in your ass.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY

Believe me, you don't have to
tell me. Man, that was really
great. Thank you so much for
doing that. This is turning
out to be a really great week,
and it's only Thursday.

BRISCOE

Take that barbell to the lab,
asshole.

NERDY FORENSICS GUY

Woah. I don't know if I like
your tone.

BRISCOE

What?

GREEN

Yeah, don't talk to him like
that.

THE BLOG

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
Hey, you guys!

BRISCOE, GREEN and NERDY
FORENSICS GUY
Lieutenant Van Buren!

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
You know what today is, right?

GREEN
Tell us!

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
It's Train Day!

BRISCOE
Train day? What's Train Day, I
don't understand what Train
Day is, tell us about Train
Day.

Lieutenant Van Buren drops her pants and bends backwards into a crab walk position. A full size passenger train speeds out of her vagina. Green pulls Briscoe out of its path as it runs over Nerdy Forensics Guy, speeds through the wall and rockets into the distance, where it crashes into "ground zero" with such force that all the rubble, which is still there, because it's 2002, flies straight up into the air, and comes down in stacks, making a xylophone sound while it rebuilds both World Trade Towers.

LIEUTENANT VAN BUREN
Bing bong! Pussy had a train
up in it!

DAN HARMON

A passing uniformed officer gives her five while sipping his coffee.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Cold blooded, ma'am.

Briscoe looks at Green.

BRISCOE
You saved my life.

GREEN
Of course I did. We're
partners.

Briscoe's lip trembles. He looks away.

THE BLOG

- June 19th, 2008 -

Jar Jar Saigon

Today, in the middle of my daily phone conversation with Green Leaves vegan restaurant, I was siezed with the desire to drink something other than a thai ice tea or a diet coke. I wanted to try something new, and I wanted it so badly that I was willing to engage the woman that answers the phone there. To give you an indication of her accent, I have figured over time that her first line is "Hello, Green Leaves."

WOMAN ON PHONE

Heyo Geem Lee.

DAN

Hi, I'd like to order for
delivery.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Okaaaaaay ca na habba temmafo
numba?

DAN

Three two three, -

WOMAN ON PHONE

Tree poo tree,

DAN

- Two five one, -

WOMAN ON PHONE

two faaaah....
(short pause)

DAN HARMON

WOMAN ON PHONE
(impatient)

Uh huh?

DAN
(confused)
Two five one-

WOMAN ON PHONE
(irritated)
- Yeah, uh huh?

DAN
(embarrassed)
Three three four six!

WOMAN ON PHONE
Okaaaaaaaaay, yoo address tooo-
twenty twenty twoooo no comma
well, rye?

DAN
That's my address, yes.

WOMAN ON PHONE
Okaaaay wacannagifayoo.

DAN
A chicken sandwich-

WOMAN ON PHONE
-yes, enna ting ess?

DAN
...Edamame-

WOMAN ON PHONE
-yes, enna ting ess?

THE BLOG

DAN

Um...do you guys have...um,
anything besides thai iced
tea, I'm looking for the menu,
here.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Yes, we habba thai ice tea,
enna ting ess?

DAN

No, wait. I don't want a thai
ice tea.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Issa thai ice tea, we habit.

DAN

I know, but I don't want it.
Like, do you guys have any
kind of....mango...

WOMAN ON PHONE

(dubious)

We habba... sennöché....

DAN

sennöché?

WOMAN ON PHONE

(correcting)

Sennöché.

DAN

Is that a drink?

DAN HARMON

WOMAN ON PHONE

Iss may wiff mango, it
has....uh... mango in. Mango
isside.

DAN

It's a drink?

WOMAN ON PHONE

Iss a...sennöché. Iss a, has
mango.

DAN

And you drink it?

WOMAN ON PHONE

It's a sennöché.

DAN

Sennöché.

WOMAN ON PHONE

(deliberate)

sennöché.

DAN

It's a drink?

WOMAN ON PHONE

It habba mango, I...

DAN

...and you drink it?

(deep, long, loud, unabashed, abjectly disappointed
sigh from other end of phone)

THE BLOG

DAN

(embarrassed)

Okay. I'll try the sennöché.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Okaaaaay, one chickah sandwee,
one edamame, one sennöché, you
toto tooowenty one dah
toooowenty sebben sen, you pay
cash o' creddy?

DAN

Cash.

WOMAN ON PHONE

Okay be foe five min.

DAN

Thanks.

[Click here to see a photograph of my new favorite drink, Sennöché.](#)

It was actually really fucking good.

DAN HARMON

- June 21st, 2008 -

A Movie Review Blog By My Twelve Year Old Nephew

Hi, I'm Sherman Harmon, Dan Harmon's nephew. I was five years old when 9/11 happened and I'd like to talk about summer movies.

The first one is called *The Love Guru*, an experimental comedy movie that introduces a new talent named Mike Myers to the world. Mr. Myers' first foray into cinema is nevertheless executed with the confidence and professionalism of a man who has been rehearsing his jokes for twenty years. Throughout the entire history of film, comedies have been operating under strict rules, like it has to be created by Judd Apatow or it has to be about a pregnancy. Now this man comes blazing in from outer space, wearing ridiculous costumes, doing dirty puns, and playing a foreign character who is, well, let's just say a bit horny? And what if I told you there was a "midget" (little person) in this film, and that some of the jokes involved physically throwing him across the room? Would you be shocked? Probably. I was. But then I realized: it doesn't matter what the "politically correct" finger waggors might say, because comedy isn't about structure and expectation and routine, it's about the unexpected. It's about doing something that makes people say, oh my God, I can't believe they just did that. It reminds me, in a sense, of comedies from the old days, like *40 Year Old Virgin* and *Napolean Dynamite*, but it adds modern elements like dirty puns, crazy names, wild props and Beyonce music. I predict big things for Mister Myers and personally, although it's never been done, I wouldn't mind seeing a second "chapter" to *The Love Guru*, an entirely new film in which he does new versions of the same jokes. I'd buy my ticket right now, if only for the privelege of living through history.

Mike Myers is not the only member of this bumper crop of comedy. *"You Don't Mess With the Zohan"* stars Adam Sanders as a tough man, capable of great violence, who finds himself thrust into a not-so-tough world. Now, I know that doesn't make any sense, because all movies since the day I was born have been about tough people in tough worlds or not-tough people in not-tough worlds. This is a movie that mixes the two. It's as if...I don't know, I'm pulling this metaphor out of my ass, it's like a fish being outside of its water, or a hockey player trying to play golf. Sanders is no Myers, but he's got his whole career ahead of him, and

THE BLOG

if he plays his cards right, I expect to see him becoming the new Tim Meadows on Saturday Night Live.

Now, if there's two things I know, one is that the world's first computer used software called Windows 98, and two is that this Batman movie is going to be very, very important. It's not like me to give a thumbs up to a movie before I've even seen it, but then again, there's never been a movie this anticipated, certainly not one about Batman, and I've been trudging around this ball of mud since the days when the WB still ruled the airwaves and HDTV was only available in front projection units, and I have never seen this much hype end with any amount of disappointment. Batman, for those who are too young to remember, was a series of campy movies when I was a kid about a man in a purple suit with nipples on it who fought glow-in-the-dark acrobats. Now, over a decade later, it's time to tell the real story.

What would the story of Batman be like if you took it really, really seriously? The answer is: who knows. But I do know who's going to be in the front row. It's a guy with two thumbs. This guy! Wait, holy fuck, I just invented a new joke!

So, in review: I was born the same year The Daily Show debuted on Comedy Central, I can't remember a time when we weren't fighting Iraq, and, on a completely unrelated note, I love all three of these films. Thank you for your time, but if you'll excuse me, I seem to have shit my pants again and I have to hide my underwear in a drawer so I don't get in trouble.

DAN HARMON

- July 6th, 2008 -

A Letter Home From John Rambo

[spoilers, I guess].

Dear Dad:

I guess, since I am 62, you are somewhere between 80 and 100 years old. But a Rambo is nothing if not a survivor, so I'm thinking you might be alive.

Writing to family is sort of like killin', in that it's only as easy as breathin' if you're pushed. And people push me into killin' more often than they say, "John, please, for the love of God and country, pick up a pen and drop a line to your old man." But I also have to fully admit that in the war against keepin' in touch, I drew First Blood. And I apologize.

There's so much catching up to do. Jamming it all into one paragraph won't do it justice, but you need an overall sense of what's been going on with me:

In the early eighties, I went to visit an old Viet Nam buddy and the cops gave me a real hard time and it reminded me of Viet Nam so I blew up their town. Because of that, I got sent to prison, but I got out early because they needed someone to rescue POWs in Viet Nam, which really reminded me of Viet Nam and I ended up killing, let's say 80 people. After that, I moved to Thailand, and only beat the shit out of people for money until a friend of mine was taken prisoner by Russians and I had to kill like 150 people to rescue him.

After that, I moved to a new place in Thailand and I didn't give my address to anyone I know that tends to solicit my participation in military operations and/or get taken hostage. And I stopped hanging out in places where they cover their fists in glue and dip them in broken glass. And that made a huge difference in my life.

For the last 20 years, I've been selling snakes (mostly cobras) to the curator of a local snake-poking exhibit a few miles from the Burmese border, where I figured I could get some peace.

THE BLOG

And don't think that over that 20 years, there weren't a ton of people coming to me and saying, "hey, you're Rambo, can you rescue so and so or blow up such and such." I had plenty of opportunities and my policy was absolutely not. I adopted a new technique that I call "Ram-No," where I simply negate the overall context of any question or statement coming from someone who I think is going to get me into trouble.

Which is what I did when these Christian missionary people came to me and asked me to take them up river so they could make a difference. You ain't gonna make no difference, I said to them. Please, aren't you a good person, they said, and I was like, people aren't good, no way, and they were all, come on, we're trying to make a difference, and I was all, differences can't be made, that kind of thing. I can do that for hours.

Ugh. But only with dudes. After the first Christian guy got Ram-no'd, this cute blonde lady was like, don't you want things to change, and I was like things don't change, and she was like, not if people don't change them, and I was all, nobody don't change nothing, go home, and she totally left.

Ugh, but then she came back again that night, and it was raining. And she was like, don't you want to change things for the better, and I was like, nothing gets better, everything stays the same, and she was like, no, everything changes, because of people, and I was like, people don't change nothing, they get changed by things, only things is the way they is, they just is, and she was like, what is, and I was like, is just is, and it don't change.

But my words got all twisted around and she was so pretty and it was raining and you can only say no so many times and cut to me in a fucking boat with these hippies taking them up river.

And it was in that boat that the blonde lady asked me about myself, and I found myself mentioning you, Dad, and our place in Arizona, for the first time in 40 years. And she said, "don't you ever think of going home and seeing what's changed," and I said, "I don't know...it's complicated."

Something like that. Which is what I want to get back to at the end of this letter.

DAN HARMON

Anywho, I really doubt I have to tell you where this is going. I dropped them off, went and slept in my hammock for several weeks, and then a pastor came to me and said it had been 10 days since they were due back home, and would I please go up river and find them with some mercenaries.

And he's talking to me, and all I wanted to do was Ram-No him, but I also thought, Jesus Christ, you know, I already did three scenes with the other people where I said no, this is the fourth scene where someone asks me to go be Rambo, if I hear myself say "no" one more time I'm going to start boring myself, so I agreed to go pretty quickly.

Well, I didn't go quickly. First I hand-forged a giant knife. And while I did, I got some thinking done out loud in my head. And I thought a lot of stuff like, "sometimes you gotta just accept what you are" and "if you're pushed, killin's as easy as breathin'." Thoughts that I would also like to revisit after I get you caught up.

So, I finished making my new knife, and cut to me in a boat, but it wasn't a double beat, because now it's with mercenaries. I was kind of like Sigourney Weaver in the second Alien movie, which I think was called First Aliens: Alien Part Two.

And then we basically walked to the military camp where the cute blonde lady was moments from being raped, thankfully for the first time during her month long stint as the hottest female prisoner of 100 genocidal rapist maniacs, and I ripped one of their throats out with my bare hands and I blew most of their arms and legs off with guns and then I cut their leader in half with my giant knife.

And I looked at the blonde lady from up on a hill, and she was hugging one of her Christian friends, and I got the sense that they were an item, and I thought, what am I doing, I'm 62 years old, I look like a monster, I don't think you can kill enough brown people to get into her league. She loves Jesus and I'm a big lumpy devil.

So, dissolve to me coming home.

THE BLOG

Now, by the time you're reading this, if everything is still the way I left it 40 years ago, I will already have walked up a country road and down a dirt driveway, past a mailbox that says "R. Rambo" on it, toward our horse ranch.

And, because I'm not the world's most gifted thinker, except when it comes to first aid and camoflaue, I am hoping that you reading this letter will help stimulate a conversation between us, and we can get to the bottom of some things I don't quite understand, yet:

Was it Viet Nam that messed me up or was it my family? If it was Viet Nam, it seems like going back to my horse ranch would have been something to explore before living in Thailand. I didn't really mention my home life for 40 years and then I just blurted something on a boat to a hippy about not wanting to go home because it's complicated or something. Was I just trying to get laid?

What is my position on killing, exactly? Do I like killing or do I not like killing? I seem to put myself in situations that end up involving a lot of killing, but I also do a lot of monologues, both internal and external, about the horrors I've seen. And this monologue I did while making my most recent knife really confused the hell out of me, because clearly, at 62, I have made some kind of decision I hadn't previously made about "accepting what I am." And I'm not sure if it's that decision that resulted in me killing twice as many Burmese soldiers as Soviet and Viet Nameese soldiers put together, and if so, am I coming home to stop killing, or - and don't be alarmed here - to really get the killing started?

Usually, after each murder spree, I make a speech, and it's easy enough to figure out what the moral of my murder spree was. This time, I mumbled something in my head while making a knife about killing being as easy as breathing when you're pushed. And now I'm coming home. So I guess...um...don't push me?

And just to give you an indication of what pushing me entails, those cops in Mount Washington made fun of my haircut and squirted me with a hose.

So...I would say...no fucking around when we're washing the car. Spread the word about that.

DAN HARMON

I'm looking forward to seeing you and Mom again. I'm either hoping that nobody pushes me, or I'm totally hoping someone pushes me, I'm not sure which, but just so you can get mentally prepared: I have this weird feeling someone's going to push me. Within hours of me ringing the doorbell.

Horse rustlers? Overzealous ATF agents? Gang bangers? Paparazzi? Indians? I don't know, I'm not psychic, I can't read the future, but I can see the past, and the past says, some shit's going to go down.

I have a good feeling about it. I have a feeling you're kind of a bad ass, but 80 years old, and maybe I've got a couple brothers, and maybe there's some foreclosure thing happening that will quickly escalate, with an entire Blackwater type corporation coming to evict us, but us standing our ground, and I think it could be neat, sort of like a Legends of the Fall meets Home Alone but with way deadlier booby traps.

You never know. Maybe it's over. Maybe if killin's as easy as breathin', then, by the transitive property, whenever I feel like killin', I can just take a deep breath.

By the way, do you still make those smiley face pancakes?

THE BLOG

- July 6th, 2008 -

Beating God's Rotted, Dead Horse's Corpse for Myke

At Erin's party on Friday, Myke "Bertrand Russel" Chilian came bounding up to me with this disappointed smirk on his face and "confronted" me about this rumor he'd just heard that I believe in God.

Nobody hears me when I explain this, I feel like I'm talking into a paper bag: The phrase "believe in God" is beneath me, that's how awesome I am.

This is my explanation of my point of view on religion that I'm now pulling out all the time. You can disagree with it but don't try to tell me it's not what I think:

If "believing in God" is Coca Cola and "not believing in God" is Pepsi, then the "corn syrup" that unites them, the poison that slips through disguised as dichotomy, is mediocrity. Unremarkability. Inhumanity. That's what people who "don't believe in God" and people who "believe in God" have in common. They all think you're limited, and they're all inviting you into their limited world where you can realize how limited you are.

Human beings do not come out of the womb having to decide what to think.

They come out just thinkin', the way Rambo comes out killin', it's as easy as breathin'.

Society then [understandably] tells them they have to use their natural thinking power to make decisions, decisions that keep them from getting hit by cars and arrested and stuff. In the real world. Fine. I agree. Make a decision at a stop sign. Make a decision about using condoms, or, in the event that you don't make that decision, decide who you invite to your wedding or who to tell about your abortion. Think real hard and make a decision about whether or not to record Nylon Nymphos 3 or Law and Order. It's got to be one or the other and it's going to make a difference because you're either going to be cumming into a rag or...well, okay, you're going to be cumming into a rag no matter what but you might be doing it while watching Sam Waterston's closing arguments.

DAN HARMON

There are 9,000,000,000 decisions you have to make to get through this life.

God isn't one of them. That's not what he's either there or not there for.

He's there or not there to be there and/or not there, not to be there or not there.

Mentally, by default, we are graceful, powerful creatures of limitless potential and we are as capable of living comfortably within mystery and paradox as we are capable of drinking water instead of Coke or Pepsi. It's riiiiight there. It's the easiest thing in the world. It is the natural state of your incredibly beautiful human mind to be simultaneously aware of completely contradictory thoughts.

Mythology is our expression of that fact, an [attempted] reconciling of the infinite with the finite, an [attempted] surfing of the whirling spiral created by our consciousness of our own mortality.

Gods are personifications of that which we have yet to understand. The fact that we are able to give That Which We Do Not Yet Understand a name and a face is the reason why we're able to confront it, atone with it, and wield its power, which is another way of saying that mythology begets science, which begets us standing around at parties with the free time and laser-corrected vision to look down our noses at personifications of the unknown created by busier people who knew less and died younger.

And yes, they were very silly people, those that came before us, with their flat Earth and their leeches and their please-confess-to-not-being-Jewish-or-we'll-sew-your-butt-closed and their stop-being-schizophrenic-or-we'll-blame-you-for-our-soufflet-falling and all kinds of horrible things. But that is not the fault of That Which We Do Not Know. On the contrary, the witch burnings, the inquisitions, the highly inaccurate maps depicting everything past Portugal as a giant octopus and the highly uncomfortable taxonomical hierarchies justifying the ownership of people with different hairstyles, these are crimes committed by hubris, by refusal to acknowledge, let alone surrender, to That Which We Do Not Yet Know.

That Which We Do Not Yet Know is still a minimum of 50% of every conversation we have, every room at the party and every minute of our lives, which is why nobody gets a pat on the back from me for pretending it's not there.

THE BLOG

What you'll probably get is an ulcer, but it's none of my business and I'm not a doctor.

There is such a thing as a perfectly healthy, self-actualized atheist. I've met them. They're not all that pissed off at other people's religions and they don't devote a lot of energy condescending to primitive mythologies. When you are a genuinely smart person with respect for scientific method, the confidence it brings is rarely characterized by a need to disprove people's personifications of the unknown. Science is founded on the principle that there's a great deal left to be known and a great deal to be gained by knowing it. So when you fold your arms and talk about everything you already know, and get up in my shit about how differently I should be thinking, I don't care if you work for NASA or Billy Graham, I don't exactly feel like I'm in the presence of a mentor. I kind of feel like your Mom and Dad were as dopey as everyone else's but you haven't gotten over it, yet.

Do you have to call everything you don't know "God?" Hell no, baby, you don't have to do anything. The big question is, now that you know you don't have to do anything, what are you going to do with that freedom and power? Nothing would be cool with me, I'm mostly a Taoist, I can roll with doing nothing. Something would be equally cool, provided it was something you wanted to do. We call the moment when a character realizes they don't have to do anything the "mid point." It's half a story. The second half of a full story involves knowing what you want to do and doing it.

And I'm telling you, not because I'm good at it, but because we have been told this for 5,000 years now, knowing what you want to do and doing it involves a relationship with That Which You Do Not Yet Know. A really intimate relationship with a lot of slappin' and kissin'.

Like the relationship Tom Hanks had with that volleyball in that movie where he got cast away. It was very helpful for Tom Hanks to give that volleyball a name and a face. It helped him be less lost and fix his tooth with a rock and get home to his ice cubes and icky face acting lady. The process of getting from A to B was aided, for the audience and the character, by the character having something with which to commune.

DAN HARMON

So, are you going to float down to Tom Hanks' island and pop his volleyball and explain to him that it's not a person? If you're that guy, here's some rhetorical questions for you:

- 1) Do you think Tom Hanks doesn't know it's just a volleyball?
- 2) Are you going to replace his instinctive mythology with something, or
- 3) Is your job done when everyone's buzz is killed?
- 4) Are you really doing this to help other people, or
- 5) Does this have something to do with your own empowerment, and if so
- 6) Do you think fighting something is the most effective way to gain power, or
- 7) Is it possible to attain something's power by surrendering to it?

Which brings me around to my corn syrup conspiracy point, which is that when everyone's given a "choice" between a life of religion and a life of science, what they're really being told is that they have no choice but to believe they have to choose. To choose in which manner they are limited.

Someone's got to be dictating your margins, is it gonna be math or the pope. You're not allowed to define right and wrong, you're not allowed to draw your own map of the cosmos.

And I say that is a limited world, for limited people.

I mean, if I make the statement that there is no God, I get a bunch of people with calculators agreeing with me. Okay, could be worse. Like if I made the statement that there is a God and he looks like Santa Claus but his suit is purple, in which case I get a bunch of high strung hillbillies and fat teenagers that haven't tried marijuana on my side.

But if I make the statement that I, Dan Harmon, am God, then I get a lot of hillbillies and calculator people booing in unison and high fiving each other. Because those people aren't so different, not in the way that matters to ME.

From my perspective, they're all on the Dan Harmon is Not Capable of Greatness Team. Fuck those guys. Every vote in that election is a vote against me, I won't pick a side in the battle to decide why I'm a useless piece of shit.

THE BLOG

I say, mythology is about man becoming one with the unknown, and in order for that to happen, you have to personify the unknown- which is very religious and not very scientific- and you have to then know that unknown - which is very scientific and somewhat sacreligious in the eyes of modern so-called Christianity, which, in spite of its name, has nothing to do with man-becoming-God and everything to do with belonging to a global cult of selfish, lazy, gluttonous, sanctimonious, xenophobic cowards.

In Myke's defense, his family is a bunch of foreigners, which can only mean that their version of Christianity was probably forced on their ancestors through the barrel of a gun or some kind of Happy Meal, and was therefore all the more fraudulent and therefore all the more forced around the dinner table, and he needs to run all the further from it all the faster to become a good person, and how old is Chilian, really? His band still gets together for rehearsals, that means he's under 30, so why am I defending myself from the supposedly worthless derision of an Armenian teenager when I could be finishing my screenplay that's so good when he reads it he'll have no choice but to believe in God.

I just don't appreciate the implication that there's anything I don't know about - oh, crap, busted. I don't know what I'm talking about, I'm just arrogant and blocked. I feel unblocked now, though. Thank you, God!

DAN HARMON

- July 9th, 2008 -

Best Law and Order Ending Ever

Episode:

"Ain't No Love"

2005

Actual Law and Order Ending

INT. BRANCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

District Attorney Arthur BRANCH speaks with Assistant District Attorney SERENA Southerlyn.

BRANCH

You're a superb attorney. And you oughtta be involved in cases that feed your passion.

SERENA

Well, that would be wonderful.

BRANCH

But Serena, you must know, that will never happen in this office. It can't. Now, a prosecutor can be zealous, but not passionate. Advocacy is warm blooded. Enforcement's gotta be cold blooded. And blind, and even handed.

THE BLOG

SERENA

Does Jack feel as strongly
about this as you do?

BRANCH

No. But it's my office and my
decision. And he accepts that.

SERENA

(concerned)

A decision. You've already
made a decision.

BRANCH

I have. You're fired.

Pause.

SERENA

Is this because I'm a lesbian?

BRANCH

No. Of course not.

(adding)

No.

SERENA

Good.

(adding)

Good.

FADE OUT.

Daaaaaaaaaaaaamn!

I really just wanted to transcribe that before I deleted it on my tivo. But now that I did, as slippery a slope as catering can be, I feel your desperate craving and I so badly want to satiate you. I will try. I will try my best to help you.

DAN HARMON

My Revision of Law and Order Ending

INT. BRANCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SERENA

Is this because I'm a lesbian?

BRANCH

No. Of course not.

(adding)

No.

SERENA

Good.

(adding)

Good.

She gets up and starts to gather her things.

BRANCH

Serena, wait. Don't go. I
can't do this. I want you to
stay.

SERENA

Why, because I'm a lesbian?

BRANCH

Yes. The fact is, I didn't
remember you were a lesbian
until just now, at which point
I realized, you'll probably
sue us, and it won't matter if
you win or lose, it'll be in
the papers, and it'll be a
mess, and, like my Granpappy
used to say, that coon won't
hunt.

THE BLOG

SERENA

Well, I don't want to come
into work every day knowing
that you wish I wasn't here
but you're afraid to fire me
because I'm a lesbian.

The sound of sawing wood prompts them both to look up. The tip of a saw is protruding through a slit in the ceiling, vigorously sliding up and down and raining plaster dust as it lengthens the slit into a three foot circle. The circular portion of the ceiling falls to the floor of Branch's office.

Serena and Branch stare at the hole. Nothing happens. The door to the office is slammed shut, startling them. Serena goes to it and tries to open it.

SERENA

It's locked from outside!

BRANCH

Shh! Shh! Listen!

They stay perfectly quiet. A faint hissing sound can be heard.

SERENA

What is it? Cats? Why would
there be cats up there, how
could they use a saw?

BRANCH

It's not cats. I'm from
Georgia. Those are snakes.

Hundreds of snakes fall through the hole into Branch's office.

DAN HARMON

BRANCH

Fuck! Fuck you!

Branch runs to the pile of snakes and tries stomping on them. Several of them leap and bite him on the legs, arms and face.

BRANCH

Agggh! Fuck you!

(to Serena)

The bookshelf! Pull the transcripts from Henderson v. Henderson! NOW! Serena scans the shelf of books as quickly as she can, trying not to panic.

Branch opens a drawer on his desk and pulls out a lit kerosene lamp, which he throws on the snakes. It explodes into a lake of fire.

Serena finds what she's looking for and pulls a book on Arthur's shelf. The book won't come all the way out. Instead, it tilts forward and makes a loud click. A section of Branch's book shelf slides open, revealing a flourescent lit concrete tunnel.

BRANCH

Go, go, go!

SERENA

I'm not leaving without you!

BRANCH

Yes you are, Serena! You're an advocate. I'm an enforcer. I can no more abandon this office than you can stay in it, now GO!

THE BLOG

A flaming snake leaps and bites Branch on the throat.

BRANCH

Aggggggh, mother fuckaaaaaaaaa!

Serena shrieks through tears and covers her mouth, but then runs through the secret door into the concrete hall.

Branch, now leapt upon by dozens of flaming snakes, keeps screaming in pain and anger while twirling in circles. He falls into the lake of fire and rolls around screaming.

The entire pile explodes.

INT. CONCRETE TUNNEL

Serena runs down the hall.

Flame from the explosion moves rapidly up the hallway behind her. She grunts and runs faster, crying.

A voice in her head:

MEDICINE MAN (V.O.)

Remember, Serena. Remember
your legacy. Remember your
people.

Serena concentrates while running.

She turns into a jaguar.

The jaguar is able to outrun the fire.

The jaguar gets to the end of the hall, where there is a metal door. The jaguar tries scratching the door. Paws at the doorknob, to no avail.

She looks back and sees the wall of flame bearing down on her.

The jaguar roars in anger, and then is consumed by the fire.

FADE TO BLACK.

DAN HARMON

Title card and Law and Order sound:
District Attorney's Office
10:05 AM, Friday, June 3

FADE IN:

INT. BRANCH'S OFFICE - DAY

A worker in coveralls is screwing the circular section of the ceiling back in place. Other workers are sweeping up charred snake.

Detectives GREEN and FONTANA observe the blackened corpse of Arthur Branch. Green is thinking out loud about what must have happened.

GREEN

So, he's having a meeting with the girl. Hole gets cut in the ceiling, she moves to the door.

FONTANA

Snakes come down, boom, Branch is up and stomping on them and she takes off down the tunnel.

GREEN

Where she turns into a jaguar before burning to death.

FONTANA

You have any idea how long the list of suspects is when the victim is the District Attorney.

GREEN

Yeah, we're going to be doing overtime on this one. Let's hit the streets.

THE BLOG

FONTANA

(to someone else)

Sorry to disturb you sir, I'm
sure you're looking forward to
getting started on your new
job.

They walk away. We pan from the door over to whomever
Fontana was speaking.
It's an elderly MEDICINE MAN, sitting behind Branch's
desk.

MEDICINE MAN

I am.

He looks at the camera and gives a sinister smile.

MEDICINE MAN

I am.

FADE TO BLACK.

Title card:
Executive Producer
Dick Wolf.

DAN HARMON

- August 23rd, 2008 -

My cat wants me to tell you I moved my blog

I put a "real" blog up at www.danharmon.com and I put real in quotes because there's something about a myspace blog that makes it easier to keep something closer to an online diary than some kind of online attempt at entertaining people, but I'm sure I just need to adjust to my new aquarium over time so I can get back to talking about jerking off on stuff.

Anyways, I didn't even want to tell you about it because that means I care if you read it and I don't know about you but if I wanted to read something by someone that cared if I read it I'd swallow down my vomit and force my way through one of those sweaty ass Tom Robbins books you people are always pushing on me. But my cat just started blogging and she is in her desperate, everybody-like-me phase and she won't stop rubbing my leg or drooling on me with her feline AIDS mouth until I let you know that you can read her worthless, pandering tripe at:

www.danharmon.com

That's it. Maybe I'll get back into a myspace phase later or paste anything here that is actually about my life or who knows, I don't know what I'm doing, I just know I started a real blog at www.danharmon.com and that my cat is really excited about it and that's all I know.

THE BLOG

- September 6th, 2008 -

Armenia vs. Turkey

I want in on that soccer game, you guys. Don't forget to call me.

Tomorrow morning?

DAN HARMON

- February 26th, 2009 -

test

poopy test

THE BLOG

- June 22nd, 2010 -

Carl Jung May Have Been Wrong

We were having a small degree of difficulty breaking the story for our third episode yesterday, so Neil Goldman and I were texting possibilities to each other late into the night. Finally, I texted that I was going to sleep, and that I would use a trick I learned from one of my 90 ex therapists. I would “give myself permission to have an important dream.”

Here is the dream from which I just now awoke:

I was Columbo. I reported to the scene of a homicide only to find no body. My Captain was there, and told me he wanted me to retire, but that before I did, I should shave in a hot tub. He handed me an electric razor. I climbed into the hot tub and submerged myself, where I found a corpse floating, dressed like me – that is, dressed like Columbo. Realizing that my captain was trying to kill me in an elaborate plot that my waking brain is at quite a loss to explain, I leapt from the hot tub just as it became electrified, cooking my dead doppleganger.

I fled the scene and hid in the loft of a nearby warehouse, in which many bodies were hidden. For several hours, I watched and listened as my captain a few accomplices wrapped and weighted bodies. They then left to dump them at sea, during which I elected to stay where I was.

The captain returned, having realized the Columbo body he had dumped was not mine, and he climbed into a suit of power armor with long arms, stilt legs and huge manhole covers for feet. He said he knew I was up there in the loft, and ripped down a wall to give himself more access to my hiding place.

I climbed down the opposite side of the loft into the lobby of a hotel (good move, Columbo), where the receptionist informed me I was doing the opening for this year’s Oscars, so checked into a room, took a shower and changed into a tuxedo. I reported to the auditorium with a case of pencils, and when the Oscars started, I danced in a spotlight, and was well received by the crowd (considering). I began throwing the pencils, and it seemed like people liked that a lot. So I kept throwing them, and everyone cheered, and then the Oscars began.

DAN HARMON

Natalie Portman was hosting. I took a seat in the audience with me girlfriend and watched. Toward the end, I was informed by the usher that Natalie wanted to present an award with me (having written for the Oscars, I can tell you this is not how it usually works). Flattered and excited, I walked around the auditorium looking for Natalie Portman, who eventually found me and told me she had decided to present the award with Tom Kaufmann (Tom is a young talented writer from Channel 101) because he didn't get a chance to do a lot that year (again, not exactly how the Oscars work, but I think it may have been a metaphor).

I took my seat with my girlfriend and watched the rest of the Oscars. Dino found me and said NBC wanted to talk to us upstairs. We went up to a room where the executives from NBC were sitting at a banquet table. After some small talk about the Oscars – in which it became apparent that several people in the audience had received eye injuries during my pencil-throwing bit – they handed out NBC schedules in newsprint catalogues and enthusiastically took me through them page by page, at the end, proudly revealing that Community was being moved to 10:30 pm.

I asked what was currently at 10:30 on NBC. “Nothing,” they said. I looked in the catalogue to see what we would be running against. “Dance Party USA.”

The meeting adjourned. I met with Dino in the lobby and got depressed when I remembered how much stuff I had to pack in my hotel room. Then I woke up.

On the up side, I used to just dream spiders were chasing me and my Mom was the Hulk.

THE BLOG

- October 28th, 2010 -

Stop Telling me Sharks are Misunderstood

I found this rant in my phone's notepad. Pretty funny but probably not comedically bleeding edge. I don't remember writing it, date says 2007. I miss having this much spare energy.

Stop telling me sharks are misunderstood

I understand sharks, Shark Documentary Asshole. They're giant mouths in the water that eat meat. Why is it every time I record a show called "shark: ravenous monsters of the deep," I know I'm going to spend 15 of the 44 minutes being lectured about my anti-shark attitude?

Listen. Here's my position: they're fucking sharks. They're killing machines. Yeah, I get it, they prefer not to eat us. It's usually an accident when they take an Australian surfer's leg off. They thought he was a seal. Big fucking deal. Jesus Christ, guess what: I'm afraid of seals. They're huge dogs in the water that eat fish. I'm scared of the fucking fish that seals eat. So, yeah, professor, I'm scared of the fucking thing that eats seals. Jesus Christ. I'm a monkey. Here's some things I'm not afraid of:

Nuts

Berries

Female Monkeys

I reserve the right to have my fucking blood curdled at the thought of a 30 foot long monster fish with six rows of teeth the size of doritos.

How about this? I'll be scared of fucking sharks and you be in love with them and we'll see who lives a fuller life.

You know who else hates sharks? Dolphins. Seals. Sea Lions. Whales. In other words, every mammal that has ever seen one. Do you understand that dolphins are mammals, like us, that swim in the ocean, and enjoy chatting with us and frolicking, and when they see a shark, they ram it with their noses until it's dead?

DAN HARMON

Dolphins have a “zero tolerance” policy on sharks. Less sharks the better in a dolphin’s eyes. If you’re going to act like there’s all this beauty in the ocean, why don’t you side with the beautiful dolphins and be scared of sharks. Go chain yourself to a whaling ship if you love the fucking creatures of the deep so much.

Let’s put fucking sharks nearer the bottom of our pity list than....coral. Starfish. And fish that never eat people. Let’s save “shark hugging” for the year when there’s almost nothing left to do.

From what I hear, they’ll keep, right? Isn’t that one of the most amazing things about sharks? How resilient they are? Every shark special talks about how the species hasn’t changed in 8 billion years. By the way, um: nothing to brag about. Alligators are sooooo old. Sharks are sooooo old. Big fucking deal. Ants are older. Amoeba are older. Moss is fucking perfect. The guy that bangs on his cieling when I play my music too loud has been in this building for 20 years. So what. Seniority in a nut house just makes you a bigger nut. hg eh ata -

We’re the state of the art. We’re primates. We won. I don’t see any bees making spaceships. If an asteroid big enough to destroy the planet was headed our way, we would decide which bees and which fish and which flowers get to come on the space ark. That means we’re “the man,” from the Latin mannus. That means that sharks are MONSTERS if we say they are.

Hey, listen: there’s species that aren’t threatened by sharks at all. Like those fuckers that suck onto the sides of sharks. Those guys must love sharks. Oh, gee, too bad THEY didn’t take over the planet.

Maybe they were too busy loving sharks.

Maybe that’s where shark loving gets you. Sucked onto the side of a shark. Living your entire life wishing the very best for a giant fish with a mouthful of knives and a brain smaller than a fucking mouse’s.

Fuck sharks. I’ve fucking had it.

And no it’s not because of fucking Jaws. Jesus Christ. Jaws was written because we were scared of fucking sharks.

THE BLOG

- October 2011 -

Crucial Update on my Bodily Functions

I have, physically, had worse and better 2:30 AMs than this. I haven't seen that recent Planet of the Apes movie but based on the descriptions I've heard, its third act is unfolding in my abdomen. I feel like I accidentally swallowed an entire very put-upon chimp with zero tolerance for captivity and a vindictive determination to make some points known on the way out.

Fiv just rubbed her nose on my phone and posted the above paragraph as its own tumblr entry. It was supposed to be an opener. So I deleted and am restarting. If you want less of my fat obnoxious personal life and more talking about you and Community, skim down a bit. If you find this entry long and pointless, YOUR REFUND IS IN THE MAIL, fuck off, it's my Internet, too. Sorry I snapped at you.

Too be graphic, I am shitting water and regurgitating, well, there's no adorable way to say it, foam, right now, BUT, I am smiling between violent wretches for several reasons:

one of our writers has been suffering from colitis/crones the entire time I've known him and had to have his colon removed so I know I have nothing to complain about. I think Steve's reaction to me describing my symptoms right now would be "ah, those were the days."

I am uncontrollably pukin' and poopin' in the first house I've ever owned, on my first night in it. That's why I was in a hotel the last two days. My assistant, Daniella (I know, right?) who I am convinced is an actual angel, oversaw my move via this fancy service while I "wrote" episode 315, and by "wrote" I mean surfed porn and drank. All I had to do was go pick up Fiv from the old place, drive her over to the new place, call Daniella to tell her I had taken the wrong keys, wait 20 minutes, apologize to Daniella, and walk into my new place. This is an obnoxious thing to be able to do and I am keenly aware that when you moved, there were milk crates, warm six packs, hernias and strained friendships involved, and I have been there, and that is why I am smiling. I have a good life. This time of year in Milwaukee I would have been duct taping sheets of plastic across the

DAN HARMON

windows to keep the snow out of the living room. I also would have then hit a bong made from a maple syrup bottle and played Resident Evil for 7 hours. My life was good then, too.

I am very optimistic about this situation with Community. Not in a naive, let's-think-positive-because-we-may-as-well way. I am optimistic in a shrewd, practical, look at the situation and place the bet you'd place if you were betting your life way. I think the most thorough, informed and incidentally optimistic analysis of our situation was in the AV Club article to which I am too lazy to link here, but you can find it by googling, it's called "eight reasons community might come back" or something. If it's self deluded bullshit, it's the type that really goes the distance to suspend your disbelief. It worked on me.

Here's a slightly less scientific but immediately present factor that makes me see very clearly that Community's story is not over: you guys are fucking nuts, in the best way possible. And you are beautiful and kind and honest. And there is a magic emanating from you. You are in lockstep with a universal rhythm, here. You put our show on the cover of TV Guide BEFORE any of this was going down. It looks from a distance like we got yanked and THEN there was this pity party of clicking on that poll to make some point, but that is not what happened, I was there the whole time watching. First, you won us that cover. And TV Guide swore us to secrecy. Then, NBC rescheduled us. Then TV Guide came to the set and took the photos of the cast and swore them to secrecy. We were half wondering if the network would pull strings to kill the cover because, well, you know, awkward much? My point is that when I look at the timeline, I don't see a boring cause-effect chain. I see a weird, ironic, poetic blossom of mythology. I see story points. I see the folds in the universal cootie catcher, I see an absurdly happy ending.

Here's what's going to happen in the short term. The Christmas episode is going to be very well received, because it's pointless to punch a man on a stretcher but more importantly, the Christmas episode rules. We're going to have dramatically higher ratings because more people promote and watch holiday episodes, and it's our unintentional finale and the Pittsburgh and St. Louis affiliates, two of our biggest viewerships, aren't going to air their news anchors playing Pictionary, they're going to give Gillian Jacobs, the PRIDE OF PITTSBURGH, the holiday party she deserves. And we're going to break a 2 (I can't believe that's become a

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dream, but, fuck it). And the mushroom cloud is going to turn into the word "WHY," and it's going to stay there until the obvious choice is to bring this little scrapper back.

And, by the way, I agree with the AV Club that the answer to "why" is not a sinister one. It's time to give Up All Night the same shot every new show at NBC gets. They can't air everything at the same time. They have to move stuff around and try to find the magic combination. It has equal potential to be exactly what we need. We were the obvious player to bench for a few. Yes, I'd love to be on the court forever but I'd also love to be taller and I'm not. It's not exactly what I'd call stupid coaching.

So what should we do during the hiatus? Well, I'll be working. Doing my part, which is to make the show, should it come back, come back strong. I will fail and I will succeed. You guys seem better able than I at figuring out things to do. Here's something I wouldn't do: don't send jaded tweets to shows or personalities you perceive as somehow competing with us. If you're over thirteen, you know Whitney Cummings doesn't choose her time slot, and that we're no more entitled to it than any other show. If creatives were running things, we would try to create a situation in which everybody got to see everything they wanted to see. And that is the landscape that is emerging, and it's a less profitable one for the previous generation's conglomerates, and it is those companies that prefer you to think your selection of one show over defines you as a person and is a matter of life and death. The truth is, people that make you want to laugh are on your side, and people that want to make money off you laughing kind of aren't, but they own everything and they get us connected to you.

Holy shit, my thumbs are tired. It's 4:30 now? Ironically, my literary diarrhea seems to have abated the real thing. I might be able to sleep, now. I'll post as-is, I think editing this entry for content would be like pouring spot remover on a dog.

You guys are the best. That ratings hike was all you.

DAN HARMON

- October 7th, 2012 -

North Carolina Blog

Laying - god damn it, LYING in bed (I resolve to get the lay-lie-rules burnt into my head before 40) not in Charlotte. In Madison, NC.

This morning, we will be going to church. Haven't been inside one in years and that was only because it had a famous ceiling. Erin's dad is a baptist minister. A pastor? A pastor is a sub-category of minister, right? The protestant equivalent of a priest..hey why look it up, I'm only 39.

I'm looking forward to it. Charlie is a smart, serene guy that took us fishing on a beautiful, quiet lake the minute we got here. He calmly retrieved every lure we cast into trees and bushes, he watched patiently while I tangled every inch of my line with every inch of his boat's rope, and when my first big nibble turned out to be his outboard motor, he didn't hazy me about it, which is certainly a privilege of the girlfriend's dad, especially in his own boat. He was comfortable in silence but could talk about whatever, at one point, tossing out a casual ditty from the gospel and organically braiding it to something I'd said earlier about writing. I've always considered what I do to be of biblical importance, so that was nice. He's certainly a good guy to be hanging out with at this odd juncture. He (and Erin) lost Erin's mom to cancer at a tragically young age and I imagine it's going to be heart-wrenching to see him watch his son (Erin's little brother) get married. This trip is a front row seat to a lot of stuff that has nothing to do with me, which is just what the doctor in my dry sponge is ordering.

This B&B is owned by a gay couple named Rick and Joey. Okay, I'm jumping to a conclusion there. It's possible this B&B is owned by two very good single friends that live together with a pair of golden retrievers, one of whom makes great breakfast and is a hairdresser. Although that would be a lot weirder than being gay. When we checked in, we only met Rick, but saw posted rules signed "Rick and Joey," and also saw that the house was up for sale, so we decided that Joey had moved out and that we would, later that night, be overhearing muffled sobs from behind a sliding door, and upon investigating, would be entreated, over wine and cheese, to Rick's heartbreaking backstory, after which we would help him get back on his feet with a car wash montage, acquire a lifelong friend with a bed and

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breakfast in North Carolina and be able to stay here for free any time we wanted. Then, last night we met Joey, who has just been working late, and who is selling the house so that he and Rick can be closer to where they both work. We were as disappointed in their happiness as Romney was in the new job figures.

It just started raining and thundering outside. But it's being ruined by the rain sound effects we play on Erin's phone to help us sleep. I want to go over and shut off her phone but then Erin will wake up and all the irony might wake up Rick and Joey downstairs. Then they'll be down there talking about the homophobes that seemed disappointed when they found out they were a couple, and the irony will wake up the whole neighborhood. Oh, well, it's almost time to get up anyway.

DAN HARMON

- October 9th, 2012 -

I Think Romney Doesn't Actually Want to be President

Expert, Airtight Political Punditry by Dan Harmon

I don't think Mitt Romney actually wants to be president. Not being, myself, a politically clued-in guy, I base this mostly on body language and tone of voice in these fun clips that get posted by the other side. I see him getting pouty and snippy, acting the way I've felt so many times when nobody appreciated all my fancy gifted specialness and I wanted to go home and do bong hits and wait for the world to miss me. Like a nine year old being told he has to choose between second dessert and the zoo.

I saw this youtube clip of Romney speaking to his reporters (I call them "his" because I assume they're reporters he's carting around, as opposed to actual journalists, all of whom died in some consequently unreported plane crash in the seventies) I don't know where he's standing but it looks like the back of a Staples. It literally says "ballpoint pens" on a wall behind his head, as if his handlers are attempting a message about utility over appeal, like this candidate is a well-needed if weirdly-smelling eraser or bottle of white-out. He offers up a relatively meaningless, certainly familiar, dare I say traditional squirt of political diarrhea that all of his kind squirt three times a term, something about not being in anyone's pocket, specifying that his campaign "isn't run by lobbyists."

Then you hear an exasperated, high pitched voice from off camera say, "come on, that's not true, Governor." It's one of the Romney Reporters, some poor blogoblob that's been given access to a politician in exchange for releasing press releases, and apparently, in a sadder, day-late-dollar-short version of Network, he's mildly irritated as hell and can pretty much take it forever but doesn't feel like it anymore. This reporter wants to hold Romney's semantic pinky toe to a low flame on this issue, he demands clarification, isn't so-and-so on his campaign and isn't he part of this or that, etc.

He has one job, this reporter: to redirect diarrhea from the conveyor to the pallet and now he's up and gone all Lucy on us. Now he's looking at the camera going "waaaaaah." Maybe it's mental and spiritual exhaustion brought on by the anti-

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yoga of pretending Romney is human within pretending Romney has a shot within pretending elections matter. Maybe he figures he has a better shot at a bigger apartment if he gets a mention on The Daily Show, or, maybe, if you're cynical enough, he's been promised a seat on Obama's plane by a buddy from college. Whatever his motive, he's too young to have seen anything with Robert Redford in it, so he does what he thinks Amy Adams might do in a movie about famous reporting, which basically amounts to heckling. It's as close to a nervous breakdown as someone that's allowed to be close to a politician is allowed to have. It's as close to holding a rich dick accountable as the poor are allowed to do without jail time. But it's nothing terribly egregious or outrageous. If it feels that way, it's because it never happens, a fact which is a lot fucking weirder than a chubby guy getting irritated while sitting cross legged on the floor of what I really feel is a Staples.

What's weird is Romney's reaction. Or maybe it's not weird at all, maybe it's uncomfortable how normal it is, having watched clips of this guy for six months acting like a puppet on a Canadian kids' show about the metric system. The second he hears someone accuse him of lying, Romney lowers himself to the reporter's statues and just boldly whines right back at him. They instantly become a couple bickering in a grocery aisle. Lots of "can I finish" and "is that what I said, Eric? Did I say that?" kind of stuff. We've all been there. Perfectly relatable and therefore forgivable on both sides.

Until you remember, with embarrassment and horror, that this guy that sounds like he's being given a hard time by his girlfriend about Grape Nuts after a long day at work is, in reality, a billionaire being given a not-so-hard time by a subordinate pseudo-reporter about a run-of-the-mill lie he's telling while running for Motherfucking President of the God Damn United Fucking Nuclear Armed Fucking States. He's running for Abraham fucking Lincoln's job. He wants us to pay him to oversee the fucking planet and he's breaking a sweat going toe to toe with a kid that I'm pretty sure interviewed me at Comic-Con.

I am a very Bad person, I get bitchy. I snip and snap and bully when Erin wants to go look at a famous mansion and I want to go to a dinosaur museum, or when I want more pizza than she ordered, or when I want to watch Clive Owen in Time Exploder and she wants to watch Jason Siegel in Funny Wedding. I turn into a whiny, selfish, defensive cock. If you saw how I talk to my partner when I'm not

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getting what I want, you wouldn't want me to be your friend, let alone your partner.

But here's two really important things about me: I don't do it in public and I DON'T WANT TO BE FUCKING PRESIDENT. And if Romney says he does, he's either lying or he's an even more twisted mind than all my politically invested friends would have me believe. Because I know a person that knows they're bad for a job when I see one talking, and he is one. And darn-tootin' he can hear himself, and knows a shitty, dangerous employee when he hears one talking. So if he truly "wants" to be President, knowing what he knows about himself, then he "wants" America to suffer. And that would KIND OF MAKE HIM A TERRORIST, an accusation which I'm proud to take incredibly lightly as an American.

But honestly, I don't think that's the case. I don't think Romney hates America. I just think he's lying when he says he wants to run it at this point. If you think about it, what's the single biggest crime a candidate in his position could commit in the eyes of the most powerful organizations? Embezzlement? Murder? Rape? EAh, those are pretty big crimes, and some entities would be very disappointed in him, but they'd also be boons to other entities, especially the media. Think about the one thing he could do that would piss off an unparalleled number of entities equally and simultaneously, to the point where he'd be ruined forever. I submit that he's not allowed to say: "Folks, it seems very unlikely I'm going to win, and I have to say, I don't think I fully want to win, because I am learning that it's hard to even ask for the job without getting very irritated and told I'm fucking up a lot, so it seems like a huge waste of a lot of people's money and the President's time to follow through on this, and we've got a deeply troubled nation to get out of a real bind together, so I suggest we skip the remainder of the circus and I concede."

Think about the uncountable trillions of dollars he'd be flushing down our collective toilet if he just gave up. CNN alone would have him killed, purely out of revenge for stealing their Olympics. Let alone every sponsor committing to the coverage, let alone the lobbyists that are or aren't running his campaign but are certainly invested in it. Let alone his own political party, which could have chosen ANYONE but trusted HIM to keep lying, let alone the theoretically opposing political party banking on his straw to stay dog-shaped, let alone, most

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importantly of all, the bilaterally symmetrical, single entity called the bipartisan system. And believe me, it is a single entity in every way that matters. Ask the League of Women Voters, a nonpartisan organization that stopped moderating the debates in 1988 lest they become “an accessory to the hoodwinking of the American public.” Hoodwinking, you say, ladies? By whom? Well, in their words: “The TWO campaign organizations [that] would perpetrate a fraud on the American voter.”

Yeah, they sure would. And when the LWV left, they sure did. And do. Together. In tandem. And we have a word we use for two things doing the same thing in the same place at the same time. We call it “one thing.” No matter how much it calls itself two. Daddy’s the one that hit you, kids, he’s not a different guy when he’s sober.

And it’s that thing, which is a big blob of things made up of things, and only made of people on its lowest level, that would sooner destroy a human being than be momentarily inconvenienced. It’s this thing, made up of all of us, representing none of us, that has this poor rich dumbass by the balls, now. This all too human, snippy little billionaire throwing bitch fits at fake reporters on his own junkets. It seems clear to me that he wants out now, all too late, and isn’t allowed out. He has to finish playing his little role while offending the least amount of the Thing he can, because if he screws up badly enough, he can a away from this Thing with a lot less than he had when he arrived.

The irony is, as every four years, the loser is closest to the lever that could bring it all down. He could sacrifice himself, say what he’s feeling, create history, change things for people... if not people for things. He could just continue his surrender to humanity, a few steps past frustration, all the way to honesty. He wouldn’t get elected but we’d remember his weird name a lot longer we’re going to.

The non-irony is, he’s only been allowed this far because he’s vetted. Much like the fake reporter that irked him, he’s not capable of doing much damage or he wouldn’t be in a position to do it. It’s not in a fiber of any politician’s being to lead, only to preen or squirm depending on approval. Just like it’s not in the fiber of this Thing called “The People” to coordinate, to demand, to take ownership of the country it created and stop pitting clowns against dipshits in an American Idol contest so we can tell ourselves we did something literally by pulling a lever.

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Each of us has it in EVERY fiber. Because each of us is human, and American. But united, we blow it, because then it's not our fault anymore. United, we are that thing we can't see, with its hand up Romney and Obama's asses, making them talk nonsense to each other.

That was self indulgent and cynical. Well, fuck you, it's a blog. Your refund's in your mom's butt, I'll get it for you Friday night.

THE BLOG

- October 13th, 2012 -

Tell Me About the Birds

Just woke up from a very on-the-nose, Showtime Original Series kind of dream. I was living at my apartment on Commonwealth avenue, and I was coming home to it when a hummingbird followed me inside. I put my hand out and it landed on my finger. I gave it a little push and it was flying freely around my apartment, but my cat got a hold of it and I had to rescue it, so then I just started holding its little feet between my fingers so it wouldn't fly off and get hurt. It didn't seem to mind.

I took it to the front door of my apartment to let it go. It hovered in the doorway and didn't leave and I couldn't help but put my hand out again and, again, it landed on my finger. I thought, nobody's going to believe this, I ought to get a photo of it.

By the time I got my phone out, a large dog had entered my apartment and had somehow gotten the hummingbird in its mouth. I got it away. It was still fine, but I started taking to holding its whole body lightly in my hand. I could feel its little heartbeat beating a thousand times a second but I remembered reading somewhere that that was normal for a hummingbird.

I wanted to send it on its way, get it away from this apartment, where it didn't belong, where it was in danger, but now I wanted to capture it on video before it left. I found my iPad and was trying to get it in camcorder mode with one hand while clutching this tiny, fragile thing in the other while, and all the while, more cats and dogs were showing up to the apartment, as if they could sense the little bird's presence and couldn't wait to eat it.

Then people started coming over, the landlord, a little girl from next door, all of them asking questions and trying to help. I couldn't trust any of them to capture the bird on video and I certainly couldn't trust them to hold the bird and I couldn't let it go around these animals but I also couldn't get the stupid iPad in video mode with the camera facing the right way.

Finally, my girlfriend, Erin, came over, and I let her take the iPad so I could protect the bird. I penned all the cats and dogs inside the apartment and walked

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out to the front of the building. The landlord told me to make sure he and the building weren't in the video, because it was illegal to touch a hummingbird. The little girl explained that they were endangered, and that once they smell like a human, other hummingbirds ostracize them. A family from the building next door pulled their car down their driveway. The car had a canoe on the roof and was loaded with camping supplies. The mother leaned out its window and said, "has it had a heart attack yet?"

I said let's just forget the video, let's just let it go and run inside so it doesn't come back.

Erin confessed that she had just made a deal with YouTube, they were expecting footage of a hummingbird.

I noticed I hadn't felt the heartbeat in my hand for a while.

I woke up sad and confused in a hotel room. Mostly because, when your creative anxiety dreams are that hacky, you've got good reason to have creative anxiety. But at least I'm dreaming again.

THE BLOG

- October 14th, 2012 -

Do Androids Dream of Electric Cool Ranch?

I think my unconscious got insulted by my description of yesterday's dream as hacky because I just woke up from a really unmarketable one.

I was a French detective, maybe private, maybe municipal, some kind of investigatory agent. I had been hired to solve a growing problem that had something to do with a new advertising campaign.

I think it was the future, this was never explicitly established but I'm saying it while remembering the dream, because in this world, TV, movies and reality, and advertisement had taken the form of real-life events designed to capture our attention. One such advertisement had gotten out of control, there were extreme "flavor storms" happening (nobody called them that but I'm calling them that), in which basketball-sized globules of a new snack flavor were raining down on public places, destroying property and killing people because they were like acid, eating through metal and flesh. I was certain it was a new Dorito flavor but my job was to prove it.

The noirish complication was, the more I watched myself walking around asking bystanders if they'd heard about this new extreme flavor causing so much havoc, the more I began to wonder if my investigation wasn't actually just another layer of the promotion. I'd been set up.

I had this young female partner and protege that looked kind of Aeon Fluxy, and she was asking me a lot of questions about the discipline of detaching oneself from reality..I kept telling her, just watch what I do, I can't explain it, you have to observe. I have to observe. And I remember having her call up every old TV show she could find in which the protagonist had become detached enough to investigate his own investigation.

In this future-ish world, you could play any pre-existing entertainment in your head; you could watch five old TV shows at once while having a conversation and it would all be in your head...this is why I had become so suspicious about my case – new entertainment had become reality and old entertainment had become

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something we watched without watching, so who was to say my reality wasn't something someone else was watching? I knew there had been countless movies and TV shows in the past that had played with this concept, so why not pull those up. I continued my investigation while watching an episode of Diff'rent Strokes in which Arnold and Dudley go to Los Angeles and visit NBC (dreamer's note: I think there is an episode of Diff'rent Strokes where the Drummonds visit the set of Knight Rider but this episode within my dream was different). I found some kind of geographic/psychological connection between the places Arnold visited and the places where Extreme Dorito Storms were killing people, so I kept retracing his steps, and the storms kept getting worse.

There was a lot of cool business I can't remember but toward the end of the dream, I leapt from the roof of my hotel onto a platform halfway up the Eiffel Tower, which was splashed by Dorito acid, and there were holes in the structure and I became seized with vertigo as I looked down at a city of tiny houses through the assailed iron mesh. I couldn't move. And at the same time, in my playback of Diff'rent Strokes, Arnold and Dudley had ended up on the Warner Brothers water tower and were peering out over Los Angeles at a skyscraper with the NBC logo on it. The audience laughed and applauded, and the Eiffel tower started creaking. I ran and jumped off the platform and was able to grab a nearby curtain on the way down, because, luckily, as it turned out, the Eiffel Tower was inside a giant shopping mall.

I rode the curtain down to the floor level. I realized I had lost my cigarette and shook it out of the curtain before it caught fire.

My Aeon Fluxy protege was waiting for me and asked what she should do if I ever really fell.

I told her that if I ever really did fall, it would be a "cataclysmic event for her." Why for her, she asked. "Because I'm dreamin," I said.

And then I woke up, which is a bummer, because I was a French Detective in the future chasing Dorito storms for fuck's sake. Put me back!

THE BLOG

- October 17th, 2012 -

Untitled

Laying in the bed part of a bed and breakfast in North Carolina. Wondering if good writers wonder if they're bad more often than bad writers do. Wondering if that's something only non-writers wonder. Wondering if I have anything left.

It seems a good writer's head should be like a sponge, constantly soaking in and oozing out. Right now, mine's a rock, perhaps corrupted, perhaps completed, in any case taking and giving nothing. I cling to a hope that sponges can feel a bit like rocks when they're dry. If that's the case, what's the water. Is it other people, is it God, is it a thing inside or out.

Please, God, don't let it be inside. I'm sick to death of myself, sick of my name, my face, my voice. I've given myself ego poisoning and am throwing it up. I need nutrition and hydration and either I haven't gotten it or I haven't been able to keep it down.

Three years is a long time to work with the same characters. It's a long time to not have "created" from scratch. For three years, it was "I have an idea for this" and "can we do this" and "let's move this in this direction." Now it's back to "what's this." I've been here more often than the other place but that doesn't make it familiar. I'm stepping away from a skyscraper erected with 200 people back over to a drafting table. I can see the imprint of my fat ass on the tiny stool. But I also see a lot of dust. I see a photo of myself at 36. Yes, that's right, I kept a framed photo of myself next to my drafting table. It wasn't just to help the metaphor. I was really into myself back then. I could afford to be. Nobody else was. There was no skyscraper. I toiled in darkness. I threw a thousand bottles into the ocean, each containing a self-indulgent essay or a cry for help or a movie about my asshole. I was the guy that did stuff for himself and by himself.

Then I wanted a house.

Now I have one.

So now what. Write a pilot about a guy that has a house?

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There is a common spiral creatives fall into, shaped something like:

What do I want;

I want what the audience wants;

what does the audience want;

they want what I want;

SO WHAT DO I WANT.

Ad infinitum. Yes, a good writer wants to make people happy but that's like saying good meals come on plates or on tables. The question of what's for dinner can't be answered with a question. Not if you really want to feed somebody.

I guess It starts with someone putting on an apron. Especially in a kitchen which, while empty now, will be teeming with cooks soon enough. And that's if I'm lucky. Community wasn't "created," it was developed, like all good TV. It always starts with a writer but that writer isn't doing his job if he thinks the job is to make a TV show.

I need to start blogging again. I have to stop caring about what my job is and whether I'm doing it right and how it will impact my audience and my allies and my enemies. That's showrunner stuff, politician stuff. a writer has no enemies or allies, no audience. A writer rolls in mud and tracks it in.

McGathy's awake. Time to head to Charlotte's Heritage Fair. Can't start blogging again if I'm going to worry about how to end entries.

EDIT: Erin just read this and said "we are nowhere near Charlotte." We landed in Charlotte, we're in Madison, NC.

THE BLOG

- November, 2012 -

Untitled

Evil Abed, like Schroedinger's cat, or the Snuffaluffagus of my childhood (1 think they later profaned this), either exists or doesn't, and, in my mind, both conditions can exist simultaneously, because, assuming there is no "real" way to connect two timelines, the only way for one to be conscious of another is via imagination, as in, I think therefore I am, but also, I think there's a version of me that went jogging this morning instead of masturbating, and either he "is" or "isn't" but it really doesn't matter, except to the extent that I can "connect" with "him," and eventually, like...become him, By letting him haunt me.

That would be an example of a "good" dan making real dan a better dan...evil abed was in danger of making real abed a worse abed...which would either have been Abed having a plain old psychotic break ...OR, a sci-fi thing happening..and...in the end...what's the difference. Crazy universe or crazy person, same thing. In keeping with that, we felt Evil Abed would have a real goatee, because both in Abed's mind and in "reality," the evil Abed wouldn't have been satisfied with a felt one. He would have grown one in the interval between remedial chaos and the finale.

I can see from the comments below that everyone gets this, I was just using this an excuse to test my first comment. Here, I'll do it: TL;DR

Love you guys, miss the show, thanks for keeping it alive.

Chapter Two



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

On Writing

“Being a (in my opinion) very succesful and skilled writer, what advice would you give to others who aspire to write a TV series comedy, and just write in general? You have incredible talent for comedic timing, wit, and clever story arcs, I’m working on writing in that degree, and as | greatly look up to Community, | would love any "wisdom" you might have to impart on me, and all writers out there.”

This is a very good question. There are several important things you need to do.

First, you need a round hole in your chest that goes all the way through you. I can never stress enough to the kids, it has to be a perfect circle, about the diameter of a drinking glass rim, it has to be in the absolute center of your chest - like where a heart would go on a plumber or a woman - and it has to go clean through you. If you're standing in front of me and I can't see the wall behind you, you're never really going to write much more than a dream journal, recipe book, or maybe one of those manuals that tells people what writing is.

A lot of people say “what about my heart, what’s going to pump my blood around,” which brings us to step two: you have to be made of something other than flesh and blood. I prefer to be made of mud, because it keeps women and children away from me. Other writers are made of dirt, or excrement, the choice is yours, it just can't be anything that anyone would want in their bed and it has to be a substance that adheres to itself but nothing around it, so that you can keep a generally human shape for as long as possible. Appearing human-like is important to the next step.

Sit or stand in front of paper or a computing device and turn your back to everything, which will incite it to attack you. Everything preys on humanity and goes for the heart, so hold still, arch your back and it should shoot through your hole and onto your keyboard. As it passes, it will be tainted and scattered by the inside rim of whatever you're made of, which some would call your “voice” but which I call “filth.” The more there is, the more people notice you're “a writer” and the more you're doing it wrong. Your job is to be a heartless piece of dirt, a puppet, a necessary but largely unremarkable conduit of something better than

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you, something lovable, something with purpose, and your one redeeming act before it finishes with you is to find the angle at which you barely affect its path. If none of this is possible, you could always become an assistant of some kind on Glee and I'm sure eventually you'd just get to write one. Good luck!

“I've been craving to ask you something. I went through a phase studying Campbell, Voegler, and Truby, and your tutorials were incredibly helpful. I feel confident about structure. But I don't feel that I can write character's with enough depth to keep up. Is there anything as pragmatic as the monomyth to help teach character depth? Best wishes, and please disregard if this is a nuisance.”

Get out your cell phone and scholl through the contacts until you come to a name that provokes a reaction inside of you. Joy, rage, confusion, fascination, embarrassment, fear, frustration, infatuation, anything.

Ask yourself why that person's name caused that reaction in you. Don't try to make it an accurate answer, make it your honest, personal answer. Make it a thousand overlapping micro-answers. Don't find categorical terminology for any of it, just dump the marbles of emotional memory all over the floor, flood the room with them. You were infatuated with Rebecca because she wore Chuck Taylors and played bass and tasted like cigarettes.

Now play with the marbles. Experiment with eliminating them, cross referencing them...didn't Tracy also taste like cigarettes, and didn't you hate that about her? What if Rebecca had tasted like Scope, would you have been less in love with her...?

Sooner or later - and fight it for as long as you can, but let it happen when it can't be fought anymore - some overall categorical conclusion about this person is going to fuse most of the marbles. Let it be elegantly and ambiguously simple. One word, the simplest word possible, it only has to mean something to you and you don't even have to be sure of what it means. Rebecca was dirty.

Let that be her nucleus and let any leftover, seemingly contradictory marbles orbit the clump, like electrons, but don't let them mean as much as the nucleus.

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Put your Rebecca atom, with her three marble dirty nucleus and her one vegan electron, aside, and go back to your phone.

Make a bunch of atoms this way. Some of them might end up fusing into molecules (if you're living right, Rebecca's not the only dirty woman in your phone). Some will remain independent and inert. All of them will be simple characters with real, human growth potential.

Write your pilot before you know everything about these people. Let the story establish little pieces of them, don't fill your script with facts about fictional strangers, fill your script with things happening to fictional strangers. Bring the atoms into collision and let your audience get glimpses of their nuclei as they repulse, neutralize and bond with each other. If you are capable of knowing exactly who these people are by the end of your pilot, you are probably writing a bad TV show. The good news being, I predict much success for you.

But if your goal is to create a TV character with depth, it's the same as if your goal were to create a tree with height: you'll have to be patient and surrender a lion's share of your control. God doesn't make a tree with hammer and nails. He makes a seed. Likewise, actors and audiences and time are the things that are going to give your characters depth, the best you can do as the writer of a pilot is provide the reader with evidence of that potential.

If you scroll back through this tumblr, I think I answered a similar question about character once, and talked at great length about my belief that every character should have something about them that will never change. That might be a helpful thing to read, too. And if it's not helpful, hey, listen, YOUR REFUND IS IN THE MAIL, HOW DARE YOU. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE QUESTIONING ALL THIS FREE INFORMATION ON CREATIVITY?! Sorry I snapped at you. Good luck.

“I used to love to write but lately it's like all I feel is frustration and anger whenever I try to write anything and I just end up staring at that fucking blinking curser for an eternity. Should I just abandon writing for now or would you be able to give me any blank page saving tips?”

While I'm sure all bad writers probably have a hard time writing, I'm equally certain that not all people having a hard time writing are bad writers (thank God).

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The term “writer’s block” is, itself, the beginning of a self-defeating syndrome. The idea that something is “in our way” presumes we know where we’re going, which presumes “we” we are responsible for our failures and successes, which only paralyzes us more.

I won’t presume to call writing “art,” but I will say this: if it’s science, we’re the rat. We are not the one with the plan or the map, we are down in the shit, learning through mistakes that are not our fault, cruising for rewards which are sadly therefore not to our actual credit. But let’s not get nihilistic right when I’m about to activate you.

A rat would never get through a maze if it thought a rat’s job was to know which way to go. The dead end is not the problem in need of solving, the hunger is, and the way to solve the hunger, the way to get the cheese, is to respect a wall for a wall. To receive each obstruction as a message from the laboratory: “You’re not going this way. Period. Change direction.”

This, of course, is not the trademark thinking that got primates where we are today, so we have to use tricks to suspend our penchant for lateral thought, or at least to downgrade our ego to rat level. Here are the tricks I’ve learned, in no necessary order:

Alcohol lowers your inhibitors across the board. The same magic that sometimes enables you to start crying about your Dad for no reason can also enable you, briefly, to admit that you hate what you’re trying to write and why you hate it, and what you would therefore love to write. And if you can write down these epiphanies in the sweet spot between euphoria and blackout, ten percent of the time you’ll have a new approach to your current job. Booze, however, is the Agent Orange in the war against writer’s block. It’s graceless, it’s ungodly and it’s not just foliage you’re damaging. There’s prices to pay. Forever.

Cutesy games, like iambic pentameter or “begin every sentence with the next letter of the alphabet,” can distract the logical part of your brain and let the creative side operate free of supervision. I used these for most of my twenties, but there’s something pretentious about it. Especially when you get frustrated that

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nobody noticed your iambic pentameter, because then you have to start pointing it out, and you become a huge dick.

Being behind a real deadline - one that involves you actually getting yelled at by rich people who might not pay you - works really well, but you won't have that luxury until someone's counting on you. And no, "setting your own deadlines" doesn't work. Never has for me, anyway.

But here's my favorite, and it seems like the most healthy one:

If you're ever going to be a good writer, then you probably tend to be afraid you're a bad writer. Instead of trying to prove you're good, try to prove you're bad. At least the ball won't start MOVING on the field. I always tell young writers, "start proving to yourself how bad you are." Make a joke out of it. Write a draft that you know you're going to throw in the garbage, or show to your friends for a laugh, a profanely irresponsible piece of shit draft that in which you absolutely fight for the team that you REALLY believe in – the one that says you stink. Pretend your Mom keeps asking you "why don't you just finish something," and write the thing designed to shut her the fuck up. THIS is why I don't just do it, Mom, because it would look like THIS, this thing that SUCKS. Show her. Don't even waste time on it, the faster you go, the more it will suck and the more you'll win the fight against yourself.

Because the truth is, we do suck...because "we" is our ego, and our job is to get that ego to stop blocking us.

I hope that helps, it's the best I could type while listening to network notes. I think they even just busted me not listening, but this seemed more important at the time. Godspeed to you, child, and all sympathy to your parents for not having raised an air conditioning repair person.

DAN HARMON

On Community

“What did you think of CBS’s decision to move Big Bang Theory against Community?”

April, 2011

I remember sitting here, on the same couch I’m sitting on now, when CBS did its upfronts and announced that Big Bang Theory was moving to 8 on Thursday. I remember some CBS programming vice douche being quoted as saying something like “let’s face it, nobody’s setting the world on fire thursdays at 8.” it was like they were stomping into the garden of Eden and specifically pointing out that they were able to do so because I, in particular, was a lightweight. What did I think? I thought, “of course.” I thought, I came all this way, and this season was going to be my season. I thought, I never asked for a better time slot, I was actually happy at 8. I was honored to be the MC for an evening of classic NBC comedies. I thought...I’m dead. I thought...of course. I thought: I have to do everything, now. Now I have to just live through the night. And if I do, they’ll applaud me. I thought: one day a helicopter will come and lift me out of here. I thought: I miss Hart Hanson. I miss Vampire Diaries being my Moriarty. I thought: I need to set the world on fire. I thought: the CBS guy that said that, I want him to regret saying it. I want him to feel the shame he just made me feel, times a million. I thought, I can do this. I thought a million things. I mostly thought that I was an awesome martyr. And that this was the beginning of a story with me as the hero. I thought vapors. None of it matters, anymore, what I thought. But you asking that made me remember that for the first time in a while. That was definitely one of the strangest moments of my life. I thought, mainly, that I was pretty much toast.

“Would you say that Community is one of the most complex programs to write?”

April, 2011

Yes. Several of the writers are quitting because the hours were insane. Other than a three act story, there was no consistent template to the show, so every episode had a week to be conceived and executed from scratch, almost as if we were doing a pilot each week. I still owe my girlfriend an anniversary because I was in the edit bay working on Halloween. My girlfriend can justify it, because she

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knows how rare and important this opportunity is, and if the show sells in syndication, we get super rich, but imagine being someone that's not getting paid any more to write my show than they would get paid to write Glee, where everyone's clearly home by 5. Imagine having husbands and children and fiances, and coming home at 3am, and when they ask why it took so long, the answer is "Dan decided at eleven pm that it needed to be like The Matrix, not like Popeye." I have no doubt that the writers that worked on season 2 of Community worked harder than any writing staff in the world (so did the cast and crew, but that wasn't your question). I also think they will be proud of the work they did for the rest of their lives.

“Before "Critical Film Studies" (Abed's birthday, Pulp Fiction, My Dinner With Andre) aired you tweeted that it would be the episode that got you fired. What about that episode concerned you?”
April, 2011

There's no setup-punchline comedy in the Abed story. He has a 4 page monologue in which he says "Cougartown" 14 times. There had been no table read of the script, which isn't normally terrifying, but there was an experimental tone to the script and we were shooting it without having heard a single person react to it from an outside perspective. The director, Richard Ayoade, who is not only British, which is already intimidating, but who created Garth Marenghi's Darkplace, which is the Heat Vision and Jack of the UK (but SUCCESSFUL) was literally being handed the pages he needed to shoot the day he needed to shoot them. For this reason, and because the studio and network execs were so busy arguing over the editing of a scene in "Celebrity Pharmacology," I felt like nobody REALLY knew what we were shooting. One exec saw the pages for the Cougartown monologue the day we were shooting it, and said to Neil, "do you guys know what you're doing?" Which perfectly sums up the contents of my head and heart at that time. With freedom comes accountability. Before you guys saw it and liked it, it felt like I was making Apocalypse Now. At one point, one of the EPs was wandering the diner set asking people if they thought Pulp Fiction was a reference anyone would understand. Those were the "normal" scenes and even they were too weird? I started to lose my mind. I felt like everyone was just waiting for me to fall down so they could eat me alive. Two writers got us to the end of that script, although all the writers worked their asses off on it: Neil Goldman, who never panicked, and who offered up the Cougar Town connection,

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and Megan Ganz, who, at my lowest point, said something so personally inspiring that it made me cry and which I can no longer recall, because - and this is the most important answer to your question - I'm nuts.

“How would you have changed the Halloween episode if you had to remake it?”

April, 2011

There's 8 million things I'd change about every episode, and I'd never stop changing them and then they'd never air. To the other part of your question, when judging the tonal boundaries of a story, I imagine myself reading about the events in a newspaper the next day. If I'm thinking while reading the article, "this is boring, why is this in a newspaper," I'm safely within the bounds of a sitcom, but if it merits a cover of Time Magazine, we might be stretching the fabric too hard. That's why I gave everyone amnesia. So that, 40 episodes from now, when Jeff and Britta are arguing about Jeff's new mustache, nobody can say, "guys, this argument is kind of petty given the recent discovery that the United States government is hiding a biological weapon that turns people into zombies."

“On a scale of 1-10 how nervous is the Studio about what you do?”

April, 2011

It's got to be 10. A studio only makes money off a show if it lasts long enough to be syndicated (usually 100 episodes). Before that, they're just heavily invested into something that a network at least gets to monetize with advertising. When we're celebrating a season's pickup, some guy somewhere is just getting a bigger ulcer, because the studio now has an even bigger pile of chips on the line. Yeah, it also brings them one step closer to an even bigger payout, but until that day arrives, I am Charles Manson to them. I actually sympathize more with them than myself. I believe they may fantasize about poisoning me. I don't blame them. I don't know if I mentioned this, but I'm nuts.

“What would you say is your proudest moment on the show? Like a moment that made you think or say to yourself ‘Fuck yeah, I’m Dan Harmon’”

April, 2011

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This is going to be a boring story for everyone but me. When we were in San Diego for last year's comic con, I was walking down the sidewalk behind most of the cast. From my vantage point, I could see a group of young girls walking in front of us, and I watched one of them notice Alison and Danny, and start whispering to her friends, which made me socially anxious. I knew there were fans out there but I did not assume random people LIKED the show, so I assumed they were whispering, "there's those dumb people from that crappy show, on the count of three, let's throw rocks at them and run away so we have a story to tell" Instead, it turned out they were trying to figure out how to "sneak" a picture of themselves standing near Alison and Danny. And when the cast realized this, they offered to take pictures with them, and the girls got REALLY happy, and I was like, "whew, they were fans," but then we were sort of blocking pedestrian traffic on the sidewalk, and a larger group of people was coming, so again, my social anxieties leapt up, like, oh no, now this large group is going to have to walk around us and be annoyed and mutter things under their breath about the cast that only I'll hear and it'll make me sad all night. And the large group came up, and paused, and said "holy shit it's Abed, it's Annie, it's Troy, it's Shirley," and everyone started taking pictures of each other with the cast. Nobody had anywhere better to be somewhere up the sidewalk, everyone that walked by was happy that they got a chance to be near these people. They felt LUCKY that the sidewalk was obstructed. And I did distinctly think, in that moment, "Fuck Yeah, I'm Dan Harmon...which might not be synonymous with bumming people out anymore."

“How come you never played a cameo like Dino Stamatopoulos's Star-burns” April, 2011

In season one, one of the writers outlined a story in which that Dean I played in the web videos makes an appearance. I went with the flow and accepted it, didn't want to be cutesy humble, didn't feel like I had a reason, so I just let it be. The next day, I got a toxically patronizing phone call from a casting executive, breaking the really sad news to me that I can't just "write myself and my friends [Starburns] into the show." It made me so angry and embarrassed that I will never allow any talk of me appearing in Community ever again. I enjoy performing, but I want to keep enjoying it, because I'm not so good at it that I can do it in spite of what I feel, and my five seconds in that glorious role made me feel like puking. Not the life for me.

DAN HARMON

“Thank you so much for interacting with the fans the way you do. We are all obscenely excited for the 15th!!!!”

Thank you. I am obscenely nervous about the 15th and beyond. This hiatus has been the best and worst thing to happen because it awakened a sleeping giant of fandom at the exact same time it brought me to my weakest point. I am genuinely terrified by the possibility that the show's martyrdom has turned it into something that will never live up to the love the fans have for it. Every day, my stomach is in knots, and I still owe 14 pages for the video game episode (the part where they're in the video game) and it's a week past its deadline and I can't finish the pages because I want the show to be as good as people now think it is. I also can't finish the pages because I know once they're done, they're done, and season 3 is done. I've never had a job or a relationship that's lasted this long. The interaction for which you're grateful cuts two ways. It's been keeping me alive and driving me insane, like the black gooey spiderman suit or the hobbit ringy thing.

“Do you or any of your writers ever check out the community subreddit for fans' approval/ideas?”

April, 2011

I have enough ideas; that's my job. And I tend to stick to Twitter for approval. It fits with my sensitive ego the best, because even the bad stuff is short. In open-ended formats, there's a license for extended analysis and speculation that, while an important aspect of the viewing experience (what good is a show that can't be discussed), and flattering in its existence, might unduly affect me; distort my perception of the audience experience. One guy can have a bad day and an axe to grind and write 70 compelling paragraphs about why the campus should be located on the moon and it's not "fair" for that guy to have more influence just because he typed more. I've dropped off in my reading of reviews for that reason, too. It's very important to me to know what people are feeling when they're watching but I think what people are thinking might be best kept out of my brain. Believe me, though, on a show with ten writers, 9 exec producers, two studios and 150 others, all of whom google and many of whom reddit, if you're talking about the show, it's trickling back. It's all in the same water table.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

“If the show invited you back in any capacity would you take it? Or would it be hard to not have the final say? Also who would win in a fist fight between all the cast?”

August 22, 2012

I'll answer the last part first: I feel like Joel would come out swinging and start winning right away, but he'd tire himself out chasing Gillian and Donald around the ring. Once Joel got to his exhaustion point, things would get bloody and ugly for a while, with Danny doing a lot of horrible things that nobody knew he could do - I just have that sense that Danny would suddenly bust out a crazy eyeball eating maneuver he learned in some class - but in the end, Yvette would reveal that she had lined the whole room with explosives and she would emerge victorious. From the room. But Chevy would be behind the door with a bat and take her out. Then he'd collapse because that's a lot of bat swinging for a legend his age. So I guess Alison would win because nobody would have felt good about punching her.

It wouldn't do the show or me any good to be invited back to the show in "any capacity." If they thought I was bad at being in charge, they'd be even more disappointed in my ability to be not-in-charge. I'm a zero-sum personality with very little staff writing experience. I like to create stuff and if people don't like it I like to try to figure out how to make it better but I'm not great at helping other people make their stuff. Nobody wants Dan Harmon prowling the hallways while they're trying to make Community. It would slow everything down and frustrate everyone because people would feel obligated to mince words and be political in their handling of my opinions and blah blah blah. So no.

“Could you give us the speech you give new writers you hire?”

August, 2012

"Please help me make this the best show it possibly can be. Please give everything you have to it. I promise when you bleed, it will mix with my blood. I can't guarantee you'll be directly rewarded for it by the system, but I promise you it's the right thing to do. And please come to Comic Con and stand in the audience and listen to what they do when the actors come on stage. That is our God, that is the thing for which we'll be suffering." Pretty pretentious but it's an honest answer.

DAN HARMON

“Will you watch the new episodes?”

August, 2012

I'm going to wait a few episodes, maybe the whole season, and see how other people react. If people love it, then I'll be able to safely watch it with an open, friendly heart, because the whole point is whatever makes the audience happy. If they say it's good, it's good, and I can watch it and even say it's good. But I'm not going to be part of any campaign to convince anyone - me or others - of anything, good or bad. I've received a lot of advice from a lot of creatives that in a situation like this, it's best for everyone on all sides that I make a clean break and not look back. I'll be one of the very last people you hear weighing in on New Community. It's the most practical, healthy decision I can make for its audience. Here's an important related question: DO I HOPE IT'S GOOD? The honest answer is yes.

“Hey Dan. Since you have been fired there has been an incredible rise of support for you. Show runners have been getting fired for years. These show runners haven't had anywhere near the amount of support you have.

My questions are:

How do you feel about this support?

What do you think the main reasons for this support are?”

August, 2012

I feel great about the support, from a selfish perspective. I feel bad about it from the fan's perspective because it tears everything we all love to pieces. All of the conflict between writers, networks and studios stems from one simple thing: We all want the audience to keep watching and we all disagree about how to make it happen. So the idea of me getting fired and everyone saying "this is bullshit!" is a double edged sword. It strokes my ego but, contrary to what my detractors might have you believe, it's not my ego that's at stake. I have self- esteem falling out of my butt. What's at stake is the AUDIENCE'S PLEASURE. Now they're displeased because I'm gone. It's a sandpaper handjob. Coined it.

EDITED because I forgot to answer your other question:

I think the reason for the support is the same reason I got fired. I had my fat, greasy fingerprints and big, fat face all over that show. I was the Colonel Sanders. They wouldn't have minded it if the chicken had sold better.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

“Is this the darkest timeline?”

August, 2012

Not for me. Turns out that for all their fretting and bitching, Sony is selling Community in syndication at a plenty high price. That means everyone involved - good guys and bad guys - are going to make money. It also means that "low ratings" are going to mean less tomorrow than they did yesterday, and even less the day after that, because all the bad guys care about is money, and to a certain degree, they now have to associate "critical darling" and "vocal fans" with that precious MONEY, whereas before they used to privately associate it with impending liability. The only potential losers are the fans, but this timeline has yet to play out for them. As I've said, don't underestimate the power of those actors playing those characters, and as I've said, we've got a lot of great writers over there. I think they were incredibly stupid to let me go but that's not the same as saying the show can't be good without me. Fingers crossed, goatees in the drawer, gun barrels out of mouths. Maybe it's the timeline where everybody wins. Regardless, don't weep for me. All that money they're going to make...a big pile of it is mine. I washed dishes in a rehab center for three years and I didn't walk away from that story with jack shit. Except maybe an idea for a FOX pilot.

“What was your guiding philosophy when you developed the idea behind Community? What were you aiming to create, and did the end result meet your expectations?”

August, 2012

I'm not sure if this is the precise question you're asking, but the religion of Community is that People are Good and Systems are Bad. To elaborate, that Even Bad People Can be turned Good by People Whereas Nobody's Ever Been Turned Anything but Bad by a System. If there's an episode of Community that doesn't hammer that home, it's an accident, because it's my only soapboxy hangup that I think is worthy of dragging onto TV...I guess because TV, as a medium, works pretty hard day and night to dehumanize and separate us, so the message that "your neighbor ain't so bad" is like a drop of chlorine in a septic tank. It might not help but it ain't gonna hurt. I live as a person fundamentally separated from people. It's hard to talk to them, it's hard to be part of their lives. I wanted to tell the story of a guy like that who stops being like that, who becomes part of

DAN HARMON

Something Bigger Than Him. And yeah, it worked pretty well. A little too well, n'est ce pas?

“What are some inside jokes that you put into episodes of Community, knowing most people wouldn't get them?”

August, 2012

At the end of the third season's clip show episode, Chang paraphrases something I would sometimes say in the writer's room: "come on, guys, I'm making up the same show you are, pitches, pitches, pitches!" I think one of the writers wrote that line into the script to make fun of me, and then I think I added that a little girl hands him a drink to which he replies, "ah, thank you Megan," obviously (to fans) a reference to Megan Ganz, who used to bring me glasses of Ketel One when I sat at the keyboard in the writer's room (it wasn't brown nosing, she was just speeding my demise so she could take over). That's as self-indulgently inside as I can remember us getting - because usually if we did an inside joke, we made sure it also functioned as an "outside" one.

“Since “leaving” the show, what kind of relationship, if any, have you had with the cast and crew of Community?”

August, 2012

None, really. I'd like to make a clean break of things until it's all over. I saw Adam Countee at Sarah Silverman's party a few days ago and almost cried. I saw Yvette and Gillian at the SixSeasonsAndA Movie art show and Gillian made me cry saying goodbye. I'm going to go to Chicago with Chris McKenna to the Hugo awards ceremony, because we're comedy writers but sci fi fans and it's the only chance we'll ever get to lose something to Doctor Who instead of Chuck Lorre. I have a pretty isolated social life, I'm bad at keeping in touch with people and I'm not able to maintain a huge pile of friends at the same time. My show was my way of being their friend, now that I'm not doing it, maybe I'll have dinner with Joel McHale when he's available, and I'll invite them to any big parties I throw, but other than that, it's me, my girlfriend, my cat, Jeff Davis, Dino, a bunch of Mexican guys remodeling my home and Rob Schrab in that order.

“How do you feel about piracy? Specifically people acquiring Community for free (but not re-selling/re-packaging it themselves to make profit)”

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August, 2012

It's pretty easy for that not to be my problem because the same people that bust my ass about budgets and stuff will always be the ones attempting to police that stuff. So I have the luxury of not caring. I just want people to consume my stuff and say good job, I don't need a dollar from it to know I'm a good person but I do need a dollar to pay my rent so I can keep doing it. I owe a very luxurious life to the fact that a lot of greedy people do a lot of dirty work I don't have to care about. In general, though, I do think it's pretty dumb to try to put a cork in technology. When people figure out a way to steal your stuff that's easier than buying it, it means you have to make it easier for them to buy it, you can't make it impossible for them to steal, it's wasted energy in my opinion but I'm not a CEO or a union leader or a politician, I'm just a fat guy that likes making stuff.

“How do you feel about the Britta character? Some fans prefer her early instances compared to the later; the notion being her dumbing down. Always a dirty hippie chick who tries to get it (but doesn't), Britta's only chang has been her becoming less defensive and opening up to the group. The group reacts accordingly; which in this timeline means deriding her.”

August, 2012

I don't perceive the character as being dumbed down, I think we evolved her into one of the most sophisticated characters in TV comedy. Britta's pop cultural ignorance ("rowboat cop") and the fact that she dropped out of high school and ain't so well-read are human qualities to which I found a lot of women relating and/or joyfully not relating, but in any case BELIEVING. I always felt that the triumph of Britta as a character was that she was the only "real" person, stuck on Gilligan's island, and ironically being punished for it. Sometimes we would cross the line. I did find myself telling the writer's room here and there, "let's not make her a dumb blonde, she's a high school dropout and she's computer illiterate and she's a late bloomer because she's lived a fuller life, but there's a difference between that and an airhead." If we made her an airhead, it was an accident, or an isolated instance of us being too tempted by a funny joke. Troy was an airhead. Britta was a work of art. She was a post post feminist masterpiece and a televised work of art. If I do say so myself.

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“Honestly, how do you feel about getting fired by NBC? Do you feel it was a fair choice, and you really had gone too far? Do you wish you had been less public about your grievances towards them prior to your firing? In the future, will you direct people different or continue to care about the product of your combined work more than their feelings at that moment? And do you feel upset that they took your child away from you and left it for the other writers of the show, or are you Satisfied that they'll do a good job at it? I get the impression that a lot of people think Community is dead now you are not a part of it. Do you agree with this, or would you like them to change their attitude?”

August, 2012

I feel like NBC is in a state of chaos that may or may not be ended by this latest regime, but in any case, at the moment of my firing, lacked the concern, coordination, foresight and muscle to make Sony understand what a needlessly risky move they were making.

I think Sony took the risk because they didn't see it as a risk. What's at risk when your show's been moved to purgatory, etc. I feel like taking me off Community was as obviously foolish as you see most people saying.

I think the rumors you hear about me being bad at my job, especially the empty, overblown stuff about Chevy, are the best possible attempt anyone can make at making a very confusing, very dumb thing seem less confusing and less dumb.

I also feel relieved and excited and proud and smug. I feel like I win and they lose. My writers and I bled for that show and we would have kept doing it, in spite of Sony's attitude, for one reason: the fans. If it weren't for the fans, we all would have quit after season two. That show stopped being about our fulfillment the day Sony told us the Dungeons and Dragons episode was their least favorite. It stopped being about the writers' fulfillment the day Greenblatt told me he had seen "about half" the episodes but wanted to know how we could stop making it "too weird to follow The Office." There was a point where the only thing getting the writers out of bed was the joy of the viewer, which was plenty, even though Sony was doing everything in their power to make us miserable. So you can see how a company taking it upon themselves to martyr me the way they did was a pretty clean way out of a pretty tough spot for me. At the end of this thing, I'm

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rich, people want to work with me, audiences respect me, I don't have to work for Sony anymore and I can even feel sorry for myself if I feel like it. It's a pretty sweet ending to a crazy story.

That's how I honestly feel. Answering honestly does me no favors, but I want to take the "anything" part of "ask me anything" seriously, because Reddit made Community. And that's the part of this whole thing that bums me out, is that the only people that stand to suffer are the only people that never made a dime. The people that put free labor into Community. The people that got tattoos of it, the people that made halloween costumes and birthday cakes and tee shirts and music videos about it. They're the only people not walking away with millions of dollars and they're the only people that EVER MATTERED and ever understood the show.

So I feel good bad. I feel terrible awesome. I feel proud ashamed. I feel engorged on my own starvation, I feel like the biggest con artist and sucker in the history of monsters and heroes.

“When did making up songs to amuse yourself become a part of your daily life? What's your favorite record/band of all time?”

August, 2012

I have horrible taste in music but I love writing songs...I tend to write pretty hacky melodies, usually ripoff melodies, and then get a real musician, like Ludwig, to make them not-ripoffs. But I love writing words as songs. I didn't really have a musical upbringing...we had a piano and my mom encouraged me to play it and I did love it but I never had the discipline or split-brain accumen to take it further than toying around, I was much more fascinated by mom's typewriter in the end. I always regret not taking up an instrument at some point, because at 39, it wouldn't be easy....

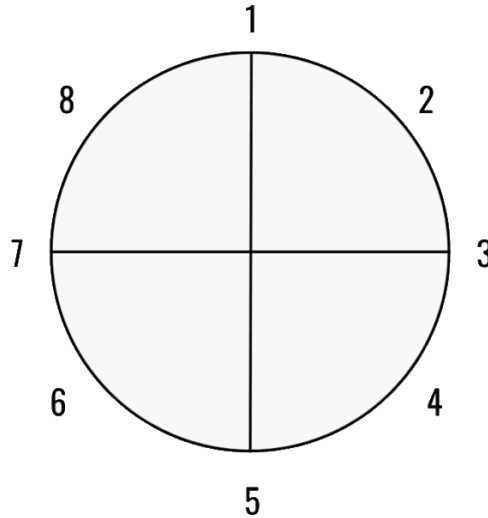
Chapter Three



STORY STRUCTURE

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Story Structure 101: Super Basic Shit



Storytelling comes naturally to humans, but since we live in an unnatural world, we sometimes need a little help doing what we'd naturally do.

Draw a circle and divide it in half vertically.

Divide the circle again horizontally

Starting from the 12 o'clock position and going clockwise, number the 4 points where the lines cross the circle: 1, 3, 5, and 7.

Number the quarter-sections themselves 2, 4, 6, and 8.

Here we go, down and dirty:

1. A character is in a zone of comfort,
2. But they want something.
3. They enter an unfamiliar situation,
4. Adapt to it,
5. Get what they wanted,
6. Pay a heavy price for it,

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7. Then return to their familiar situation,
8. Having changed.

Start thinking of as many of your favorite movies as you can, and see if they apply to this pattern. Now think of your favorite party anecdotes, your most vivid dreams, fairy tales, and listen to a popular song (the music, not necessarily the lyrics). Get used to the idea that stories follow that pattern of descent and return, diving and emerging. Demystify it. See it everywhere. Realize that it's hardwired into your nervous system, and trust that in a vacuum, raised by wolves, your stories would follow this pattern.

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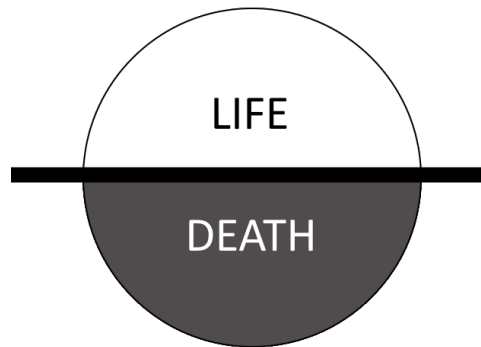
Story Structure 102: Pure, Boring Theory

This isn't a tutorial. It's just a bunch of theory. The pragmatic or impatient among you can skip this one.

Why this ritual of descent and return? Why does a story have to contain certain elements, in a certain order, before the audience will even recognize it as a story?

Because our society, each human mind within it and all of life itself has a rhythm, and when you play in that rhythm, it resonates.

The Rhythm of Biology



The universe around us is dying, moving from a state of high energy to low. On Earth, however, things tend to move in a contrary direction. Eggs turn into chickens. People turn into more people. Flesh heals, stupid becomes smarter, and the planet, once cold and empty, is now so full of life that you can't leave bread on the counter. How has life managed to cheat a dying universe like this?

Through death.

This planetwide creature known as "Life on Earth" has been able to grow and thrive through an evolutionary arms race between the various parts of itself. The more advanced parts of life EAT the less advanced parts, thereby becoming more plentiful until a more advanced part consumes it. This causes all life to

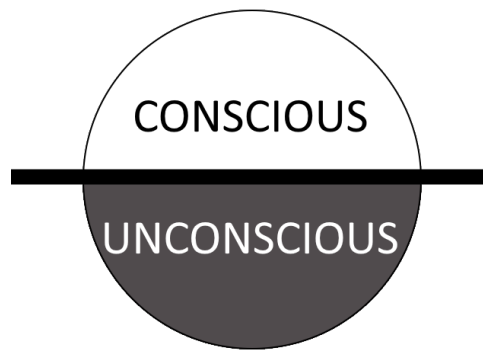
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advance and spread. The ongoing battle between eaters and eaten is responsible for that state-of-the-art biological weapon you call a brain, and it may even lead, one day, to humans flinging themselves like spores, to dead planets and bringing those planets to life.

To you and me, consciously, death may be a bummer, but to Mother Gaia, to life itself, unconsciously, it is absolutely essential- 50% of how shit gets done.

What do I mean by consciously and unconsciously?

The Rhythm of Psychology



Your mind is a home, with an upstairs and a downstairs.

Upstairs, in your consciousness, things are well-lit and regularly swept. Friends visit. Scrabble is played, hot cocoa is brewing. It is a pleasant, familiar place.

Downstairs, it is older, darker and much, much freakier. We call this basement the unconscious mind.

The unconscious is exactly what it sounds like: It's the stuff you don't, won't and/or can't think about. According to Freud, there are dirty pictures of your mother down there. According to Jung, there are pipes, wires, even tunnels down there that connect your home to others. And even though it contains life-sustaining energies (like the fuse box and water heater), it's a primitive, stinky,

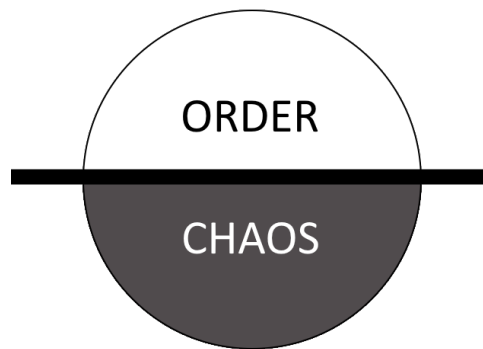
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scary place and it's no wonder that, given the choice, we don't hang out down there.

However, your pleasure, your sanity and even your life depend on occasional round trips. You've got to change the fuses, grab the Christmas ornaments, clean the litter box. To the extent that we keep the basement door sealed, the entire home becomes unstable. The creatures downstairs get louder and the guy upstairs (your ego) tries to cover the noise with neurotic behavior. For some, eventually, the basement door can come right off its hinges and the slimy, primal denizens of the deep can become Scrabble partners. You might call this a nervous breakdown or psychotic break, it doesn't matter. The point is: Occasional ventures by the ego into the unconscious, through therapy, meditation, confession, sex, violence, or a good story, keep the consciousness in working order.

This is the rhythm of psychology: Conscious-unconscious-conscious-unconscious-etc.

The Rhythm of Society



Societies are basically macrocosms (big versions) of people, only instead of "consciousness," a society's upstairs is "order," and its basement is "chaos."

Whereas the health of an individual depends on the ego's regular descent and return to and from the unconscious, a society's longevity depends on actual people journeying into the unknown and returning with ideas.

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In their most dramatic, revolutionary form, these people are called heroes, but every day, society is replenished by millions of people diving into darkness and emerging with something new (or forgotten): scientists, painters, teachers, dancers, actors, priests, athletes, architects and most importantly, me, Dan Harmon.

Societies are macrocosms of people in another way: Eventually, they die. There is competition between different societies. The losers are eaten and the winners reproduce.

Like people, societies become neurotic and can eventually break down when they make the mistake of thinking the downstairs shouldn't exist. America is a terrific example of this, as our fear of the unknown continues to create more unknowns and more fear. It's now punishable by bombing to have a problem with America's bombing policy. In a human being, the equivalent would be diagnosable as symptomatic. Our basement is brimming with creepy crawlies, the pressure on the door is building. There has never been a bigger need for heroes and they have never been in such scarcity.

One of two things is going to happen. Someone's going to open that door and go down there, or that door is going fly off its hinges. Either way, social evolution will not be cheated of its rhythm and it's going to get sloppy. We all know it. We all walk around with that instinctive understanding in our unconscious minds.

The rhythm of society: Order-chaos-order-chaos-etc.

Resonance

Now you understand that all life, including the human mind and the communities we create, marches to the same, very specific beat. If your story also marches to this beat- whether your story is the great American novel or a fart joke- it will resonate. It will send your audience's ego on a brief trip to the unconscious and back. Your audience has an instinctive taste for that, and they're going to say "yum."

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Story Structure 103: Let's Simplify Before Moving On

Here are those steps from tutorial 101 again, boiled down to the barest minimum I can manage while still speaking English:

1. When you
2. have a need,
3. you go somewhere,
4. search for it,
5. find it,
6. take it,
7. then return
8. and change things.

Less focus on English, more on importance:

1. You
2. Need
3. Go
4. Search
5. Find
6. Take
7. Return
8. CHANGE

Sounds like a caveman giving you an order. That's what it is. Behind (and beneath) your culture creating forebrain, there is an older, simpler monkey brain with a lot less to say and a much louder voice. One of the few things it's telling you, over and over again, is that you need to go search, find, take and return with change. Why? Because that is how the human animal has kept from going extinct, it's how human societies keep from collapsing and how you keep from walking into McDonald's with a machine gun.

If you were hired to write a script for a race of super-evolved spiders, you might find that they prefer a more linear model. In the spider version of Jack and the Beanstalk, Jack might build his own beanstalk, find a sandwich at the top of it, eat some and save some for later. The End. That's not really inspiring to us. We

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like us some circles. We like big ones, we like little ones, and given the choice, we'll take a shitty one over a lack of one, but, unless you're writing for some other species, it will pay for you to keep things fairly round.

Jack goes up the beanstalk, Jack finds some cool shit, Jack steals it, runs back down, and gives it to his Mom.

We need go search- We need get fire, we need good woman, we need land moon- but most importantly, we need RETURN and we need CHANGE, because we are a community, and if our heroes just climbed beanstalks and never came down, we wouldn't have survived our first ice age.

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Story Structure 104: The Juicy Details

Okay, here's that part where the self appointed guru tells you exactly what needs to happen and when.

I hope I've made it clear to you before I do that that the REAL structure of any good story is simply circular - a descent into the unknown and eventual return - and that any specific descriptions of that process are specific to you and your story.

Here is my detailed description of the steps on the circle. I'm going to get really specific, and I'm not going to bother saying, "there are some exceptions to this" over and over. There are some exceptions to everything, but that's called style, not structure.

1. You (a character is in a zone of comfort)
2. Need (but they want something)
3. Go (they enter an unfamiliar situation)
4. Search (adapt to it)
5. Find (find what they wanted)
6. Take (pay its price)
7. Return (and go back to where they started)
8. Change (now capable of change)

1. "You." - ESTABLISH A PROTAGONIST

The audience is floating freely, like a ghost, until you give them a place to land.

This free floating effect can be exploited for a while - closing in on the planet Earth; panning across a dirty shed. Who are we going to be? But sooner or later, we need to be someone, because if we are not inside a character, then we are not inside the story.

How do you put the audience into a character? Easy. Show one. You'd have to go out of your way to keep the audience from imprinting on them. It could

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be a raccoon, a homeless man or the President. Just fade in on them and we are them until we have a better choice.

If there are choices, the audience picks someone to whom they relate. When in doubt, they follow their pity. Fade in on a raccoon being chased by a bear, we are the raccoon. Fade in on a room full of ambassadors. The President walks in and trips on the carpet. We are the President. When you feel sorry for someone, you're using the same part of your brain you use to identify with them.

Lots of modern stories bounce us from character to character in the beginning until we finally settle in some comfortable shoes. The bouncing can be effective, but if it's going on for more than 25% of your total story, you're going to lose the audience. Like anything adhesive, our sense of identity weakens a little every time it's switched or tested. The longer it's been stuck on something, the more jarring it's going to be to yank it away and stick it on someone else.

I wouldn't fuck around if I were you. The easiest thing to do is fade in on a character that always does what the audience would do. He can be an assassin, he can be a raccoon, he can be a parasite living in the racoon's liver, but have him do what the audience might do if they were in the same situation. In *Die Hard*, we fade in on John McClaine, a passenger on an airplane who doesn't like to fly.

2. "Need." - *SOMETHING AIN'T QUITE RIGHT*

And now the roller coaster car heads up the first hill. Click, click, click....

This is where we demonstrate that something is off balance in the universe, no matter how large or small that universe is. If this is a story about a war between Earth and Mars, this is a good time to show those Martian ships heading toward our peaceful planet. On the other hand, if this is a romantic comedy, maybe our heroine is at dinner, on a bad blind date.

We're being presented with the idea that things aren't perfect. They could be better. This is where a character might wonder out loud, or with facial expressions, why he can't be cooler, or richer, or faster, or a better lover. This wish will be granted in ways that character couldn't have expected.

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It's also where a more literal, exterior "Call to adventure" could come in, at the hands of a mysterious messenger, explaining to a dry cleaner that he has been drafted by the CIA.

Frequently, the protagonist "refuses the call." He doesn't want to go to step 3. He's happy as a dry cleaner (at least he thinks he is). The "refusal of the call" is not a necessary ingredient, it's just another oft-used trick to keep us buckled into an identity. We're all scared of change.

Remember: Calls to adventure don't have to come from an actual messenger and wishes don't have to be made out loud.

Fade in on a meek-looking man driving a car. It's raining. Boom. Flat tire. He struggles to keep the car from ditching. He pulls it to the side of the road and stops. He's got fear on his face. He looks out his car window at the pounding rain...

Or to continue with *Die Hard*: We realize now that John's marriage is rocky. His wife got a nice job in L.A. and he refused to come here with her. Now he's visiting for Christmas. She's using her maiden name in the corporate directory. They're bickering. Things are not right, and if you could read the protagonist's mind, you might find him wishing there was something he could do to save his marriage...

3. "Go." - *CROSSING THE THRESHOLD*

What's your story about? If it's about a woman running from a killer cyborg, then up until now, she has not been running from a killer cyborg. Now she's gonna start. If your story is about an infatuation, this might be the point where our male hero first lays eyes on the object of his desire. Then again, if our protagonist is the object of a dangerous obsession, the infatuation could have been step 2 and this could be the point where the guy says something really, really creepy to her in the office hall. If it's a coming of age story, this could be a first kiss or the discovery of an armpit hair. If it's a slasher film, this is the first kill, or the discovery of a corpse.

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The key is, figure out what your "movie poster" is. What would you advertise to people if you wanted them to come listen to your story? A killer shark? Outer space? The Mafia? True love? Everything in grey on that circle, the bottom half, is a "special world" where that movie poster starts being delivered, and everything above this line is the "ordinary world." Step 1, you are the sheriff of a small town. Step 2, strange bites on a murder victim's body. Step 3, holy shit, it's a werewolf.

Remember from tutorial 102 that what's really happening here is a journey into our own unconscious mind, where we can get our shit worked out. A child wakes up and now he's Tom Hanks. His wish to be "big" has been granted. Terrorists attack the Christmas party, and now John McClaine has his chance to literally save his rocky marriage. Neo wakes up in a vat of goo in a world ruled by machines. His ordinary world desire to be a hacker, to fight the system, is going to be put to the test. A suicidal boy starts seeing a therapist. We're going to find out why he tried to kill himself.

It doesn't matter how small or large the scope of your story is, what matters is the amount of contrast between these worlds. In our story about the man changing his tire in the rain, up until now, he wasn't changing a tire. He was inside a dry car. Now, he opens his car door and steps into the pouring rain. The adventure, regardless of its size or subtlety, has begun.

4. "Search" - THE ROAD OF TRIALS

Christopher Vogler calls this phase of a feature script "friends, enemies and allies." Hack producers call it the "training phase." I prefer to stick with Joseph Campbell's title, "The Road of Trials," because it's less specific. I've seen too many movies where our time is wasted watching a hero literally "train" in a forest clearing because someone got the idea it was a necessary ingredient. The point of this part of the circle is, our protagonist has been thrown into the water and now it's sink or swim.

In *Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Campbell actually evokes the image of a digestive tract, breaking the hero down, divesting him of neuroses, stripping him of fear and desire. There's no room for bullshit in the unconscious basement. Asthma inhalers, eyeglasses, credit cards, fratty boyfriends, promotions, toupees

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and cell phones can't save you here. The purpose here has become refreshingly - and frighteningly - simple.

In *Romancing the Stone*, Michael Douglas cuts the heels off of Kathleen Turner's expensive shoes with a machete. Then he throws her suitcase off a cliff. If she's going to continue to survive in this jungle, she literally needs to drop her excess baggage and lose the fancy pants.

In *Die Hard*, John McClaine is advised by a terrorist to whom he earlier showed mercy: "The next time you have a chance to kill someone, don't hesitate." John shoots him several times and thanks his corpse for the advice. The cop has begun to fall away, piece by piece, revealing his inner cowboy.

The man in the pouring rain opens his trunk, revealing a pile of laundry and fast food garbage. He tries moving it around, but finally his frustration takes over and he begins tossing things over his shoulder, emptying the contents of his trunk on the side of the road.

We are headed for the deepest level of the unconscious mind, and we cannot reach it encumbered by all that crap we used to think was important.

5. *"Find."* - MEETING WITH THE GODDESS

The road of trial's job is to prepare your protagonist for this meeting. Like a single sperm cell arriving at the egg, your hero-in-the-making just found what they were looking for, even if it's not quite what they knew they were looking for.

I'm using the phrase "meeting with the goddess" because Joseph Campbell thought about these things longer and harder than me. Syd Field calls this "the mid point." Catchy. Robert McKee probably calls it "the nexus of inclination" or something. Unless I'm mistaken, African Americans call it Kwanza.

Whatever you call it, this is a very, very special pivot point. If you look at the circle, you see I've placed the goddess at the very bottom, right in the center. Imagine your protagonist began at the top and has tumbled all the way down here. This is where the universe's natural tendency to pull your protagonist downward has done its job, and for X amount of time, we experience weightlessness.

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Anything goes down here. This is a time for major revelations, and total vulnerability. If you're writing a plot-twisty thriller, twist here and twist hard.

Twist or no, this is also another threshold, in that everything past this point will take a different direction (namely UPWARD), but note that one is not dragged kicking and screaming through these curtains. One hovers here. One will make a choice, then ascend.

Imagine that you're standing on a pier (1). You see a glimmer through the water and you wonder what it is (2). While leaning to see, you fall off the pier (3). You sink down, deeper and deeper (4) until you come to the floor of the lake and see what was catching the sun's rays.

- (5) It's a human skull.
- (5) It's a necklace.
- (5) It's a tiny, ancient space craft.
- (5) It's a quarter. Net worth: 25 cents.

It could be anything, good or bad. A lot of times, it's a healthy dose of both. In a hard-boiled detective story, or a James Bond adventure, this could be a more literal, intimate "meeting," if you know what I mean, with a powerful, mysterious female character. This is a great time for sex or making out with the hot chick, especially if your protagonist has been kung-fuing everybody he meets for the past half hour (or, in Channel 101's case, for the past 60 seconds).

But the goddess doesn't have to be a femme fatale or an angelic damsel. In an all-male or all-female play that takes place around a poker table, the "goddess" could be a character's confession that they lost their job. The goddess can be a gesture, an idea, a gun, a diamond, a destination, or just a moment's freedom from that monster that won't stop chasing you.

In Die Hard, John McClaine, having run over broken glass, is sitting in a bathroom, soaking his bloody feet in the sink. It is at this moment that he finally realizes the true extent of his love for his wife, and what he's been doing wrong in their marriage. He (1) has been too stubborn (2). He uses his walkie talkie, acquired in step (4), to give a message to his wife through his benevolent, happily

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married, gun-shy counterpart: "She's heard me say 'I love you' a thousand times...but she's never heard me say I'm sorry."

It's not enough to hack and slash your way through symbol after neurotic symbol. The hacking and slashing was a process, that process is over, if only temporarily, and we have reached a second major turn.

The definition of "major" being, of course, in relation to your circle's diameter. Our stranded, rain soaked driver has finished emptying the contents of his trunk on the side of the road. He sees the spare tire and he lets out a very slight, very fast sound of relief. That's all. This is a story about a man changing a tire. That's all the goddess we need.

You might have noticed that, just as (3), the crossing of the threshold, is the opposite of (7) the return, (5), the meeting with the goddess, is the opposite of (1), the protagonist's zone of comfort. Think of (1) as being the arms of mother, however dysfunctional she might be. (5) is a new form of mother, an unconscious version, and there is often a temptation to stay right here. Like at that elf guy's house in Lord of the Rings.

This is very, very important. Movement beyond (5) becomes the protagonist's volition. The water where the sirens sang their seductive song was littered with wrecked ships. The goddess can be the undoing, or the permanent pacification, of non-heroes. It's all fine and well for James Bond to dip his noodle, but he can't lay around here all day. Electropussy might kill him with her flamethrowing lipstick or something.

In (1), we were in the arms of the mother, but were removed by (2), the pull of the father. The need, the longing, the lack of completion, either coming from within or without, drew us to (3) and we were pulled across a threshold into the unknown. We were then transformed (4) into (5), the opposite of a mama's boy: A lady's man.

To reiterate, this doesn't only apply to stories about men having sex. If this is a story of a poor little girl (1) who dreamt of being rich (2) and got adopted by a millionaire (3), having become accustomed to her new lifestyle, (4), she might

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now be something of a fancy pants (5). Show it with a defineable moment. This might be a good point for her to drive by the orphanage in her limousine.

6. "Take." - MEET YOUR MAKER

As you might expect with a circular model like this, there is a lot of symmetry going on, and on the journey back upward, we're going to be doing a lot of referencing to the journey downward.

Just as (1) and (5) are very maternal, feminine, vulnerable moments, (2) and (6) are very paternal, masculine, active moments, regardless of the protagonist's gender.

Think about what really happened at (2). Things were "fine" at (1) but they just weren't quite good enough. That's how we got into this whole mess in the first place.

In Real Genius (I'm really drawing on the classics, now), the dorky kid (1) is recruited for a special college program that's working on a powerful laser (2). He becomes the roommate of a wayward genius whose major is how-to-parrrrrtay (3). Party man teaches Dork how to relax while Dork teaches party man how to focus (4) and as a result, they are able to perfect their laser (5) and get their prestigious accolades. But now a second, more honest call to adventure from an uber-nerd who lives in the steam tunnels: What is that laser for? Why did they have to build it to certain specifications? What did that creepy, popcorn-hating professor have in mind? Sure, they could stay here in this pizza parlor, nursing at the tit of their own prosperity. But then again, they didn't get this far by being irresponsible. It's time to start heading back up to the real world and making things right, Genius style.

There are major, major consequences to that decision. In fact, in a good action movie, this is where our guy simply gets his ass kicked. Robocop, armed with Clarence Boddiker's confession (5), marches into the office of Dick Jones, CEO of the company that built him. He tries to arrest the man that owns him, only to discover that he can't. It's against his programming. Loveable, human Alex Murphy (2) might have been able to pull this off, but bullet-proof, factory-made Robocop can't. Ironic, considering that Murphy's unconscious wish (2) was to be

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a bulletproof hero ("TJ Laser"). Between his purely mechanical brother, ED-209, and his purely human brothers, the misinformed police, being sicked on him, Robocop barely makes it out of the father's castle in one piece.

Lest you think moments like this are reserved for action films, let's look at a nearly identical scene, which happens to be in *Network*, which may be the best written film ever made. At this stage of that story, Howard Beale, news anchor turned prophet, is ushered into a board room, where he comes face to face with his creator: CEO of the company that owns the network, Arthur Jensen (played by Ned Beatty). In one of the best written, best performed monologues of the 20th century, Jensen reveals to Beale that capitalism is God, God is capitalism, and having fucked with God, Beale must now atone.

No robots, no explosions, same structure.

That's because this half of the circle has its own road of trials - the road back up. The one down prepares you for the bed of the goddess and the one up prepares you to rejoin the ordinary world.

Having made his peace (5) regarding his marriage, John McClaine now wonders why Hans Gruber, head terrorist, was so desperate for those detonators. He goes back to the roof and discovers that the entire upper portion of the skyscraper is wired to blow. With this realization comes the consequence (6): The giant blonde terrorist - the ED-209 to McClaine's Robocop- descends on him and the two will now battle to the death. Dispatching Blondie is only the first step. The trials on this road come fast and furious. By the time the protagonist gets to (7), the last remaining shreds of his ego will have disappeared and he will have accomplished what Campbell calls the "Atonement with the Father-" The father being this completely non-personal, no-bullshit universe, usually embodied, in action films, by the bad guy (who is often heard to say, in these more arch films, "Nothing personal. Just business.")

In a love story, this is the part where they break up. Now comes the stubble and the dirty dishes and the closed shades. The deep, deep, suicidal depression. The boring relationship with the supposedly better partner. And finally, the realization that nothing was ever more important than him or her.

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When you realize that something is important, really important, to the point where it's more important than YOU, you gain full control over your destiny. In the first half of the circle, you were reacting to the forces of the universe, adapting, changing, seeking. Now you have BECOME the universe. You have become that which makes things happen. You have become a living God.

Depending on the scope of your story, a "living God" might be a guy that can finish changing a tire in the rain. Or, in the case of *Die Hard*, it might be a guy that can appear on the roof, dispatch terrorists with ease and herd 50 hostages to safety while dodging gunfire from an FBI helicopter.

7. "Return." - *BRINGING IT HOME*

For some characters, this is as easy as hugging the scarecrow goodbye and waking up. For others, this is where the extraction team finally shows up and pulls them out- what Campbell calls "Rescue from Without." In an anecdote about having to change a flat tire in the rain, this could be the character getting back into his car.

For others, not so easy, which is why Campbell also talks about "The Magic Flight."

The denizens of the deep can't have people sauntering out of the basement any more than the people upstairs wanted you going down there in the first place. The natives of the conscious and unconscious worlds justify their actions however they want, but in the grand scheme, their goal is to keep the two worlds separate, which includes keeping people from seeing one and living to tell about it.

This is a great place for a car chase. Or, in a love story, having realized what's important, the hero bursts out of his apartment onto the sidewalk. His lover's airplane leaves for Antarctica in TEN MINUTES! John McClaine, who at step (1) was afraid of flying, now wraps a fire hose around his waist and leaps off an exploding building, then shoots a giant window so he can kick through it with his bloody feet.

Strangely enough, he will soon find himself back in the same room where the Christmas party was being held.

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8. "Change." - MASTER OF BOTH WORLDS

In an action film, you're guaranteed a showdown here. In a courtroom drama, here comes the disruptive, sky-punching cross examination that leaves the murderer in a tearful confession. In a love story, the man runs across the tarmac, stops the taxiing airplane, gets on board and says to his lover:

"When I first met you, I thought you were perfect. And then I got used to you being perfect, and everything was perfect, but then I found out you weren't perfect, and we broke up, and then I realized, I'm not perfect, either. Nobody's perfect, and I don't want a perfect person, I just want you. Let's move in together. I'll sleep on the wet spot. You can keep your cat, I'll take allergy medicine. And when you're a hundred years old, I'll clean the shit out of your diaper."

And then, of course, the old woman and/or large black man seated next to the love interest looks at her and says, "Well, what are you waiting for? Go to him!"

Why this strange reaction from old women and large black men? Because the protagonist, on whatever scale, is now a world-altering ninja. They have been to the strange place, they have adapted to it, they have discovered true power and now they are back where they started, forever changed and forever capable of creating change. In a love story, they are able to love. In a Kung Fu story, they're able to Kung all of the Fu. In a slasher film, they can now slash the slasher.

One really neat trick is to remind the audience that the reason the protagonist is capable of such behavior is because of what happened down below. When in doubt, look at the opposite side of the circle. Surprise, surprise, the opposite of (8) is (4), the road of trials, where the hero was getting his shit together. Remember that zippo the bum gave him? It blocked the bullet! It's hack, but it's hack because it's worked a thousand times. Grab it, deconstruct it, create your own version. You didn't seem to have a problem with that formula when the stuttering guy (4) recited a perfect monologue (8) in *Shakespeare in Love*. It's all the same. Remember that tribe of crazy, comic relief Indians that we befriended at (4) by kicking their biggest wrestler in the nuts? It is now, at (8), as we are nearly beaten by the bad guy, that those crazy sons of bitches ride over the hill and save us. Why is this not *Deus Ex Machina*? Because we earned it (4).

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Everyone thinks the Matrix was successful because of new, American special effects combined with old Hong Kong bootleg style. Those things didn't hurt, but for an example of how well they deliver on their own, watch the fucking sequel. Admit it, it stinks. The writers of the Matrix say in interviews that they assembled The Matrix from elements of their favorite films. They tried to make the movie that they always wanted to see. Ta da. They surrendered to their instincts, to what they knew worked, and as a result, they did what humans do instinctively: They told an instinctively satisfying story about an everyday guy (1) that gets a weird call (2) and, upon following it, realizes that reality was an illusion (3). He learns the ropes (4), talks to the oracle (5), loses his mentor (6), goes back (7) and saves the fucking day (8). It's not perfect, especially in the third act, but try identifying the steps in Matrix Reloaded. Get a slide rule. And a cup of coffee. It's going to be a long, hard slog.

In Die Hard, having killed every terrorist - each time dropping more and more neurotic luggage, McClaine now stands, unarmed, nearly naked, before his wife. There's only one problem. Hans Gruber, the unconscious shadow version of John (is "Hans" German for "John?"), is also here, having "followed" him up to the ordinary world, as shadows are prone to do. He's got a gun to her head. And, he's got one more goon - you know, the guy that played "Nick the Dick" in Bachelor Party (who would've thought he'd last the longest?)

Sometimes Boss Hog doesn't stop at the county line. Sometimes the alien sneaks aboard your escape pod, or the T-Rex starts walking through people's back yards. This is especially liable to happen in more action-oriented life and death stories, where the crossing of the return threshold was down and dirty. Things can get sloppy. You can drag a little more chaos than you wanted through the portal. Worlds can collide. Like Ulysses, coming home to find 50 guys trying to bang his wife, it's time to clean house.

Fortunately, the real John has spent his storytime learning new behaviors, while Shadow John has spent his storytime attempting to cling to his crumbling ego. Real John has learned, in particular, that sometimes your best offense is surrender. He came around the corner with his otherworldly submachine gun, and was ordered to drop it. Now Shadow John, at (8) thinks he has what was so desperately necessary to Real John at (1): Control. He has John's wife as an

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unwilling hostage. And, of course, like a good villain, Hans would never dream of throwing away the opportunity to gloat as he levels his gun on John.

But John's SMG was empty. He had placed his last two bullets from the unconscious world back into his old, conscious, New York penis pistol, the one he had on the plane, the one that is now taped to his back with ..(blush) Christmas tape. Okay, look, it's a pretty good script up until that point. Anyways, John pulls the concealed gun, shoots Shadow John through his black, uncompromising, German heart, shoots Nick the Dick in the forehead, and, as his wife and Hans nearly both tumble through the broken window, John is able to release his love once and for all by releasing the clasp on the Rolex given to her by an L.A. cokehead yuppie. The watch, and Hans, tumble through the air, the principal from Breakfast Club says "I hope that's not a hostage," and so concludes the 20th century's greatest action film.

Well, not quite. The proper, jive talking, submissive, comic relief black chaeffer has to punch out the improper, hyperintelligent, uppity black computer hacker, thereby making slavery more heroic than terrorism and restoring security to caucasian society. Also, the child-murdering, gun-shy L.A. cop has to blow away the freshly resurrected Blonde terrorist, reacquainting himself with the fact that sometimes, killing the right type of person can be a life affirming act.

Meanwhile, our tire-changing hero starts his car and heads home, with a story to tell his wife.

A good story? Worthy of TV or movies? Of course not. But the tire-changing story uses the barest minimums. Contrast it with one in which, after the man pulls his car to the side of the road, a werewolf opens the door and eats him. The end. Now, you have one sequence with a werewolf in it and one without. Which tells a story? It doesn't matter how cool you think werewolves are, you know the answer instinctively.

You know all of this instinctively. You are a storyteller. You were born that way.

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Story Structure 105: How TV is Different

Television really is no different, except in one, very practical sense:

A feature film's job is to send you out of the theater on a high in 90 minutes. Television's job is to keep you glued to the television for your entire life.

This does not entail making stories any less circular (TV circles are so circular they're sometimes irritatingly predictable). It just means that the focus of step (8) is less riling-things-up and more getting-things-back-to-where-they-started.

Movies can afford to blow up the Death Star at the end. In a sitcom version of Star Wars, however, the protagonist would be a desk clerk working in the hangar bay at Rebel headquarters. In a dramatic series, he'd be an X-wing pilot constantly making raids on the Death Star. But note that in both the sitcom and dramatic TV version of Star Wars, the Death Star stays. If not, the show would end.

The pilot episode of a TV show usually tells the story of a person entering a new situation. New job, new marriage, divorce, just got out of college, adopted a black person, started spinning cities, sainting elsewheres or willing graces. I'd be really bad at examples because the only TV I watch is the show my friend is on, "Happy Family." In that show's pilot, the baby boomer husband and wife realize, for the first time, that no matter how old your kids get, they never stop being your kids. The "new" situation can be as simple as that, a realization, a theme, the thing that your show is about.

In a larger scope, a TV pilot is giving us (1), (2) and (3), then encouraging us to tune in and watch (4) for the rest of time. But that's looking at the entire run of the show as a single story. Within the scope of an individual episode, pilot or not, you still have to run a full circle:

1. I
2. notice a small problem,
3. and make a major decision.
4. this changes things

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5. to some satisfaction, but
6. there are consequences
7. that must be undone
8. and I must admit the futility of change.

Uninspiring? Yes, but the joy of TV is in the moment. TV isn't selling revolution, it's selling a hygienic, relatable substitution for your own filthy, unmarketable humanity. The stories are just killing time while the voices and faces wear a groove in your brain and the commercials do their hard, hard work.

But notice how, being required to keep our attention, they have to do so with that circular structure. If we don't get that circle, we'll flip to the next channel.

The characters must start in the ordinary situation, descend into a new situation, adapt to it, become native to it, pay the price and then flock back to basics having "changed."

The trick that television plays is that it swaps out any meaningful and therefore potentially television-subverting truth with the basic, eternal "truth" that change is unnecessary. "What did you learn today, Beaver?" Well, basically, Dad, I learned to never do anything. "Good boy."

There's nothing sinister about the intent, the intent is just to save money on sets and keep scripts relatively modular. You're the one that wanted a capitalist society. Welcome to the overhead-reducing, profit-maximizing techniques of storytelling for money.

That's where Channel 101 comes in. We are not so financially encumbered. We are the next stage in entertainment's evolution.

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Story Structure 106: Five Minute Pilots

I ended my last "tutorial" by saying that next, we'd start examining some 101 videos. But it's been such a long time since then, I thought I might respark first with a total review- with an emphasis on the 5 minute time limit.

When I talk about "story structure" I'm talking about something very scientific, like "geometry." Your story could have "perfect" structure, in that it hits all the resonant points craved by the audience mind, but that won't make it a perfect piece of entertainment. Example:

Once upon a time, there was a thirsty man on a couch. He got up off the couch, went to his kitchen, searched through his refrigerator, found a soda, drank it, and returned to his couch, thirst quenched.

That was "perfect story structure." On the other hand, the story sucked.

Here's a converse example:

Once upon a time, a car exploded. A Navy Seal killed a werewolf. Two beautiful naked women had sex with each other, then a robot shot the moon with a Jesus-powered laser. The world became overpopulated by zombies. The End.

Lot of exciting, creative stuff happening, but very little structure. Again, boo, but the lesbian scene did give me a boner.

What do you want? You want both. You want to be cool, but you're going to be cooler if the structure is there. Cool stuff with no structure is like that perfect scene you recorded when you left the lens cap on. "Guess you had to be there." Show me an army of zombies and I might say "cool zombies," but I'm not going to "be there."

You also want to make sure everything's lit well, and that the audio is clear, and that the edits are well-timed, and it would be great if you had fantastic actors and a makeup artist and a million other ingredients. But we are not talking about makeup right now, or lighting, acting, editing, or how to come up with cool ideas. We're focusing on one very particular aspect of a video: Its structure, the

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geometry of its story. A little bit helps a little, a lot helps a LOT, having none can cripple you.

The thing about Channel 101 that makes it really easy to analyze structure in action: The five minute time limit. That's 300 seconds, 75 seconds per story quarter, 37.5 per step. And what are those steps? Class?

1. You
2. Need
3. Go
4. Search
5. Find
6. Take
7. Return
8. Change

As I've said, the easiest way to visualize these steps is by drawing a circle, dividing it into 4 equal pieces, and writing numbers around it clockwise, with (1) and (5) at the north and south "poles" of the circle, (3) and (7) at the east and west poles.

1) "You" - who are we? A squirrel? The sun? A red blood cell? America? By the end of the first 37 seconds, we'd really like to know.

2) "Need" - something is wrong, the world is out of balance. This is the reason why a story is going to take place. The "you" from (1) is an alcoholic. There's a dead body on the floor. A motorcycle gang rolls into town. Campbell phrases: Call to Adventure, Refusal of the Call, Supernatural Aid.

3) "Go" - For (1) and (2), the "you" was in a certain situation, and now that situation changes. A hiker heads into the woods. Pearl Harbor's been bombed. A mafia boss enters therapy. Campbell phrase: Crossing of the Threshold. Syd Field phrase: Plot Point 1.

4) "Search" - adapting, experimenting, getting shit together, being broken down. A detective questions suspects. A cowboy gathers his posse. A cheerleader

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takes a nerd shopping. Campbell phrases: Belly of the Whale, Road of Trials. Christopher Vogler phrase: Friends, Enemies and Allies.

5) "Find" - whether it was the direct, conscious goal or not, the "need" from (2) is fulfilled. We found the princess. The suspect gives the location of the meth lab. A nerd achieves popularity. Campbell phrase: Meeting with the Goddess. Syd Field phrase: mid-point. Vogler phrase: Approach to the Innermost Cave.

6) "Take" - The hardest part (both for the characters and for anyone trying to describe it). On one hand, the price of the journey. The shark eats the boat. Jesus is crucified. The nice old man has a stroke. On the other hand, a goal achieved that we never even knew we had. The shark now has an oxygen tank in his mouth. Jesus is dead- oh, I get it, flesh doesn't matter. The nice old man had a stroke, but before he died, he wanted you to take this belt buckle. Now go win that rodeo. Campbell phrases: Atonement with the Father, Death and Resurrection, Apotheosis. Syd Field phrase: plot point 2

7) "Return" - It's not a journey if you never come back. The car chase. The big rescue. Coming home to your girlfriend with a rose. Leaping off the roof as the skyscraper explodes. Campbell phrases: Magic Flight, Rescue from Without, Crossing of the Return Threshold.

8) "Change" - The "you" from (1) is in charge of their situation again, but has now become a situation-changer. Life will never be the same. The Death Star is blown up. The couple is in love. Dr. Bloom's Time Belt is completed. Lorraine Bracco heads into the jungle with Sean Connery to "find some of those ants." Campbell phrases: Master of Both Worlds, Freedom to Live.

AGAIN, SAID DIFFERENTLY: If we assume you're going to use your full 5 minutes, then you've got 1 minute and 15 seconds to for these 3 steps:

- Get the audience to identify with someone or something,
- Give that someone or something some kind of need,
- And start changing the circumstances.

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You've then got another 1:15 to:

- Have that someone or something deal with the new circumstances
- And find the thing that was needed.

You've got another 1:15 to:

- Have that someone or something pay the price of the find - And start heading back toward the original circumstances.

And a final 1:15 to:

- show how those original circumstances have changed as a result.

In TV (including Channel 101), that last quarter is a good time to make it very clear to the audience that you've got a series in mind. More can happen. As a "situation changer," your protagonist is going to be going on more journeys (episodes), creating a viable series or "franchise."

You want to go nuts? Think of each of the 8 steps as consisting of 8 microcosmic substeps. Because the act of:

(1) Establishing a protagonist

could be done by showing a guy on a couch for 4 seconds, showing a closeup of his face looking thirsty for 4 seconds, and so on until you've spent 37.5 seconds telling the "story of the guy that drank a soda." Then you could go on to

(2) Establish a need

By telling the 37.5 second story of "the guy whose soda turned out to contain poison:"

- (2.1) The guy [you]
- (2.2) Makes a stink face [need]
- (2.3) Starts inspecting the soda can [go]
- (2.4) Runs finger over ingredients [search]

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- (2.5) Finds "poison" in ingredients [find]
- (2.6) Chokes [take]
- (2.7) Falls down [return]
- (2.8) Dead [change]

It's all in the context of step 2, but cycling through a mini-circle. Then you could tell the 37.5 second story of him going to heaven, followed by the story of him asking around for God, the story of him finding God, the story of God telling him he can only go back to Earth if he agrees to be a dog, etc.

I'm not recommending that you sit there with a compass and a calculator breaking down your story to the point where every 4 second line of dialogue consists of 8 syllables and tells the story of a sentence, but it's possible and sometimes "going there" can help you make decisions or get unblocked.

On the other hand, you can also just shotgun it. So what if you have to spend an extra 11 seconds making the audience love your main character, at the price of some time from other sections of the story? So what if, in today's world, we really don't need to spend a proportionate amount of time saying "happily ever after," at the expense of less karate? Nobody's going to notice. A confidently hand drawn, vaguely egg-shaped circle can be circular enough.

You won't win any prizes for being the Phillip Glass of story structure, especially if it starts compromising your creativity. Follow your bliss. If you know what to do, do it. That's called creativity. If you don't know what to do, THEN listen to some guy like me telling you what you HAVE to do.

Okay, that's the review of my story model. And here are some questions it sometimes raises:

FAQ:

Q: Why do stories have to follow this structure?

A: It's not that stories have to follow this structure, it's that, without some semblance of this structure, it's not recognizable as a story.

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I learned about "iconography" from working with Rob Schrab for several years. In cartooning, you have to draw a certain combination of lines before the audience is going to universally recognize what you've drawn.

If I draw a cylinder, I can tell you it's a banana, but I can't make you think "banana" on your own unless I make it yellow, taper the ends and give it some curvature. To further extend this metaphor: Sometimes bananas are green in real life. If I make a green, tapered, curved cylinder, does it look like a banana? It looks like a pepper. You can jump up and down and scream about how you just drew a perfectly good banana, because it looks just as much like a real banana as a yellow one (student filmmaker), but I'm telling you, dude, it's a fucking pepper, UNTIL you put more time and energy into giving it OTHER recognizable banana qualities- for instance, drawing it half peeled. Okay, now it's a green banana. You blew my mind.

Likewise, I'm saying there's 8 steps to "drawing" a universally recognizable story. Can you skip some of them? Yep. I do it all the time. The "road of trials" in Call me Cobra is a guy sitting down at a table. If I had an extra 30 seconds, I would have written that Steve tries on different outfits and personas, saying "I'm the Cobra" in a mirror before deciding on his black suit and going to his meeting with the goddess. But I skipped it. It's implied. The time was needed elsewhere.

Q: Yeah, but why would a human being recognize certain things as stories? I mean, with a banana, we need to know it's a banana so that we know we can eat it. We don't "eat" stories.

A: Yes we do, and our survival as individuals and as communities is dependent on recognizing the edible, nutritious ones. Information can be "empty calories," like a phone book, or it can be downright "poisonous," like a Superbowl halftime show, a Madonna video or footage of a man blowing his brains out. The right kinds of poison can get you high and help you have fun, but it's getting you high because it's fucking with you, it's killing you, and if you don't occasionally eat real story food- a dramatic game of football where your favorite team wins, a meaningful conversation with friends you trust, a good book, a good movie, a good TV show, witnessing a life being saved at the public pool- you are going to wither away and die, psychologically, spiritually and socially speaking.

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Q: But I'm sick and tired of cookie-cutter stories about good guys saving the day from bad guys. Some of my favorite movies fly in the face of your story model.

A: If it's really your favorite movie, I absolutely guarantee you it's structured at and bad guys," but I'm not saying it. I'm saying "protagonist descending and returning."

The very fact that you ARE sick of ordinary movies is evidence that we live and breathe this structure. If you're a subversive punk rock anarchist with a spike through your nose, and you hate "Shrek" because it's a piece of corporate shit, you are craving a descent into the unknown. "You" are expressing a "need" to "go" to an obscure film magazine, "search" for something unique, "find" a gory Japanese horror film, "take" it, "return" to your apartment with it and use it to "change" your friends' minds about cinema. And I think you will find that your "favorite" Japanese gore fest is the one with a recognizable protagonist needing to eat human flesh, going to an orgy, eating everyone there, raping a woman, killing the police and jumping out the window before heading into the night.

Schrab has this video we watch all the time: It's an orientation video designed to teach mentally r*****ed girls about their period. The protagonist is a r*****ed girl. She starts asking questions about periods. She's led into a bathroom by her older sister, and after a very uncomfortable road of trials, things take a turn for the bizarre. I won't go into detail. Not only is the protagonist going on a journey, the audience is, too.

I have taken great pains to avoid any ethical positioning in my observations of structure. Stories are not necessarily about love conquering all, they're not about achieving spiritual balance, they're not about "learning valuable life lessons" and they're not about maintaining order. They're about change. Subversion of order. By the way, "Shrek" had not-so-good structure.

Good structure is the best weapon we can use in the fight against corporate garbage because good structure costs nothing, is instinctive to the individual and important to the audience. For all their money, computers and famous actors, the Hollywood factory is constantly being challenged and often buried by individuals

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like you, people who started by realizing that they were sick of the shit they were seeing and wrote a good story from the deepest level of their unconscious mind. I am trying to show you how to make your own gunpowder. You can use it to make pretty fireworks or you can use it to blow up a building full of innocent babies, it's not my place to care.

Q: If this stuff is instinctive, why does it have to be "taught?"

A: Because we don't live in the real world anymore. We are not in tune with our instincts. Babies know how to swim when they're born but some adults sink like a stone until another adult shows them some moves.

Q: If you're so great, why haven't you written anything good?

A: Isn't that always the way? I'm not a great writer. I'm just a guy that's been obsessed with story structure for the last seven years, non stop. Like I said at the beginning, perfect structure is not synonymous with "good show." This is about what audiences recognize as stories, not about how to be a good writer.

Q: I disagree with your model, I don't think all stories are required to do this or that.

A: Prove me wrong. It'd be a great exercise. Don't have a protagonist. Or do have one, but don't give [it] a need. Or have a protagonist with a need whose circumstances never change. Or have a protagonist with a need enter a new set of circumstances, fail to adapt and never find what they needed. Or have them do everything but return. The first lesson you'll learn is that it's pretty hard to actively defy this story model. As soon as you get in the zone and you're writing something that's making you happy, you're going to realize with horror that you've accidentally nailed one of the story steps at exactly the right time.

